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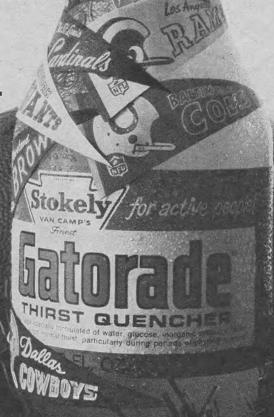
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# SPORT TALK BY BOB RUBIN

## THE COWBOYS' COWBOY

Many pro football rookies ask for a new car as a bonus for signing. Not Walt Garrison. The Dallas Cowboy fullback asked for a two-horse trailer. "He wouldn't have signed if he hadn't gotten that trailer," Cowboy assistant general manager Al Ward says today. "He brought it by the office to show to everybody. You'd have thought it was a T-Bird."

"To me it was," says Garrison, who is not just a Cowboy, but a cowboy—a real shucks-pardner, evenin'-ma'am, bull-throwin', bronc-ridin' sonofagun who might have been one of the country's rodeo stars if he hadn't chosen pro football.

Garrison, who hopes to replace the retired Don Perkins in the Cowboys' powerful starting lineup, spent the offseason breaking horses. A few nearly broke him. "Aw, I got throwed a couple

of times," he admits. "Nothin' much, though." Getting throwed by a horse is no where near as frightening as being dumped by a bull, reports Garrison, who began rodeoing as an eighth grader in Lewisville, Texas. A bull named Lucky Strike once gave him a tougher time than Deacon Jones. "He took two steps out of the chute and sent me sprawling. All I saw was his tail . . . upside down."

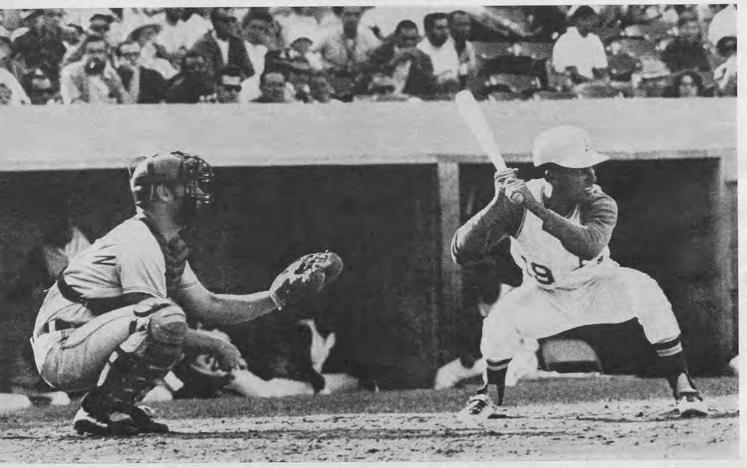
Even scarier was the time a pickup man (the man who trails a contestant) ran into Garrison's horse, throwing both horses and himself on top of Walt. Many thought it was Garrison's last roundup, but, amazingly, he emerged unharmed. "Nothin' hurt, so I crawled right out," he says. "If it had, I wouldn't have."

Garrison's colorful cowboy background has made him one of the Cowboys' most popular entertainers. "There isn't a cowboy song or poem or saying he doesn't know," says teammate Dan Reeves. "Walt's amazing. The guy's got a good singing voice, and though some of those poems last 20-30 minutes, he knows them perfectly. And boy, talk about sad ones, Walt knows some of the saddest ones I've ever heard."

One of Garrison's biggies is called "Old Doc Brown" and tells the tale of a doctor in an old western town who was so good he continued to treat his patients even though they couldn't afford to pay him. This, of course, created quite a financial strain for Old Doc Brown, who soon found he couldn't pay the rent on his office and had to move above the livery stable, where he hung a sign, "Doc Brown's Moved Upstairs." Well, when Old Doc Brown finally headed for that great corral in the sky, the poor townspeople found his ledger and saw that he had marked everybody paid in full. So moved were they that they took up a collection to bury him, and on the tombstone they in-

## WHAT IS THIS MAN DOING?

The first task of a basestealer is to get on base, so the A's Campy Campaneris thought of this novel way to draw more walks.



scribed, "Old Doc Brown's Moved Upstairs."

Well, it makes them weep in Lewisville.

Garrison says he learned most of his poems and songs while traveling on the small rodeo circuit. He also saw a man nearly hanged to death. It seems a dance was being held for the cowboys, and was crashed by a group of hoods wearing black leather jackets and carrying switchblade knives. They went outside to fight, where, Garrison recalls, "Their leader was backed up against this car, flicking his switchblade. A couple of the cowboys went around behind that guy's car and got up on the bed of a pickup. One got his rope out and threw it around the guy's neck, pulling him up backwards over the car. He hung him. His feet were off the ground, but he didn't kill him. Another cowboy took off his belt and beat hell out of him. Then they let the guy down. Naw, he wasn't dead. They just killed him a little bit. But you know all those other ol' boys took off down the street and we didn't have any fight."

Though he is a rough and ready sort, Garrison also has a delicate touch with the women—most of the time. Just before the 1967 season, he married Pam Phillips, the pretty daughter of B.F. Phillips, who owns a 3000-acre ranch and was rated the world's top quarter-horse breeder a few years ago. It sounds like a match made in heaven, but it didn't start off that way. Trying to be ultra suave on the first date, Walt accidently dumped his spittoon all over Pam. Talk about sad songs. . .

## CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Larry Jones, now a star with the Denver Rockets of the ABA, recalls some dismal days he spent with the NBA's Philadelphia 76ers. "When Larry Costello came back, I didn't play at all, not even in exhibitions," Jones said. "I once complained to Dolph Schayes and he said, 'I didn't see you on the bench.' I'd been sitting right next to him. I could see the handwriting on the wall."

Fun-loving Clemson football coach Frank Howard, a longtime friend of Alabama coach Paul Bryant, says he no longer refers to Bryant as "Bear." "Since last year's Missouri game (a 35-10 shellacking for Alabama), I call him Gentle Ben," says Howard.

Ex-Cincinnati Royals' coach Ed Jucker sometimes had trouble remembering names in the heat of battle. One time he was going over defensive assignments before a game against the Philadelphia 76ers, who were then led by Wilt Chamberlain, and Jucker's instructions went like this: "Luke, you take Walker. Happy, you've got Jackson.

Dierking, you've got . . . you've got . . . you know, the big kid."

Yankee first-baseman Joe Pepitone, who probably has the longest hair in the majors, was knocked down by a Denny McLain pitch early this season, touching off an argument. The Yankees claimed the ball hit Pepitone, while the Tigers insisted it hit his bat. "You're all wrong," said Pepitone. "If the ball hit anything, it was my sideburns."

Actor Jim Garner at a banquet filled with top sports stars: "I feel like my bubble gum collection has come to life."

Oakland Raider defensive end Ben Davidson on O.J. Simpson: "I just hope he calls me Mr. Davidson as he runs by me."

A prize winner in the wanna-bet category is the following statement by lovely teenage swimming champion Debbie Meyer on the subject of boys: "They're kind of icky. But then, I'm so ugly I'll probably never be asked out on a date. I'm seriously thinking of becoming a hermit."

Met pitcher Jerry Koosman watched the Apollo 11 astronauts glide across the moon's surface and said, "Man, I'd have a pretty good rising fastball up there, but if they hit one off me it would travel so far the outfielder would need a flashlight with six batteries to find the ball in the dark."

Detroit manager Mayo Smith had darkened his gray hair this summer, prompting his friend Gil Hodges to call and inquire, "Mayo, are you standing on your head when you get your shoes shined?"

## CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 2

Cindy Niles, a junior psychology major at the University of Toledo, is the second candidate in our 19th annual Campus Queen Contest. Three more candidates will appear in upcoming issues and you then will have an opportunity to vote for your favorite.

Cindy, whose home is in Toledo, has already won two queen contests. She was chosen campus ROTC Queen in balloting by more than 700 cadets last spring, and in May she was selected Mid-American Conference Spring Queen over girls representing the six other MAC schools. Cindy's 35-22-35 measurements did not hurt her in the competition.

# ASTROFLASH II

Science and the occult may at first seem mutually exclusive, but, perhaps inevitably, someone has found a way to combine the two. The result is called Astroflash, an IBM computer that can be programmed to give lengthy, multilanguage horoscopes. An Astroflash has



CINDY NILES, University of Toledo

been operating with great success in Paris for over a year, prompting the Ordinastral Company to unveil an American version in New York in late June. On its second day of operation, someone fed Astroflash II Joe Namath's vital statistics (day, month, year, time and place of birth) without warning either the machine or its operator of their famous subject's identity. Astroflash II growled, sputtered and finally disgorged 17 pages of opinion, some of which went like this:

"You feel fulfilled in an occupation in which you use your hands, especially those where your hands can improve and enhance an object."

Amazing, you think, until you learn Astroflash II's suggested occupations for Super Joe — interior decorator, hairdresser, magician or money handler.

The machine went on to state, "You cooperate well with a team and remain faithful to it, though you have your own way of organizing the job. You love to juggle with ideas, and here an inherent danger is to make a wrong assumption to start with and then build an entire intellectual argument based on this false premise . . . Because of your attitude toward money and possessions, you will be a winner, sometimes bitterly so . . . You may not attain security without a fight, or even without litigation . . . you have great trouble extricating yourself from associates . . . You do not really know the meaning of leisure and at retirement time may find yourself in hot water."

No doubt you're thinking this all fits pretty well with that celebrated Namath-Pete Rozelle tiff this summer, which began with Joe's retirement on June 6 and ended with his unretirement on July 20. But you ain't heard nothin' yet. Astroflash II apparently had the whole affair figured out even while masses of bewildered human beings were still emotionally debating. Take, for example, its advice to Namath for the period between late June and July 14, two-plus weeks when the Jet quarterback was at his most intransigent. "You should beware of unleashing vital forces you might have trouble controlling . . . There is risk of shocks, friction and even serious conflicts. Your associates, your family and neighbors seem belligerent, but actually the source of friction is likely to lie buried deep within you."

As for advice during the period of July 14 and August 13, the computer said, "These are particularly propitious days in which to remedy a difficult situation, off-load a burden, score off a sore point at issue."

Astroflash II seemed to stray only when it reflected on Namath's super social life: "There is a real danger of retreating into yourself where you can be content with imaginary loves. Such an attitude can produce bachelorhood. This would be very bad for you."

Silly machine.

Astroflash II's next venture into sports is up to you. Write a postcard to Sport Talk, Box 2450, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017, with the name of the sports figure whose horoscope you would most like to read. We will send the most popular selection to Astroflash II for analysis. Deadline is November 1.

## HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Everything about this year's All-Star baseball game was memorable—except the game itself. With President Nixon leading the way, the festivities attending the game on this centennial occasion were more lavish — and, surprisingly, funnier—than ever before.

The laughs started when the President, who is the greatest fan the game has ever had in the White House, announced that if he had his life to live over again he would like to be a sportswriter. That revelation prompted one unidentified listener to comment, "If the market doesn't stop dropping he may be a sportswriter before his term is over." Broadcaster Joe Garagiola and New York Post reporter Maury Allen also had worthy responses. "Knowing that Nixon wants to be a sportswriter won't make me sleep better," said Garagiola. Allen, when introduced to the President, said, "Mr. President, I'd like to exchange jobs with you but I can't afford the pay cut." Nixon reportedly smiled and said, "That's funny." At least Allen hopes that was a smile.

To Philadelphia Phils' pitcher Grant Jackson, the President said: "You tell Richie Allen to get back in baseball. Tell him to do it not for the Phils' good, or for the fans' good, but for his own good. He won't be able to get a job like he has if he quits . . . Tell that to Richie."

"I'll tell him what you said," Jackson promised, "but he'll probably do what he wants to, anyway."

At another point, Nixon was discussing basestealers and catchers and mentioned Minnesota's Rod Carew by name. Standing nearby was Reggie Smith of the Red Sox, who muttered, "Name dropper."

Then the players all were treated to a tour of the White House, which drew mixed reactions.

"Let's start a campaign to get me elected President," said Ernie Banks. "I like the accommodations."

"This is close to my house in Appleton, Minnesota," said Jerry Koosman.

"I'd lose my family in all these rooms," said Steve Hamilton. "Now I know why the President needs two terms. Four years to find his way around the house and four to be President."

"I'd be more impressed if the President was Dick Gregory," said Frank Robinson. "It would be more exciting,"

"I've been here before," said Bob Gibson. "I went to a state dinner Lyndon Johnson had. I was impressed because I sat next to Kirk Douglas."

The game was to be played that night, but a torrential downpour postponed it until the following afternoon. After it was called, the players piled aboard buses that were to take them back to the Shoreham Hotel. Perhaps in a preview of what was to happen the following day, the American League bus got into all kinds of trouble. The driver, looking for a way around the traffic, decided to head south and wound up touring Virginia. During the 2½ hours it took to make what is normally a 25-minute trip, the bus passed through Alexandria, Virginia, three times, each time from a different direction. "I was in Alexandria so long," said manager Mayo Smith, "I'm the mayor there now."

## FAN CLUB NOTES

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: J. Barry Sykes, 3406 Avenue, Odessa, Texas 79760: Bobby Bonds, Jerry Johnson and Willie Horton. Dave Dechant, 261 West G Street, Phillipsburg, Kansas 67661 and Brod C. Miller, 12132 Phillips, Lynwood, California 90262: Atlanta Braves. Stuart Sacks, 166 Second Avenue, New York City, New York 10003: Duffy Dyer, Tommie Agee and Lee Thomas. Gary Stragar, 1338 Beverly Road, Port Vue, Pennsylvania: Pittsburgh Penguins. Harry Margulies, 2671 Bexley Park Road, Columbus, Ohio 43209: Cleveland Indians. Jim and Denny Koegle, 280 North 11th Street, Newark, Ohio 43055: Leroy Kelly. Robert Wilkey, Center Street, South Dennis, Massachusetts 02660: Mike Andrews and Jim Lonborg. Brad Hamman, 450 Springwood, San Antonio, Texas 78216: Billy Black and Bob Peek.

# RODGERS AND OUT

Kansas football coach Pepper Rodgers tells some wild stories about his career as a Georgia high school quarterback. One time his team was playing a big game against a Charlotte, North Carolina, opponent, and Rodgers immediately saw he had a problem. "I was calling the blocking at the line of scrimmage," he says, "but that Charlotte team showed me some defense I'd never seen before. I think that day I called the first automatics ever in Georgia high school football.

"I came up to that line, saw that Charlotte defense and didn't know how to call the blocking. So I yelled, 'eight-man line, everybody do whatever you want to!' The next play, I wanted to throw to Cecil Trainer, but Charlotte was still in that defense that mystified me. So I came up behind the center and yelled, 'eight-man line, everybody stay and block except Cecil!' "

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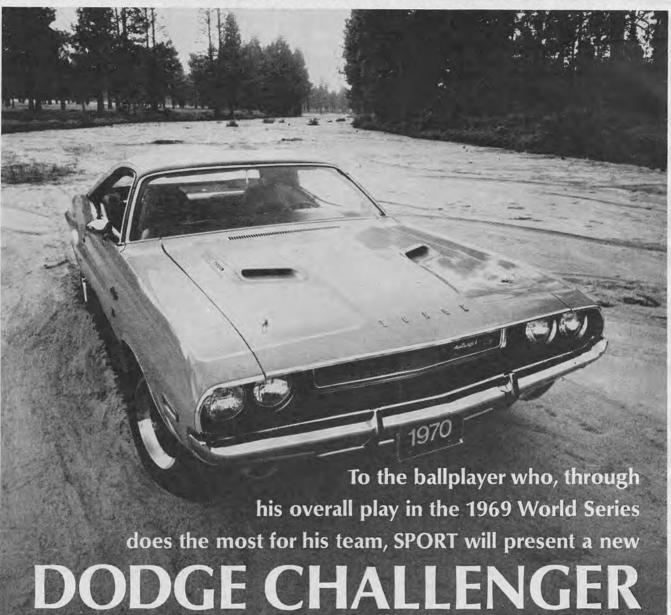
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- 1962 RALPH TERRY
- 1963 SANDY KOUFAX
- 1964 BOB GIBSON
- 1965 SANDY KOUFAX
- 1966 FRANK ROBINSON
- 1967 BOB GIBSON
- 1968 MICKEY LOLICH

IT WAS A four-horse race last year going to the seventh game of the World Series. Bob Gibson and Lou Brock were the leading contenders on the St. Louis Cardinals. Al Kaline and Mickey Lolich were the big men on the Detroit Tigers. When the dust finally cleared and Detroit had won its first World Series in 23 years, only one man was left. Mickey Lolich had clearly outdueled Bob Gibson, had stopped Lou Brock, had won his third game of the 1968 Series and had drawn away as the winner of Sport's World Series Top Performer award. Will it be a four-man battle once again for Dodge's new model 1970 Challenger? Or will it be a two-man race as it has been so often in the past? Or will one pure super hero emerge from the 1969 World Series? All will be settled in time, but first we will have to know the identities of the teams who will meet in the Series. This year we have an unprecedented playoff series to contend with-East vs. West in the two leagues. And that means a cluster of candidates for the 1969 Sport Dodge Challenger award. One of the candidates, surely, will be Baltimore's Frank Robinson, who won the award three years ago. And don't think Frank hasn't got his eye on the award this year. But first his team has to make the Series, and then Frank has to fight off the challenge of other hungry ballplayers. But the 1970 Dodge Challenger is worth the challenge. With the divisional playoffs adding new meaning to baseball and the World Series, new meaning is also added to our grand prize. It should be an exciting mid-October in baseball.

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# THE SPORT QUIZ

# **GRADE YOURSELF**

# 15-16 EXCELLENT · 13-14 GOOD · 11-12 FAIR

- 1. He pitched the first no-hit game in the majors in 1969:
  - a. Don Wilson
  - b. Bill Stoneman
  - c. Jim Maloney
- 2. This team led the AFL in fumbles in 1968, and also recovered one of them for a touchdown:
  - a. Buffalo Bills
  - b. New York Jets
  - c. Oakland Raiders
- 3. What do NHL players Charlie Burns, Wayne Hicks and Tommy Williams all have in common?
- **4.** This boxer has earned more American dollars from fight purses than any other foreigner:
  - a. Oscar Bonavena
  - b. Ingemar Johansson
  - c. Max Schmeling
- **5.** Name the ballplayer who retired from the major leagues in 1934 and returned as an active player 11 years later.
- **6.** Only five pro football players have ever gained more than 300 combined yards rushing and receiving in a single game. Name the man who did it twice.

- **7.** True or False: The United States Open is the only golf tournament employing an 18-hole playoff in case of a tie.
- **8.** This NFL quarterback set the one-game record for most yards gained passing:
  - a. Sonny Jurgensen
  - b. Y.A. Tittle
  - c. Norm Van Brocklin
- 9. Which player led the major leagues in runs batted in for the 1968 season?
  - a. Willie McCovey
  - b. Frank Robinson
  - c. Ken Harrelson
- 10. This team allowed the fewest number of points in the NBA last season:
  - a. Atlanta Hawks
  - b. New York Knicks
  - c. Boston Celtics
- **11.** Which of these amateur athletes won the Sullivan Award in 1968?
  - a. Debbie Meyer
  - b. Bill Toomey
  - c. Jim Ryun
- **12.** Match the college with its nickname:

- Arizona Rebels
  Brigham Young Mustangs
  Mississippi Cougars
  SMU Wildcats
- **13.** He is the leading money-winner among all jockeys:
  - a. Bill Hartack
  - b. Johnny Longden
  - c. Willie Shoemaker
  - d. Eddie Arcaro
- **14.** Rogers Hornsby hit .424 in 1924, the highest one-season batting average in history. Who has the second highest and what was his average?
- **15.** This school won the 1969 National Invitational Tournament:
  - a. Army
  - b. Temple
  - c. Boston College
- 16. True or False: In professional football, if a quarterback completes a 40-yard pass, and the receiver laterals to a teammate for additional 20-yard gain, the quarterback gets credit only for the passing yardage, not the total yardage gained on the play.

## FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 80



Jimmy Dudley is now a sportscaster for the Seattle Pilots over radio station KVI. He had done Cleveland Indian games for 16 years.



Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special sports events on KPRC radio and KTRK-TV in Houston.



Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (he's a 30-year vet), covers the White Sox over WMAQ, Chicago radio.



Ken Coleman joined station WHDH, Boston, as Red Sox announcer in 1966, after ten years with the Cleveland Indians and Browns.



# THIS IS JOE GARAGIOLA



IT'S ABOUT THAT time of the year when the most popular baseball subject becomes the manager. The conversation may begin with who will be back, or who will be fired, or who will be the manager of the year, or why do players take the job of managing, anyway.

"Baseball is a game of heartbreak for managers," the late Bill McKechnie used to say. "You can never celebrate a victory. If you win today, you've got to start thinking about tomorrow's game. If you win the pennant, you start worrying about the World Series. As soon as that's over, you start worrying about next season."

Luke Sewell, who managed a couple of teams, looked at it another way. "Managing a ballclub has its headaches, but not managing one has more."

There are always takers for a manager's job and I've often wondered how people decide that a player will be a good manager. From a personal observation, it seems that if you hit behind the runner or play hit-and-run a lot, you are labeled immediately as a future manager. Hit a groundball to the second baseman consistently with a man on second and nobody out, and the word on you is that "you know how to play the game." Your lifetime batting average may be lower than your area code, but you may also wind up in the Hall of Fame.

This year, with divisional play, there will be a lot of nominees for Manager of the Year.

At midseason, two of the top contenders for American League honors were Ted Williams and Earl Weaver, and you couldn't find two fellows who took more opposite routes to the same job. Williams played 19 years with the Boston Red Sox and was named one of Baseball's Greatest Living Outfielders. Earl Weaver never played in a major-league game. Weaver spent 12 years managing in the minor leagues before he got a chance to handle a major-league club last year. Williams never managed anywhere or even thought about managing until this year, when he got a piece of the team as an added inducement. Weaver has been a battler with umpires throughout his baseball career, and still is. Williams, on the other hand, said less to umpires than almost any player of his time, and never even came close to being thrown out of a game as a player. Which just shows you how hard it is to look at a ballplayer and guess correctly as to whether he'd make a manager.

What is the secret of managing? Knowledge of the game and of players is certainly important, but strategy itself is not much of a factor. Casey Stengel, while managing the Yankees, once said, "When Berra and Mantle are in a slump, I'm not too smart." The real secret is having good players. Gil Hodges has said, "There are only two kinds of managers . . . winning managers and ex-managers."

Managers know only too well the cliché about yesterday's headlines. Three different managers won the American League pennant in 1964, 1965 and 1966. One of them now manages another club (Hank Bauer) and the other two (Yogi Berra and Sam Mele) aren't managing at all.

What makes a smart manager? I always believed spelling was important when I was playing. I was impressed with the guy who could spell "Garagiola" while he was filling out the lineup card.

Doe Garagiola







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- and received by midnight December 20, 1969.

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# TALK TO THE STARS

**DEACON JONES:** How do you stay in shape during the off-season?

-Harold Philon, Gilbertown, Alabama

JONES: I have to admit I'm not in the best of shape during the off-season, but I do try to keep my weight down and stay physically active. I play as much basketball and golf as possible. Some of my teammates wrestle each other to stay in shape, but that's not for me. I'm a football player, not a wrestler, and I don't want to risk an off-season injury. Around June I try to do some running in preparation for training camp. I'm very careful about my weight. I avoid high calorie foods. I've found it helpful to eat a heavy breakfast, a light lunch, and skip dinner altogether.

AL KALINE: How can I develop a strong, accurate throwing arm?

-Joe Morano, Brooklyn, New York

KALINE: It's a matter of practice. The best way I know to get accuracy and distance on a throw is to practice playing catch with a friend. Begin fairly close together, say 20 feet, and when you can put the ball where you want it, begin increasing the distance between yourselves. Try to keep your throwing motion as relaxed and natural as possible. Avoid hard, jerking throws and avoid throwing sidearm. Don't get discouraged if you don't get good results in a short time. Keep practicing. I found that throwing ability varies greatly from one person to another; it depends on the natural rotation of the arm. Above all, be careful not to strain your arm.

TOMMY HARPER: What goals did you set for yourself this season and are they being realized?

-Ron Fuller, Portland, Oregon

HARPER: I never set goals for myself. I used to do it, but I got disappointed when they didn't come true. I take each day as it comes. Of course, I knew that I'd have a better chance to make goals by going to an expansion team. I was happy to leave Cleveland because I wasn't in the lineup very often. When I came to the Pilots Joe Schultz gave me a shot at playing second again and I appreciated that. Like I said, I don't set goals, but I'd like to be a .300 hitter. I'd rather hit better than steal a pile of bases. The way I see it, you have to make it to first base before you can steal anyway. Right?

WALT FRAZIER: What is the most important thing to keep in mind while playing defense?

-Andrew Levine, Brooklyn, New York

FRAZIER: There are many important things to keep in mind. Try to keep the man you're guarding from getting his hands on the ball to begin with. If he gets the ball, then force to expose his weakness. Every ballplayer has a weakness and you should always know your opponent's. If he is a good outside shooter, I try to force him to drive on me rather than letting him set up for a shot. If he is a good layup man, then I try to make him take the outside shot. I try to make him dribble to his weak side. I feel a concentrated stare into my opponent's eyes is better than my doing a lot of jumping around. All of my movements are designed to psych my man and keep him off balance.

# **INSIDE FACTS**

# By Allan Roth

HANK AARON, FRANK Robinson and Carl Yastrzemski are the only active major-leaguers who have been league-leaders in the three chief offensive categories—average, home runs and RBI... Aaron has won the most major titles (ten), having led the National League in home runs and RBI four times each, and in batting average twice... He has never been a triple-crown winner, but in three different seasons (1957-63-66) he led in both home runs and RBI... In seven different seasons he won at least one major title.

Carl Yastrzemski has won five major titles, winning the batting championship in 1963, 1967 and 1968, and adding home run and RBI honors in 1967 for a triple crown . . . Frank Robinson has won three major titles, all in his triple-crown year, 1966 . . . Harmon Killebrew ranks next to Aaron in major titles, with six, having led (or tied) for American League honors in home runs five times and led in RBI once.

Willie Mays has won five major titles, leading in home runs four times and in average once . . . Although Willie ranks third on the NL's all-time RBI list, he has never led the league . . . Roberto Clemente has won more batting titles (four) than any active player, with Yastrzemski the AL leader (three) . . . Killebrew leads in home run titles (five), with Aaron and Mays each four-time NL leaders . . . Aaron has won the most RBI crowns (four) . . . No active AL player has led in RBI more than once.

Eight active major-league managers have been pennant-winners, led by Walter Alston who has managed the Dodgers to six NL titles . . . Leo Durocher and Ralph Houk have each finished on top three times and Red Schoendienst has won in each of the last two seasons . . . The one-time winners are Hank Bauer, Alvin Dark, Mayo Smith and Dick Williams . . . Durocher is the only active manager who has won pennants for two teams, leading the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1941, and the New York Giants in 1951 and 1954.

Alston ranks fifth on the all-time list of pennants won, topped only by Casey Stengel (ten), John McGraw (ten), Joe McCarthy (nine) and Connie Mack (nine) . . . With six pennants in 15 seasons, prior to 1969, Alston has a .400 percentage, tying him for the top mark with Casey Stengel (ten pennants in 25 seasons) . . . Alston has won four World Series in his six attempts, and is topped only by McCarthy (seven), Stengel (seven) and Mack (five) . . . The only other active manager with more than one World Series triumph is Ralph Houk (two).

Clete Boyer of the Braves is the only active player who has participated in as many as five World Series . . . Ron Fairly, John Roseboro and Maury Wills have each been in four Series . . . Clete Boyer has played in more Series games (27) than any active performer, and Bob Gibson has pitched in more games (nine).



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# TEENAGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH

# McAlister and the LA Tug of War



JIM McALISTER Blair High School, Pasadena, California

COLLEGES THAT PLAY big-time football are not noted for their subtleties in recruiting—especially when they're after the blue-chip prospect. And probably nowhere can the battle get more heated than in Los Angeles, when crosstown rivals UCLA and Southern Cal desperately seek the same boy. This year the big prize is Jim McAlister, a fullback from Blair High School of Pasadena, who is causing a virtual tug of war in LA.

As a junior last year, McAlister was the high scorer on the highest scoring team in southern California. In nine games he scored 21 touchdowns (with the majority coming on runs of over 45 yards). He also kicked 19 extra points and ran for an additional eight points after touchdown. Twice he scored four touchdowns in a game and his rushing average was 9.01 yards a carry (1601 yards in 176 tries). Statistics like that help support the claim by college scouts that the 17-year-old McAlister is "one of the two or three best high school backs in the nation."

McAlister also has the size and speed that college recruiters look for in prospects. He's a shade under 6-2,

and still growing. His weight shifts between 195 and 205 during the season. And he runs the 100-yard dash in 9.9, the 40 in 4.6—both in football shoes.

Naturally, plenty of other schools, including Arizona, have heard about McAlister, but it is USC and UCLA that have put the most pressure on him thus far. "They hardly leave him time to think," says his coach, Pete Yoder. "They're forever phoning him and sending him brochures and coming to meet with him. And it's going to get worse this year."

Yoder characterizes his star as a slashing type of runner. "Jim uses both speed and power to get the job done," says Yoder. "He also has great balance. He can go around a defender or through one, whichever it

takes. He's simply tremendous."

Surprisingly, Jim admits that he didn't care much for football until he entered high school and a good friend encouraged him to try out for the team. In the ninth grade he played in one game and was hurt. The next year he had all the requirements—size and grades—to play on the varsity and he made the most of it. Starting the last five games of the season he rushed 600 yards, averaging 7.2 yards per carry. Last season he had to carry a double load when the team's first-string halfback was sidelined with injuries. Jim rose to the occasion—not only as a ballcarrier, but as an aggressive blocker as well.

"I just love to hit," says Jim. "To me blocking is a challenge—one man against another. Sometimes I'm very tired from ballcarrying, but I try to block well."

McAlister is also a distinguished trackman at Blair. He runs the leadoff leg on a team that has run the 440 relay in 42.9. Last spring he tied a school mark by high jumping 6-2, and he long jumped a remarkable 25-1.

Academically, he is a C-plus student and is active in the Student Body Cabinet's Boy's Activities Committee, which acts as a liaison between the school and the youngsters of the surrounding community. He is also a member of Everyday People Communicate, a teenage group devoted to bettering area race-relations. In his spare time Jim likes to tinker with electronics.

Jim hasn't decided on his college yet, but he knows he wants one with a good gridiron program because he would like to be prepared to play pro ball. Which, of course, doesn't rule out USC, UCLA, Arizona or any of

150 other schools, either.

Right now, however, he considers himself just another high school student. Coach Yoder attests to that: "He's a fine boy; popular, level-headed, hard working and a natural leader. Fame hasn't changed him." And neither has the LA tug of war. RAYMOND HILL

# LETTERS TO SPORT

INDEPENDENCE OR MONEY

In Milton Gross's story ("The Ballplayers' Drive For Independence," August), Ken Harrelson and Donn Clendenon are depicted as heroes for refusing to go along with a trade, thereby increasing their bank accounts. Harrelson has a history of changing clubs only when his financial state stands to gain. When Harrelson and the others signed pro contracts, they knew of the reserve clause, and the possibility of being traded. If they're not willing to go along with the restrictions, let them retirefor good. Only the superstars play their entire careers with one team. Rusty Staub, Clendenon and Harrelson most certainly do not belong in that category. Bristol, Va.

## ANOTHER JOINT

I am curious why Jerry Izenberg, in his effort to build a case for Miami's Fifth Street Gym, failed to acknowledge Los Angeles' Main Street Gym ("A Joint Only A Fighter Could Love," August). In its 43 years of existence, the Main Street Gym has catered to champions like Dempsey, Marciano, Ali, Louis, Jack Johnson, Zivic and Jersey Joe Walcott. Sugar Ray Robinson still trains here to keep fit. The Main Street Gym is the granddaddy of all the boxing gyms and it's where the action is today.

Alhambra, Calif. Richard Wiseman

## **BOUTON'S MISSION**

It's nice to know that some ballplayers' minds extend beyond the material interests available to them. Jim Bouton should be commended for his work, rather than receive the embarrassing treatment which our Olympic officials offered ("A Mission In Mexico City," August). Congratulations to Sport for its efforts in helping to achieve racial equality in the Olympics and athletics in general.

Yonkers, N.Y. Arthur Bloom

Mr. Bouton describes a particular man as a "crewcut." This, in itself, bespeaks of prejudice. Bouton attempts to infer that all right thinking people wear long hair and all racists wear crewcuts. Someone had better advise Mr. Bouton that prejudice begets prejudice; that calling a man a "crewcut" is similar to calling him "whitey." This attitude serves only to complicate and harden prejudice. It solves nothing. There is nothing new about male citizens wearing long hair. At one time it was worn that way by certain men in the South as an expression of protest to the concept of the abolishment of slavery.

Chicago, Ill.

Unsigned

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# LETTERS TO SPORT Continued

O.J. IS WORTH IT

O.J. Simpson is more than just a brash, young, money-crazy, thinks-he's-got-it-made type athlete ("I Have To Be Better Than Good," August). Listen, Ralph Wilson, by the fifth game of the season, you will be fully reimbursed, so you'd better splurge on this one rare commodity. The \$600,000 might look like pittance.

East Dubuque, Ill. Bob Prochaska

. . OR IS HE?

In my three years as a subscriber, I was never more disgusted than with your story on O.J. Simpson. How one ball-player can let success go to his head like that is unbelievable. I saw Simpson in the Rose Bowl, and if he's worth \$600,000, then Bill Libby should sign with Buffalo for \$100,000.

Saskatchewan, Canada Scott Cameron

Author Libby says he'll take it.

MURCER MIXUP

I've never heard such an insult to Mickey Mantle as the one you paid him in your article on Bobby Murcer ("The New Yankee Superstar?" August). You mention Mick's hobbling out onto the field, hitting a measly .236, playing on brittle bones, just for the money. This guy Mantle was the greatest thing to hit this carth. He played for his team. Do you think he played for the fame and the money? If so, how come he played that extra year and let his lifetime batting average slip below .300? By the way, if he was the kind of player you think he was, how come he was on your cover more than anyone else?

Huntington, N.Y. Tim Platt

George Vecsey's article on Bobby Murcer was the best one in the August issue. Bobby deserves all the credit Vecsey gave him. The Yankees are going to be a great team in the years to come.

Gary, Ind. Donna Sapone

Wouldn't it be wonderful if the season, or rather, a player's career ended after six weeks? Then they could retire Murcer's number just like the other Yankee superstars.

Maywood, N.J. Minos Rigopoulis

George Vecsey did a fine job and deserves a raise. Bobby Murcer will be the next superstar of the Yankees—and of baseball.

Chester, Ia. Mike Lewis

If Murcer's the next superstar, I'm the next king of England.

Pittsford, N.Y. Garry Tagg

KAHN JOB

The article by Roger Kahn on Willie Mays ("Willie Mays: Yesterday And Today," August Sport Special) was a rare and very special kind of story. It's not often a writer can allow himself room in his own story effectively, but Roger Kahn did a superb job of it. And as for his subject, many articles have tried to portray Mays the Legend, and just as many have tried to depict Mays the Man. To put it simply, Mr. Kahn did both far and away better than any other article on Mays that I have read. I heartily salute Roger Kahn for a sport-story masterpiece.

Lewiston, Me. Ed Rice

The excellent writing by Mr. Kahn brought a special warmth only Willie Mays could project.

Baldwin, N.Y. Robert Feldman

**ENOUGH ALREADY** 

Ever since the Celtics won the NBA championship, your magazine has published nothing but stories on the Lakers, the most recent being "The Wilt Chamberlain Controversy" (August). Why don't you write about men like the great John Havlicek? And why don't you do a story on the greatest clutch player in the history of any sport—Bill Russell. It seems a shame that a loser and quitter like Chamberlain gets all the publicity while the greatest athlete in sports goes nearly unheard of.

Methuen, Mass. Bruce Touma

During the past year we did stories on the Celtics' Larry Siegfried, Bailey Howell and John Havlicek (a Sport Special). Next month we'll be doing a piece on the players' remembrances of Bill Russell.

TV BASEBALL

Concerning your editorial (August), I agree that television is killing baseball. The same tired shot of the batter facing the pitcher is about as imaginative as a fly-swatter. There's plenty of strategy and action on every pitch, but TV has made no attempt to capture it. SPORT has started something with an editorial, now finish it. One or two good articles and suggestions on this subject would get the ball rolling. Perhaps you could start a contest to get your readers to contribute ideas. Let's do something to make baseball more enjoyable to all of the millions of fans at home. Baseball shouldn't worry about rule changes. Rather, it should concern itself with finding a way to transfer the excitement of the game to the home audience.

Baton Rouge, La. Leroy Cooper

# SPORT BOOKSHELF



# JERRY KRAMER'S FAREWELL TO FOOTBALL

Edited By Dick Schaap

World Publishing, 110 East 59th Street, New York, N.Y., 10022 \$5.95

This is not, strictly speaking, a sequel to Jerry Kramer's best-seller, "Instant Replay." Rather, it is Kramer talking about his decision to retire, talking about the many major injuries and accidents that caused crises in his life, talking about his boyhood, his college days and his life on the Packers. But in the quality of the writing, in the purity of those reminiscences, this book can be called a sequel to "Instant Replay," and that is praise enough.

# COUNT DOWN TO SUPER BOWL

By Dave Anderson

Random House, New York, N.Y. \$6,95





THE LONG PASS By Lou Sahadi

World Publishing, New York, N.Y. \$5.95

That Jet Super Bowl win did something to the publishers of New York. All of a sudden, they were falling over each other's feet lining up books on Joe Namath and his Cinderella crowd. Two of the first to come out-and two of the best-are Dave Anderson's day-by-day, anecdote-filled account of the Jets from January 3 through D-Day, and Lou Sahadi's informal history of the New York AFL team, with the emphasis, of course, on the year of the Super Bowl. Both books cover all the current Jet players, but both pay particular attention to the quarterback. There are warm inside stories about Namath from both authors that help us understand the kind of man he really is. The Anderson book offers a bonus-the marvelous on-the-spot sketches of LeRoy Neiman.

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# WHERE HAVE YOU GONE ... HOPALONG CASSADY?



IN THE EARLY '50s two men with the odd nickname Hopalong captured the public fancy. One, Hopalong Cassidy, was a television cowboy hero. The other, Howard "Hopalong" Cassady. was the All-America star of a powerhouse 1954 Ohio State football team that, like last year's Buckeyes, won the mythical national championship. The following year, 1955, Cassady climaxed his brilliant college career by winning the Heisman Trophy as the nation's outstanding individual player.

Today, Cassidy is still riding his white horse Topper on Mexican television. while Cassady, who ended a respectable, though unspectacular, six-year pro career with the Detroit Lions in 1961, does public relations work for a concrete products company in Delaware, Ohio. But the football Hopalong, now 35, maintains an interest in the game that made him famous by doing a TV show with Ohio State coach Woody Haves before all Buckeye home games, and by helping Otto Graham coach the College All-Stars for their annual summer meeting with the pro champions.

With his wife and three children, Cassady still lives in Columbus, Ohio, where he grew up, starred as a high school scatback and went on to greater

fame at the University. Always a small man in a game of giants, Cassady employed speed, shiftiness, a fierce competitive drive ("You get into a nice quiet little handball game with him, and suddenly you find you're playing for blood," said the Ohio State basketball coach) and brains to overcome his lack of brawn. And overcome he did. In four years as a Buckeye, Hopalong hopped along for 2466 yards rushing on 435 carries, an average of 5.6 yards per attempt. His total yards gained amounted to 3085, and his 37 career touchdowns came to an average of more than one per game. But Cassady downplays his great individual feats when he reminisces. "It was a real team effort," he says. "I wish some of the blockers and tacklers could have gotten more recognition. They deserved it more than I did."

Cassady also thinks last year's unbeaten Ohio State team deserves all the recognition it has gotten. He says the teams he played on couldn't compare. "They have more depth than we ever had. With the players they have, barring injuries, they could go undefeated for another two years . . . College football today is much more exciting than it ever was. I'm glad I can still be a part of it, even in a small way."

# PRO BASKETBALL'S LAZY (?) CENTER

(Continued from page 40)

Tarbainian, Bob's basketball improved immediately. "We got him to work hard," Tarbainian remembers. "Bob never really worked hard in high school. He was real lazy. But he had great raw talent. So much of Bob's game is in his head; he could always do what he wanted to do."

Bob, at center, was the backbone of a running Riverside team that won 68 and lost only three in Bob's two years there. It lost two of those three games when Bob couldn't play. He had been returning from a party, a passenger in a car that sped too fast around a curve, flew off the highway and overturned. Bob crawled out of the car sheathed in blood, his face and scalp shredded by glass. He was in a hospital a week, recovering after surgeons stitched up his face.

In 1962-63, his final year of play at Riverside, the team won 35 games without a loss—and no junior college team in California has done that since. Bob

averaged 24 points a game.

He stayed at Riverside a third year to raise his grades—basketball and partying had won out over books the first two years—and then picked Colorado State from among more than 50 offers.

Immediately he regretted the choice. With three big men over 6-8 in the lineup, coach Jim Williams employed a slow, ball-control offense that bored Bob. He scored only 16 points a game during his first year at Colorado State and was the team's high scorer with 14 a game in his senior year. "You can see," he says with sarcasm, "that we were not a high-scoring team."

Nor was it a very successful one, playing only slightly above .500 during Bob's two years of eligibility. By his senior year Bob had reverted to his high school days. Both friends and scouts who saw him play agreed: "Bob is loafing."

Only once was he excited about a game, because it was "for the marbles." That came against Lew Alcindor and UCLA in his senior year. UCLA won. Bob threw in 16 points, Alcindor 20.

Al Bianchi, taking over a new expansion team at Seattle, figured Bob was worth a second-round pick. He invited Bob and other rookies to an early camp. "I don't think Bobby had ever really been in shape in his life," Bianchi was saying the next night in the visiting clubhouse at the Philadelphia Spectrum, the SuperSonics dressing to play the 76ers. For two weeks at the camp Bianchi drove Bob into shape, running him relentlessly in two-a-day drills. Bob pulled a leg muscle. "I hope I can keep you," Bianchi told him, deftly inserting the needle of desire. "Come back in September and we'll see. Right now I'm not so sure."

A fired-up Bob made the team and was a starter by the SuperSonics' fourth game. In that game San Francisco's Nate Thurmond blocked almost everything Bob threw up in the first half. "I was shooting into his face," Bob said as he dressed in the Spectrum clubhouse. "Which wasn't very smart." In the second half Bob began to throw up hook shots, a shot he had used only sparing-

ly in college. He ended up with 18 points.

During the next few weeks he caught himself staring at the famous players he'd read about since high school—Chamberlain, Baylor, Russell, West—instead of running with them. "It took me about two weeks," Bob said, "to realize I wouldn't be out there on the court with those famous players if I wasn't close to that caliber myself."

During his rookie season Bob roomed with and learned from Seattle playmak-er Walt Hazzard. Early last season Hazzard was traded to the Atlanta Hawks for veteran Lennie Wilkens. Right from the start Wilkens was a Rule admirer (which is fortunate for Rule, now that Wilkens is the Sonics' new player-coach). "I don't know of anyone," said Wilkens, lacing on a sneaker in the clubhouse. "who has a hook shot as soft and effective as Bobby's. And he has such fantastic moves for a big man. He can move on both sides of the key; a lot of them can't do that. He can turn either way for the hook shot, he can drive, and he has a good jump shot from outside. His potential is astronomical, but I tell him. especially on defense, to play up to his potential now and not be willing to wait two or three years.'

But can a ballplayer who admits he is lazy ever play up to his potential? Lennie Wilkens looked up from his sneakers, remembering the hundreds of people he has known in basketball, and he said: "What's in a ballplayer's mind, you never

know.'

That night at the Spectrum the 76ers beat Seattle easily, 136-115, Rule scoring 16 points. The Sonics showed little defense or rebounding.

A few days later, the season completed, Rule went back to Seattle, where he did some sales work and taught kids in a rundown area how to play basketball

Several times he returned to Riverside to see his family and be applauded by friends at a banquet. "We are very proud of Bob," says Jerry Tarbainian, who now coaches Long Beach State. "He has matured into a really fine young man."

Others aren't so sure. Despite Bob's two good seasons in the NBA, there are those who, having once spurned Rule, still insist he will go the other way and revert, as he did in college, to loafing. Al Bianchi heard such talk and he disagreed with it. "Bobby has had a taste of what life is like up here," Bianchi said after last season and before he quit his job. "He knows now how much money he can make up here. And this"—Bianchi rubbed invisible dollar bills between thumb and forefinger—"this will drive out the laziness."

Bianchi paused, remembering—like Wilkens—the many ballplayers he has known who had the skills but who didn't make it big because you can't tell what's in a ballplayer's mind. "Which way he goes all depends on what he wants to do," Bianchi said. "It all depends on what he wants to do."



BEFORE AFTER



All it adds is the natural sheen of a healthy animal

# THE SPORT SERVICE AWARD

# WULFORD J. DUFORD

Wulford J. "Dukes" Duford's biggest contribution to the youth of St. Louis came as commissioner of the Council on Human Relations. He did much during his 17 years of service to preserve harmony in the city's interracial areas. He retired in '67 to return to St. Louis University as interim athletic director. Duford had been the school's AD and a part-time coach from 1940 to '49, and during those ten years he lifted the basketball program to a major-college level. Included was a 1948 NIT championship. Duford was one of the founders of the St. Louis Sports Council, a group of interested citizens who give much of their free time serving sports and youth in the area.



# LOU PIACELLI

Few men have done as much for soccer in the Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, area as Lou Piacelli of Drexel Hill. Piacelli has been coaching boys of all ages ever since he came to Monsignor Bonner High School a little more than 12 years ago. He helped organize the Philadelphia Catholic Soccer League and many of his athletes have gotten college educations through soccer. It is remarkable that almost half the students he has helped place are not from Monsignor Bonner. In 1959 he was instrumental in establishing the Edward Sullivan Award which is given annually to the player who displays the highest combination of soccer and scholastic excellence.



# EDWARD C. JOHNSON

After 21 years as recreation and safety director for the 77 schools of the Mankato, Minnesota, district, Edward C. Johnson will leave his post this fall to become the assistant principal at Mankato High School. Johnson started the city's recreation program in 1948 and has built it up to its present 3000 registrants and 13 playgrounds. He has also been an officer in the city's softball, basketball and football leagues, as well as being a leader in the local Red Cross chapter and other lifesaving groups. Johnson also inaugurated the Southern Minnesota Recreation Leaders Institute and ran the program for nine years. And he was the president of the Council of Social Agencies.



# THIS MONTH IN SPORT



ROGER KAHN

You've noticed, I'm sure, that we are now running a list of contributing editors on our contents page. It is, we think, a distinguished list of writers. One of the most distinguished—today's hero at least—is Roger Kahn, the author of the fine Notre Dame story

that begins on page 66. We say today's hero because Roger is the current goldmedal winner for the best magazine story of 1968, an award voted on each year by a prominent panel of judges and published as part of the annual E.P. Dutton collection, "Best Sports Stories." Roger, who is on the sunny side of 40, is used to this kind of thing. His whole writing career has been dotted with literary honors (he won first prize in the Dutton sweepstakes ten years earlier) and he is one of the finest writers of sports now in active practice in this country. But sports is not everything in Roger's life. There is his wife, Alice, his three children—Gordon, Roger and Alissa—his New York apartment facing the Hudson River, his summer home in Massachusetts, his tennis, his music (he tends toward Wagner-Richard not Honus) and his books. His book on the student disturbances at Columbia University, "The Battle Of Morningside Heights," has just been published by the William Morrow company. Last year his book on the Jews in America, "The Passionate People," received wide critical acclaim. And he's got a book on the drawing board that we are looking forward to with much anticipation. It's on the Dodgers of the early 1950s, the team Roger Kahn grew up with when he was a New York newspaperman, the team of Hodges, Snider, Robinson, Furillo, Campanella, Cox, etc., etc. And if it turns out to read as good as Roger is talking it now-look out.

Each month in this column we will be telling you about contributors to SPORT and other developments in our magazine that we think will interest you.

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Baseball's .300 hitters have been found alive and well in Cincinnati, where they've formed one of modern baseball history's most explosive attacks

# By PAT McNULTY

JUAN MARICHAL WAS only half-kidding. "If I could pitch for your club," he was saying to Cincinnati manager Dave Bristol at this year's All-Star game, "I'd tell that Mr. Howsam (Reds' vice president and general manager Bob Howsam) that I want a contract for \$200,000 if I win 30 games, and he can pay me nothing if I don't win 30. Wait a minute, make that 35."

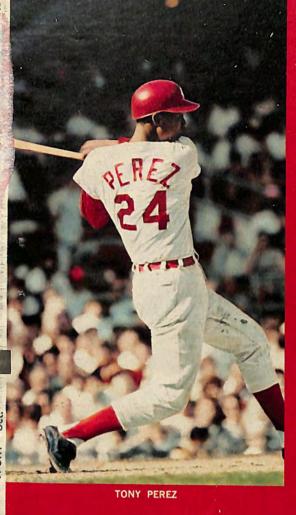
Along with every other pitcher in the major leagues, Marichal was drooling over the thought of pitching for what many experts considered the finest hitting team in baseball since the Gilliam-Reese-Snider-Hodges-Campanella-Robinson-Furillo Brooklyn Dodgers of the early '50s. At the All-Star break, Cincinnati's team batting average was .285, compared to a combined .248 for the rest of the majors, and the Reds were averaging over five runs a game to lead both leagues. (The Reds needed every run they could get, since their pitching staff had turned in just 12 complete games and ranked 22nd with an earned-run average of 4.42).

# WHY THE REDS HIT SO WELL

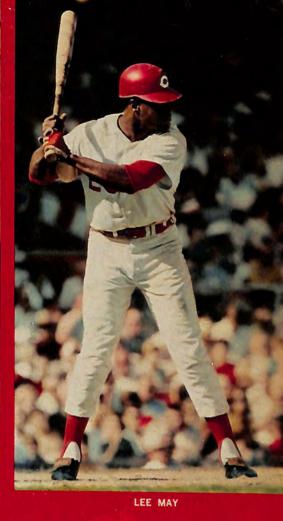
Most of the batting thunder was the work of what secondbaseman Tommy Helms calls "The Nasty Six." There was leftfielder Alex Johnson hitting .342, fourth best in the National League; third-baseman Tony Perez hitting .336 (sixth in the league); right fielder Pete Rose, the defending batting champion, hitting .327 (seventh); catcher Johnny Bench hitting .319 (tenth); centerfielder Bobby Tolan hitting .318 (11th) and firstbaseman Lee May hitting .316 (13th). And if Helms, a lifetime .284 hitter, weren't having his first off-year, there would have been a Nasty Seventh. "I watch the other guys on this club swing a bat and I feel like a midget," said Helms. "I'm getting tired of going up there, getting knocked down, hitting my popup and coming back to the bench."

The combined statistics amassed by the Nasty Six at midseason were as impressive as their individual averages. They had hit 97 home runs, more than 20 major-league teams. Their 344 runs batted in were more than the total driven in by ten teams, their 354 runs scored topped six teams, and, incredibly, their 646 hits were only five less than the total amassed by the California Angels. "And remember," said Bristol with his best cat-who-ate-the-canary grin, "all of these fellows are still young. They should get better." Perez and Rose are 27; Johnson and May are 26; Tolan is 23, and Bench is 21. The Reds could be nasty for a long time.

With many other teams scratching to come up with one .300 hitter, how did the Reds accumulate such an embarrassment of riches? Is there a secret behind Cincinnati's extraordinary hitting? Do the Reds do something the rest of baseball does not? For answers to these questions, we talked to Bristol, "The Nasty Six," some of their teammates and a few opponents. And the very first thing we learned is that next to hitting itself,

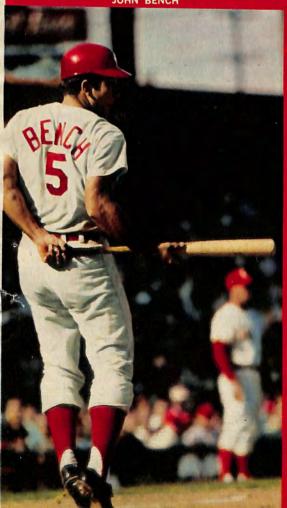




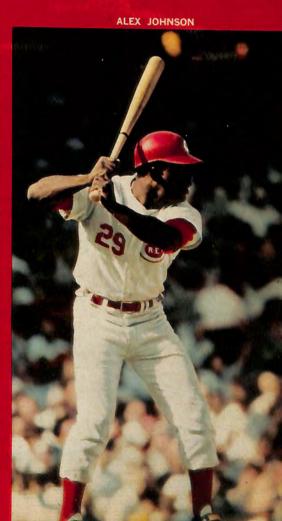












# "You know why we're hitting?" said Alex Johnson. "It's a mood. Yeah, it's a mood. That's what we got—and it's catching"

there's nothing the Reds like to do more than talk about hitting. When they were finished talking, they had listed a host of reasons—some individual, some applicable to all —why they hit so well.

Since not all the explanations can be applied to all six players, we have divided "The Nasty Six" into three "Rotten Little Groups." One is made up of Perez, May and Bench, veterans of five, two and one years, respectively, and all products of the Cincinnati farm system. All three were dramatically above their lifetime batting averages at midseason—Perez by 60 points, Bench by 44 and May by 34—and all for similar reasons. The second group is made up of Tolan and Johnson, two men who failed in brief careers with other clubs but apparently found themselves with the Reds. And finally, all by himself is the senior Nasty, Pete Rose, whose outstanding hitting this season was merely the continuation of an outstanding career.

Rose, who watched the careers of Perez, May and Bench bloom, saw their improvement as simply the end result of a natural maturing process. "These guys were all good hitters in the minors," said Rose, who is rapidly hustling toward fulfillment of his ambition to become the first non-home run hitting regular to earn a \$100,000 salary. "They're young, they've only been regulars for a couple of years, and now they're beginning to put it all together. They've always had super material to work with and now they're beginning to have confidence in themselves, to believe that they belong up here. It's just like myself. I hit .269 my first year, .273 my second and

I've been over .300 ever since." In the case of May and Bench, however, there's more to their blossoming than just confidence. Both have become proficient at hitting the ball where it's pitchedgoing to the opposite field—which is almost a necessity for a man with .300 ambitions. "Look, these pitchers are going to pitch you away, and if you keep trying to pull it, you're going to hit a little grounder to the pitcher or the shortstop," said Rose, one of the most accomplished opposite-field hitters in the majors. "But when one of these big guys hits a rope to right field, it's got to make that pitcher stop and think. Perez has always gone with the pitch, but May and Bench are doing a lot more of it this year. They're both so ungodly strong, they can hit the ball into the right-field bleachers as easily as I could pull it there."

Bench, an unusually poised 21-year-old who has already been compared to baseball's all-time great catchers, learned right at the start of the season that he had a whole half a field to exploit at bat. His second homer of the year was hit to right-center, the first time in his life he had ever hit a home run in that direction. Bristol glowed as the ball disappeared. "I've been telling Johnny since he was 17 years old that there's an awful lot of money waiting for him in right-center field," said the Red manager, who worked with Bench and most of the other Nasty Six in the minors. "I know he's right," replied Bench, "and I've been working on the stroke. Getting off to a good start is kind of new to me, you know. I had always hit badly early in the year. But, then again,

this is the first time I've been in the same league for two successive years since I became a professional. Knowing the pitchers a little helps."

May, a bull-like 200-pounder whose 29 home runs at midseason ranked second to Willie McCovey's league-leading 30, bristled at the thought that anyone had to stress the advantages of hitting to the opposite field. "I'm a professional and no one has to get on me to do something," he snapped. "Yes, I am adjusting more to the way a guy pitches me, I am going to right field more instead of trying to hit everything out, but it comes with experience, it's not something you or anyone else decides all of a sudden you should do."

A final note on May's rocketing batting average: closely related to his new-found ability to go with a pitch is the fact that he has also cut down somewhat on his tremendous swing. "He shouldn't try to hit the ball into the next county, just over the fence," Bristol said. "He's superstrong and can hit a home run out at any point in the park, but when he tries to jerk everything into our dugout . . . well, that's not Lee May hitting."

When you see line drives whistling past the pitcher's ears, most likely it will be Tony Perez hitting. "When he's just hitting the ball back through the middle, he's some kind of hitter," said Bristol. "You see, he's very quick inside . . . all of our hitters are quick inside. So with Tony, it was just a matter of learning to handle the quality pitch outside. Now that he has, he's super-tough."

He was super-tough partly because he didn't get tired as quickly as he did in the past. Perez and May had always played winter ball, but last season were asked not to by Bristol, who thought they'd both be fresher and more effective with a break from baseball. At first, they protested the loss of income, but as the base hits (including 22 home runs) continued to rattle off his bat in the hot, exhausting dog days of July, Perez was forced to admit that, "maybe Bristol was right."

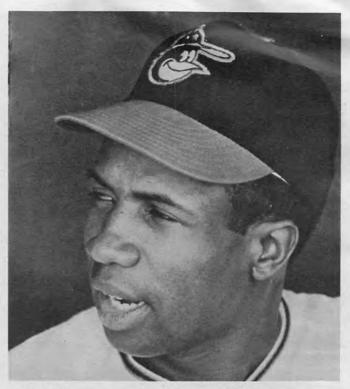
And as for the fine points of batting theory, Perez' contribution was short and to the point: "Everybody try to heet the ball and get a base hit, but not everybody do eet. I don't know why." Then he laughed the laugh of a .336 hitter.

Perez is an easy-going, jolly sort of fellow, but it's doubtful that he or any other Red enjoyed the first half of the 1969 season more than Bobby Tolan. Tolan, who batted .172, .253 and .230 in three seasons as Roger Maris' caddy with the Cardinals, felt he vindicated himself with his high average, his excellent speed (14 stolen bases) and his surprising power (18 homers, 66 RBIs). "I always felt I could hit but never got the chance to prove it," said Bobby, an articulate, intelligent young man who speaks in rapid machinegun bursts. "It got to the point in St. Louis when all I would look forward to is batting practice because that was my only chance to hit and actually take part in what was going on on the field. Once the game started, I'd be messing around or doing something else, not paying attention to the game. I got down on myself, I lost confidence. I began to wonder whether the pitchers were too tough for me."

Tolan's surprising show of (Continued on page 86)







Sonny Jurgensen and Frank Robinson Sound Off:



# WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A LEADER



By FRED KATZ

The key men of two pro teams discuss the responsibilities and rewards of their special positions

A TEAM LEADER in sports fits no special mold. He can be white, like Sonny Jurgensen, or he can be Negro, like Frank Robinson. He can be sleekly muscled and a paragon of fitness, like Frank Robinson, or he can be rubber-tired, like Sonny Jurgensen. He can have a reputation for having fun, like Sonny Jurgensen, or he can be known as a fierce, unyielding competitor, like Frank Robinson. But no matter what the color, physique and

personality, of one thing you can be sure: A team leader has one of the biggest headaches in sports—and he wouldn't trade his position with anyone.

For a leader, it is not enough that he perform as a superstar, because that is usually taken for granted. Year in and year out, Sonny Jurgensen is one of the NFL's great passers. Year in and year out, Frank Robinson is one of baseball's great all-round

players. The headache comes because a leader also assumes a certain responsibility for the performance of his teammates, most of whom are *not* superstars. Yet it is an extra challenge that a Jurgensen, a Robinson, responds to and welcomes. The fact that their approaches to the challenge are so dissimilar is what makes a study of leadership—their leadership—so intriguing.

Late this summer we asked the

two of them to sound off on all aspects of leadership. The timing was appropriate, because this fall they would be facing new tests of their leadership ability. For Jurgensen and the Washington Redskins, it would be their first season under Vince Lombardi. For Robinson and the Baltimore Orioles, they were strong favorites to regain the World Championship they last won in 1966. Both Jurgensen and Robinson were clearly on the spot, but you never would have known it from their confident, unwavering answers. Which, of course, is what leadership is all about:

KATZ: Since this is about leadership, Sonny, let's define it first of all. What does leadership in sports mean, from a player's standpoint?

JURGENSEN: Well, leadership, in pro football, falls to the quarterback. He is the man who knows the system, he works very closely with the coach, and, as Bart Starr so aptly put it, this year I will be the extension of Coach Lombardi on the field. Therefore, I have to be a leader by example, and this comes only through experience. I can remember being questioned in the huddle when I was a rookie calling plays, and the lineman said, "Hey, rookie, do you think this play is going to work?" And I said, "Yes, I think it's going to work or I wouldn't have called the play. And it better work." But football has changed a lot since I was a rookie. It's become a science. You have highly intelligent players now, and it requires more than just screaming and hollering at every individual on the field. As a quarterback, I have to consider everyone's personality, know who I can ask something from, who I have to holler at to really get something out of them, and there are some you have to beg. It comes down to their belief in you as a quarterback, something that doesn't come very easily.

KATZ: What puts the greatest pressure on a leader?

JURGENSEN: Making the big plays for your team, and doing this time and time again. They're looking to you for the right call and to get them out. This is a great deal of pressure.

KATZ: What does leadership in sports mean to you, Frank?

ROBINSON: Showing the way, doing a little extra, carrying yourself above the other players. I don't mean that

you should feel that you're any better, but you have to keep your nose clean. You lead either by showing the way on the field, or by talking about it, and I try not to talk about it too much. I've heard other players say things like, "Well, if Frank Robinson can slide in head first, then I'll do it." But I've never thought too much about being a leader. At Cincinnati it took a while, and then all of the sudden the young players were starting to look up to me. When I came to Baltimore, it was different. They said, "Here comes Frank Robinson from the National League and we've read so much about him, let's see if he's as good as they really say he is." I'll tell you, players reserve their impression about you. When I proved to be one of the fellas, it made it much easier for me.

KATZ: Sonny, is leadership a conscious thing? Do you work at it?

JURGENSEN: No I don't. It's part of the job. I was conscious, though, in our training camp that the players were looking to me during the difficult conditioning program we were going through. They were saying, "If Jurgensen can do it, at 35, I should be able to do it at 25 or 27." During the grass drills—standing, running in place and hitting the ground and up and down—six or seven guys were looking at me and waiting for me to drop, but it was something that I knew I couldn't do. And it was difficult, believe me.

KATZ: What effects has Lombardi's arrival had on your particular attitude toward leadership?

JURGENSEN: I know now that even though the demands upon me are going to be much greater, my job will be easier in a way, because we will be a team now. Under the Lombardi system, he demands this. If you want to study leadership, you couldn't be under a better person than Coach Lombardi.

**KATZ:** Do you get the feeling that the greater the leader, the more he demands in leadership from his quarterback?

JURGENSEN: Yes, but he demands this from everybody on the team. I do know that I will have to spend more time than I ever spent before, with the coaches, with Mr. Lombardi, studying films. I think the players understand that I'm putting forth a lot of effort, and I think they'll believe in me, that what I'm calling is what

the coach wants run in that particular situation. If I can do this, then we're going to be a good football team. Leading by example again.

KATZ: Frank, what dictates leadership on a baseball club, where it isn't as clearcut as on a football team? Is it age, seniority, a particular position, or

just the best ballplayer?

ROBINSON: I think all of that is wrapped up into it. Basically, you would like for it to be a catcher or an infielder, because he's really close to the action. On the Tigers, even with a take-charge catcher like Bill Freehan, the players still look to Al Kaline, who is a big-name, long-time star. Kaline is sort of the quiet type. But on the Reds now Johnny Bench is starting to take charge. I know for a number of years when I was there, we just didn't have a type like Bench. It comes from within, you can't push it out. You can't force someone to take this type of responsibility or bring this out of them, and I'm very pleased that Johnny Bench is starting to do this.

KATZ: What qualities does a leader need? And which of those do you feel you have and which do you lack?

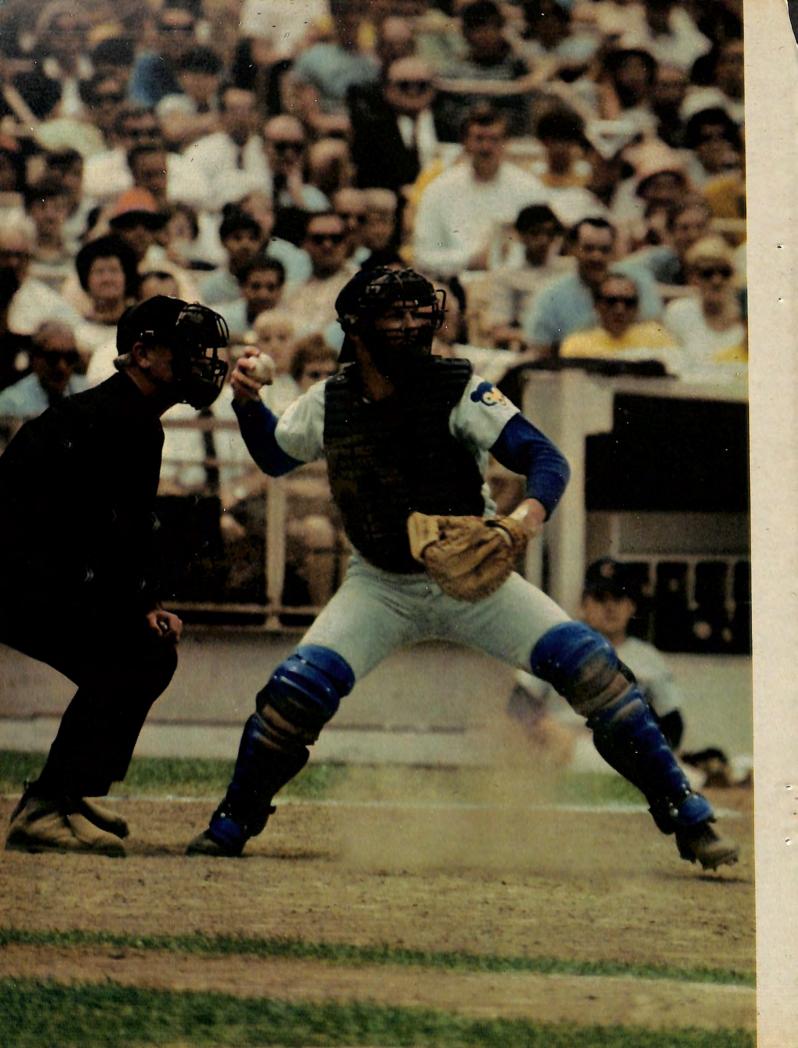
ROBINSON: You don't have to be an outstanding player, although it helps. Mainly, you have to be an individual the others look up to. You also have to give out criticism without worrying about the consequences; and you have to accept criticism, even from one of your teammates. As for my faults, I may worry sometimes about what my teammates might think of me. I am able to criticize players, but I haven't done as much of it with Baltimore as I did in Cincinnati, so I lead more by example now. Especially since manager Earl Weaver took over. He does the criticizing-more, say, than Hank Bauer did.

KATZ: What are your strengths as a leader?

ROBINSON: I've never put myself above any other player. I feel my teammates have realized this, and that once they got to know me . . . several of them have said, "You're an all right guy; I never thought you were this way."

KATZ: But it must be hard to act like an equal because of the little privileges available to a superstar, things like rooming by yourself.

ROBINSON: Actually, I never had these privileges until I came to Baltimore. And to (Continued on page 92)



# HUNDLEY MAKES THE CUBS BELIEVE

The catcher does it on the field and off, by asking himself, "What do I give up for the team?" by BILL FURLONG

IT IS SUNDAY morning in Pittsburgh. One of those steamy summer Sundays when the heat rises out of the sidewalks and shimmers in the light. In a meeting room of the hotel where the Chicago Cubs are staying prior to their doubleheader with the Pirates, 15 Cub players are assembling. They file in and sit down in the gilt-gold chairs that are lined up like pews in church. On this Sunday morning the meeting room is a church, a chapel-one arranged for by Randy Hundley.

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain."

The man leading the servicealong with Randy Hundley-had driven almost 200 miles that morning to stand before the players and give them an allegory on their labors.

"And every man that striveth for the mastery is intemperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we are incorruptible."

Hundley is in reverend blue. He stands quietly-an incorruptible man. He wears long sideburns and his is a stern face. But on this morning the face is gentle and in repose.

Hundley and his teammates had found that the prayer meeting fills a need: the Roman Catholics on the team could make an early Mass in a nearby church but the Protestant services were usually too late and too far for the players to reach before going out for batting practice.

Hundley was not at all hesitant about getting his teammates up an hour early on Sunday morning to go to prayer service. "Some people

might think it's corny," he said, "but I think that worship is an important part of life. It helps to bring us together as a team-I think it carries over into our play on the field. We work together. We play together. We worship together."

With that thought in mind, Hundley and his teammates-refreshed spiritually-went out to torment the Pirates. And, as he had done that morning, the Cub catcher continued to lead his team, to help make them believe. His method on this occasion, however, seemed at variance with the canons of Norman Vincent Peale, or the Rev. Billy Graham.

In the fifth inning of the first game, Cub starter Ferguson Jenkins grazed Matty Alou's belt. Alou had gotten a key hit earlier in the game and he was angered by what he felt was the deliberate skinning. But he directed his anger toward Hundley, not Jenkins. In fact he got so worked up that he had to be restrained physically from punching Hundley in the mouth.

"I was angry at him because he gets behind me every time there's two strikes on me," said Alou later. "Not where a catcher's supposed to be but right behind me. It's like he wants me to know they're going to pitch me inside. They want to scare me."

The look of pure innocence on preacher Hundley's face (he neither drinks, nor smokes, nor curses) was beautiful to behold. He could not understand how anybody could accuse him of so low a trick. "Jiminy crickets"-that's one of his more violent oaths-"how could anybody think such a thing?" he said. For all of Hundley's virtues off the field, he is Leo Durocher's man

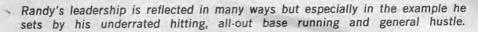
on the field. And that means he has to stretch the rules a bit, allow for the gamesmanship that is part of Durocher's baseball philosophy. "As I look back on it now"-this is Randy's fourth year under Leo-"the toughest part was for me learnin' how Leo wanted me to play the game," says Hundley. "He was always hollerin' at me-'do this! Do that!" " Most of this was in learning how to handle pitchers, but some of it was in How to Drive the Opposition Absolutely Frantic-and steal a game while doing it.

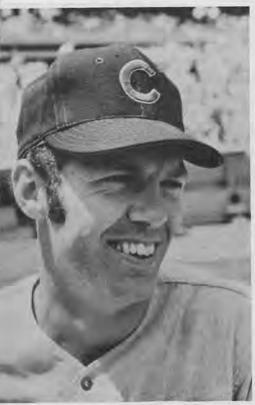
There was a time in 1966 when the Cubs were in Atlanta and Hundley was at bat in the ninth inning with the winning run on first base. As the pitcher, Ken Johnson, delivered the ball, Hundley hitched himself around into a bunting stance and reached out for the ball. As he did so, his bat hit the catcher's glove. Hundley immediately swung

around to the umpire.

"Hey, how about that?" he yelled. "Interference!"

The ump agreed and waved Hundley down to first base. That moved the previous runner up to second base, and a few moments later he scored the winning run in the ball game. It was a triumphant -and only slightly dirty-trick. "I gotta give him credit, it was a good play," said Bobby Bragan, who was then manager of the Atlanta Braves. "He stuck his bat right out there in the catcher's glove." When he was asked if he'd done it on purpose, a look of elfin innocence crossed Hundley's face. He looked around to see who would be listening. He considered the profound implications of the question. And he answered simply but directly: "Yep."





But Hundley's gifts as a ballplayer go well beyond Durochertype tricks. He is a many-talented man. He has a strong arm. Earlier this year he gave Orlando Cepeda a jump of half-the-distance of the baseline and threw him out with room to spare. He's got good speed for a catcher. ("I'm always a little slow in gettin' started, but after I get goin' I can really put it on.") He's got power, and bat control. Four or five times in the first half of 1969 he beat out bunts. Most of all, he's got durability.

Randy played in 149 games in his rookie year, more than any other rookie catcher in National League history. He played in 152 the next year and 160 games in 1968. He's playing almost every day this year. He's played with bad back, bad ankles, bad knees. "Relief for Hundley?" says Leo Durocher. "You couldn't get his uniform off him with a razor." It isn't easy on him: he's more sinewy and hard-muscled than bulky, so his weight drops dangerously as the summer wears on. He's known days when he's worked on bulldozers and Cats under the hot Southern sun and there've never been any of them that compare with a Sunday doubleheader in St. Louis. "No way," he says. When he came to spring training in 1969, he weighed 190 pounds—the most he's ever weighed. Before the season was half over, he was down to 165 pounds.

There's another aspect to what the take-charge man does: he focuses on what he can do best. When he came to the Cubs out of the San Francisco Giants system, Hundley had a good-field no-hit reputation. His first year with the Cubs he batted .236 and the next year he batted .267. But he did hit with power-he got a total of 33 home runs and drove in 123 runs in the two seasons. "I'll tell you-he really fooled me with the bat," says Leo the D. But in 1968 his average sagged to .226, though again he got 65 runs batted in-he's never been under 60 in the big leagues. "I started out hittin' good," he explains, "but then I got a back injury and I made up my mind to concentrate on catchin'-to forget about hitting and work on doin' the job behind the plate." He did it superbly, with the best fielding average among all major-league catchers who played 100 or more ballgames. And at bat, the RBIs he got for the Cubs were usually big ones-important ones in winning games. "But this year I made up my mind I was going to concentrate more on my hitting, to try to help the club more with my hitting." The result: he was having his best hitting year ever in the major leagues.

The quality of take-charge, of leadership, goes even further with Hundley. It is a matter of "what do I give up for the team?"—a quality of self-sacrifice. Sometimes it is small. Hundley, for instance, loves to play golf and he plays in the low 70s. Yet Randy rarely plays during the season—"I haven't played four times this year." He suspects that attacking the golf ball may affect the way he attacks a baseball. "I don't want to get in the habit of uppercutting it," he says.

Sometimes it is of greater significance. Earlier this season, Hundley was approached by a shirt-manufacturer, seeking to get his endorsement on a line of T-shirts. Hundley decided the business was coming because of the team's success more than his individual success. "Isn't there some way we can get the whole team in on this?" he asked the shirt-maker. There was-and Hundley found it. He learned from relief pitcher Phil Regan-who'd been on the Los Angeles Dodgers in their pennant-winning year of 1966 -that the Dodgers had a teamendorsement "pool" that year. On certain endorsements, the money went into a "pool" that was split up by the team after the season was over. "About \$300 a man," recalled Regan. It would be money out of his pocket for Hundley to push this idea-but push it he did. He and Regan set up a special team bank account, then went out and got an agent to find business for the Cubs. The result: an estimated \$100,000 will flow into the coffers this season from endorsements on the Cubs. It will be shared by every player-"Ken Rudolph works as hard out there in the bullpen as I do in the game," says Hundley of his relief catcher-as well as by the coaches and equipment manager. The belief now is that each one will get more than \$3000 at season's end-or ten times as much as the Dodgers did in 1966. And all Hundley did was take charge by spreading the wealth, instead of keeping it for himself.

All of this has given him an authority and status on the Cubs that enormously helps his function as the team's field general. Last Memorial Day, the team had a 2-0 lead over Atlanta when Felix Millan of the Braves got a single on a ball that skittered under the glove of the hard-driving shortstop, Don Kessinger. That meant Bill Handsperhaps the best pitcher the Cubs have in a crunch-would have to pitch to Hank Aaron and Orlando Cepeda with a man on base. Hundley glanced at the left side of the Cub infield and he didn't like what he saw.

"Kessinger and Santo had their heads down," he said. "They were sitting back and waiting for something to happen to them." Kessinger was down because he thought he should have had that ball, even





though it was a tough shot; most shortstops wouldn't have come close to it. Santo was down because of his temperament; he is either soaringly high in his hopes or he is down among the weeds, plowing furrows with his chin. So Hundley called for a conference on the mound, signalling Santo and Kessinger to join him with Hands.

"I was just trying to make them think offensively, even though we were on defense," he said later. "You have to be aggressive and think offensively. You've got to know that you're going to play the next ball well, that you're going to get the man out." The result: Hands got Aaron to hit a grounder to Santo, who forced Millan at second base. Then Hands got Cepeda to hit a grounder to Kessinger, who threw him out to win the game.

But Hundley's most constant labor is in dealing with the pitchers, trying to shake them out of their occasional complacency and inattention to duty. "Once in a while, I'll call for a bad pitch," he says, "just to see if the pitcher is thinking out there. If he doesn't shake me off, I'll go out and have a talk with him." On other occasions, he'll snap the ball like a bullet back to the pitcher.

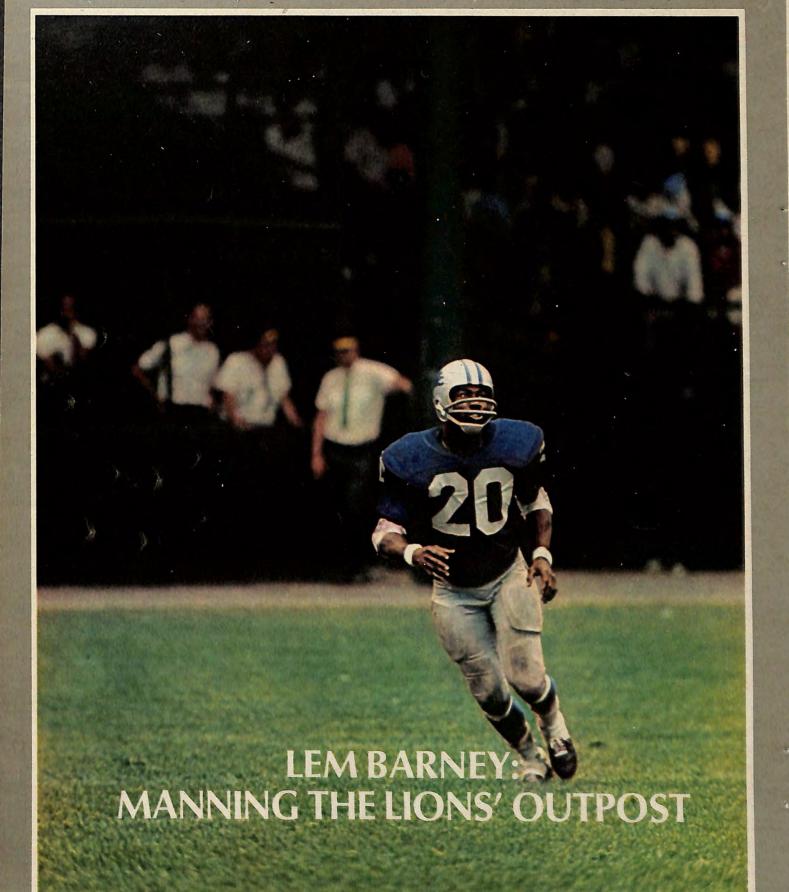
Durocher isn't crazy about that. He is aware that if the pitcher is inattentive Hundley's ball might go right past him into centerfield. which would be embarrassing if there were enemy runners on base. Still, Hundley does it when he thinks it's needed. "I remember one game when the pitcher was sailing right along without any trouble even though he was throwing hanging sliders all the time," he says. "I threw the ball back at him hard once and I got chewed out for it. But I had to do something to shake him up." It didn't help much, "In the ninth inning, a guy hit a triple off one of those hanging sliders and beat us."

Hundley also must not only know how to think but how to match the pitcher's best work with the hitter's best guess. "Sometimes it's no more than a gamble, trying to call the right shot against a batter," he says. "You try to pitch your guy's strength against the batter's weakness. But it doesn't always work that way and sometimes you go strength against strength." To suggest some of the subtleties, he cited the case of Kenny Holtzman against Jerry May, the catcher for Pittsburgh.

"Kenny has three good pitches—

a fastball, a curve, a changeup," says Hundley. "And he can throw that changeup in there when he's behind. The other day in the second inning, I think, in Pittsburgh, Kenny's got the bases full, two out, and a 3-and-2 count on Jerry May. Now May knows that Kenny has to come in with the pitch-a bad throw and he walks in a run. I don't want to call the fastball, because that's what May wants. I don't want the curveball, because I figure that's what May expects. I call the changeup and later May said it was the last pitch in the world he expected me to call. It must have really surprised him-because he struck out."

Hundley not only has the mental but also the physical style to stand out: he is one of the few one-handed catchers in big-league baseball. "When I first went into pro ball," he says, "I was told that a onehanded catcher couldn't make it. But I always reminded them, politely as I could, that Elston Howard was one of the best catchers in baseball and that he was onehanded." It works for Hundley, too. In 1967, he set a new major-league record by making only four errors in 152 games. He also tied a record with only (Continued on page 80)



DALLAS COWBOY COACH Tom Landry, summa cum laude among football scholars, was preparing for his team's 1968 opener, against the Detroit Lions. He was holed up in a darkened room, looking at films of the Lions in an exhibition game against the New York Jets. Suddenly, a play flickered across the screen and drew all of Landry's attention. Joe Namath had completed a pass to Don Maynard, a post pattern on which Detroit right cornerback Lem Barney had gambled and lost. Now Maynard had the ball and was running. . .

But a funny thing happened to the fleet Jet flanker on his way to what looked like an easy touchdown. Barney, recovering instantly, jarred the ball from the crook of Maynard's arm, grabbed it and took off the other way. Landry grunted and had the play rerun. "Barney's dangerous even after you catch the ball," he said. "You can beat him and he'll still beat you."

The following Sunday, Cowboy quarterback Don Meredith threw 19 passes en route to a 59-13 victory. All 19 were thrown either over the middle or toward the left side, all away from Barney, and so the awaited duel between Barney and Bob Hayes never came off. It was the ultimate compliment a team can pay an opponent. It was also 180 degrees different from the way Barney was treated when he made his pro debut a year earlier in Green Bay.

At that time, the veteran Green Bay Packers delighted at the thought of taking pot shots at some unknown rookie cornerback from some unknown school named Jackson State. Quarterback Bart Starr chose to test Barney right in the opening quarter. With the Packers backed up near their own goal line, the play called for Boyd Dowler to head up the right sideline toward Barney, while halfback Elijah Pitts trailed out of the backfield and headed in the same direction. It presented a rookie with a ticklish choice.

The ball was thrown to Pitts. It was a little short, forcing Elijah to reach behind him. He never reached it. Barney flashed in front of him, dove for the dying football, caught it, crashed to the ground, got up and ramdirectly into the end zone. On his first play as a pro, unknown Lem Barney from unknown Jackson State intercepted and ran 24 yards for a touchdown. "I didn't even know I was running in the right direction," he says now, laughing. "I started to run and hoped I was going the way I was supposed to."

Barney was going the way he was supposed to, and he hasn't stopped yet. The interception against the Packers was the first of ten he would make in 1967, which tied him for the NFL lead, made him the league's Defensive Rookie of the Year and earned him a trip to the Pro Bowl. He returned three of his interceptions for touchdowns, tying a league record. He also returned kicks and punts, did the punting for the Lions and even was used once as a flanker on offense.

Barney's second year was a lot less spectacular—seven interceptions for seventh place among NFL backs—but he was again named All-Pro, again went to the Pro Bowl, scared opponents into throwing away from his side of the field and evoked some effusive praise from normally dour Lion coach Joe Schmidt. "I wish I had two others just like him," Schmidt said. "I could play one next to him on defense, and I'd use the other on offense."

However, since Schmidt only has one, he'll keep Lem on the corner. "The best athletes you have on the team play there," says the coach, who was one of the game's premier linebackers in his playing days and therefore qualifies as a spokesman for the defense. "You can't possibly hide at cornerback. The receivers come at you one-on-one and you just can't hide. You either make the play or you don't, it's that simple. Barney makes the play because of his speed, his quickness, his reactions, his senses."

And he does it with a flair. "Lem does all those things so easily," says former standout cornerback Dick (Night Train) Lane, "sometimes I think I am seeing myself out there."

Barney's quick success was astounding. The Lions gambled and made him a No. 2 draft choice in '67, largely on the recommendation of Will Robinson (the same man who ferreted Spencer Haywood out of Mississippi to play basketball in Detroit). But the Lions never expected Barney to step right into the starting lineup, especially not at cornerback. "It's the most difficult spot on defense," said Schmidt the day Barney signed, "and it takes more time to learn than any position. Barney's chances of playing this year are pretty damned scarce. Not many come in and play that position in their first year."

Barney already knew the difficulty of playing the corner in the NFL. "I watched the fearsome twosome from Green Bay—Adderley and Jeter—and saw how they play," said Barney, "and I came to know cornerback is the lonesomest spot in the world."

But the rookie was far from awed, a fact the other Lions learned in their first training camp scrimmage. Barney was aligned against veteran Gail Cogdill, once an All-Pro but now scrambling for a job. It was a critical scrimmage for both.

The first pass to Cogdill was batted away by Barney's fingertips. Cogdill looked back over his shoulder at the

He seeks his third straight All-Pro season while playing "the lonesomest spot in the world"



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rookie. The veteran's deep blue eyes stared daggers, but the rookie ignored them and walked back to the defensive huddle. On the next pass, Barney climbed over Cogdill's back, intercepted with one hand and fell. Cogdill again stared daggers and later claimed interference.

"What?" said Barney innocently. "Offensive or defen-

sive interference?"

Lion backfield coach Jimmy David, who made it with Detroit as a rookie cornerback 15 years earlier, was impressed enough by Barney's nerve to think that Barney, too, might become a starter a lot sooner than anyone anticipated. "He's shown me already he could handle the pressure," David said during camp. "We figure if he can do a good job against our people, he can do it against

anybody."

He did the job against everybody. A few weeks after his auspicious debut against the Packers, Barney diagonally cut across the field and caught the Bears' Gale Sayers from behind, preventing a touchdown. The next time Chicago got the ball, Sayers boltcd through the line only to be stopped again by the onrushing Barney after a two-yard gain. As the two ballplayers arose from the turf, they stood motionless, peering intently into each other's eyes. A dramatic moment of recognition, thought some. And, in a way, they were right, for Barney suddenly grabbed Sayers' right hand and gave it a crazy looking shake. Then the two men exchanged a few words and headed for their huddles.

"That was our fraternity grip," Barney admitted after the game. "But don't tell the coach . . . he might not want me consorting with opponents. Gale was Kappa Alpha Psi at Kansas and I was the same at Jackson State."

The season continued, and after seven games an observer noticed that Barney had not yet yielded a scoring pass. "I haven't been burned yet and I hope it doesn't happen," he said, knocking on wood as he did. "I'm superstitious." He lost his superstitions and perfect record in the tenth game when Willie Richardson of the Colts, ironically, an old friend from Jackson State, beat him for a touchdown. It was the only one Lem yielded in '67.

The final game of his rookie year was his best. Barney intercepted three passes in one quarter, returning one of them 71 yards for his third and record-tying touchdown. Significantly, however, he wasn't satisfied. "I should have had six interceptions," he said, moaning about three de-

flections that fell to the ground. "No hands."

Barney doesn't believe in the sophomore jinx, but admits his season wasn't as spectacular as his first. He got burned several times when he gambled, once in a particularly embarrassing manner by San Francisco's Clifton McNeil. McNeil got a step on Barney, caught a long pass and ran away into the end zone after the defender dove at his legs and missed. "I was gambling, trying to steal the ball like I did when I took it away from Don Maynard," said Barney. "When I saw I couldn't do that, I tried for the tackle. I dove and his foot kicked me and missed.

"Like I said that first day in Detroit, I know corner-back is the lonesomest spot in the world."

As a youngster growing up in Gulfport, Louisiana, Barney never knew what the world lonesome meant. There were his three sisters for company at home and all his friends for playing and fighting outside. "I always tried to run with the older guys," he says, "I tried to grow up fast. I tried to be in things that were happening. I led a pretty good life. I'd get summer jobs like every red-blooded American boy. I worked on the piers and I carried bananas off the banana boats. Two dollars and 35 cents an hour. This was a good deal for a kid.

"In sports, I did everything. I couldn't leave home without fighting. The elder people around town always referred to me as a roughneck. I had a lot of energy. No brothers to fight with. So if I didn't exert all my energy in sports, I'd burn up the rest fighting with the other guys. Fist fights and wrestling. But during my time playing sandlot football, there was no such thing as conserving energy. There were 25 or 28 guys on a squad and you'd have to go all out. It was a duel of tigers."

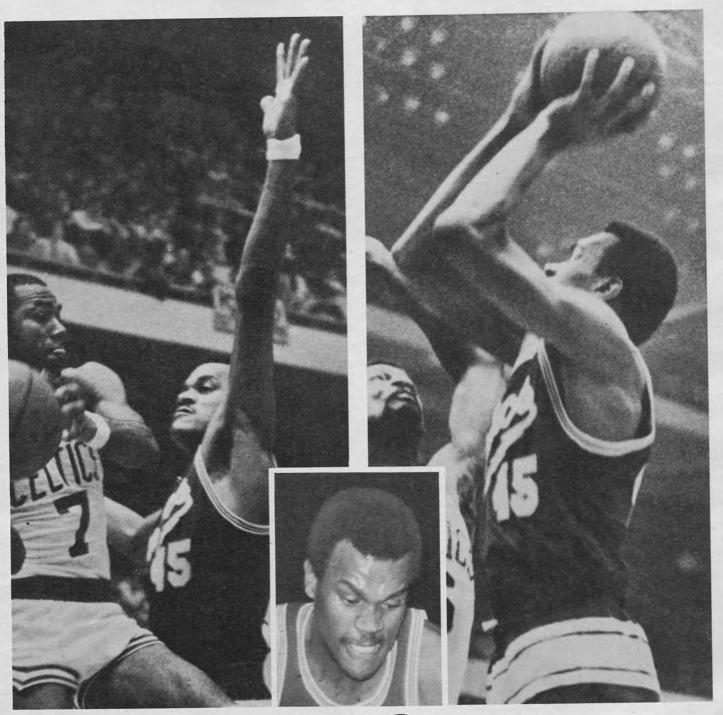
Sundays in the fall were the lone days of peace for Barney. He'd watch the pros on television, root and have a daydream or two. "As I got older, I rooted for Y.A. Tittle and Unitas," he says. "That's because when I got into 33rd Avenue High School I was a quarterback. I wore No. 10 there. We always had a very good team."

Upon graduation from 33rd Avenue High, Barney was not heavily recruited. He was a quarterback, and black quarterbacks were not in demand in the early 1960s, not even at the big schools in the North. But Barney did not think too much about college football anyway.

"First of all, I didn't want to go to college," he said. "Mother, being as persistent as (Continued on page 88)

Lem has been All-Pro in his two years in the NFL. And coach Joe Schmidt says. "I wish I had two others just like him."





## PRO BASKETBALL'S LAZY(?) CENTER

Bob Rule himself says he's lazy, and so do a lot of others. But the NBA's fourth leading scorer also makes this firm claim: "The word, I guess, is that I am a money ballplayer"

By JOHN DEVANEY

B OB RULE KNOWS WHAT the pro basketball scouts said when they saw him play college ball—that he loafed on defense, that he was out of shape, that his attitude was of the so-what variety, that he liked to party too much. Last season Bob Rule, a "small" pro center at 6-9 and 220 pounds, threw in an average of 24 points a game for the Seattle SuperSonics in only his second National Basketball Association season. Yet he is acutely aware that there are people in the NBA who still say he loafs and has a bad attitude. And Bob Rule—if anything an honest and candid man—does not deny it: there is, he admits, a measure of truth in all the bad things that have been said about him.

"I am a lazy ballplayer," he says. "When that whistle blows ending practice, I'm the first one off the court. I don't like to keep doing the same thing over and over again —like shooting free throws. I don't like to lift weights. I like to see immediate results from what I do."

And there was a time, he concedes, when he did party too much. "Most everyone goes through that stage," he says, his dark face as somber as a prison wall. "It's that freshman-sophomore stage in college. Beer and bourbon and the parties starting on Thursdays and still going on Saturday nights and maybe you get loaded. I had to find out whether I liked it or not, whether it was something I wanted to do, because I want to live my life to the fullest."

And about his attitude: "I had a reputation in college that I didn't give an all-out effort all the time. It was true. For one thing, I was never really in shape when I played college ball. I was young and big and I didn't have to play that hard. Also I was never in a spot where I was playing for all the marbles, where there was something big on the line. The word, I guess, is that I am a money ballplayer."

That college reputation, he knows, cost him money. "I was a second-round pick," he says. "I wasn't a first-round pick, I was told, because of the reputation I had. Some of those first-round choices got \$150,000 and I know I was better than some of them."

How much did Bob get?

He laughs grimly. "Not anywhere near \$150,000," he says. "Not even close."

One day, though, his salary—now around \$20,000—could be in the \$150,000 class. That's what Seattle's excoach, Al Bianchi, always told him. And that's what Al told me at the end of last season. "As a center on offense, Bobby does it all in there, he does it all." Bianchi paused, trying to explain what he meant by all. "He has fantastic moves and he can score off everybody—Chamberlain, Russell, right on down to the Boerwinkles. I tell Bobby over and over again: How far he goes is all up to what he wants to do."

But what about the rep against him? Bianchi explained. "He knows that his reputation will follow him. I tell him that people are waiting to see him fall on his face so they can say, 'See, I told you he was a bad actor.' It's up to Bobby to disprove the reputation."

It would seem that Bob Rule already has come a long way toward disproving the reputation. In his rookie season, 1967-68, he played in every game for Seattle and averaged 18 points a game, 19th in the league and second best on the SuperSonics. Last season, rising to fourth in

the league, he led the team in scoring (1965 points) and rebounds (941) and again played all 82 games.

At 6-9 and 220, he gives away inches and pounds to most every center in the league. Yet he has dropped in 30 and 40 points against Thurmond, Russell and Chamberlain. He gets most of his points with a quick lefthanded hook shot from eight to ten feet away.

"He has a beautiful touch once he catches the ball," says Baltimore coach Gene Shue. "I think he is one of the best I have ever seen a getting rid of the ball inside once he catches it. Now that he has learned what he can do in there, he is almost impossible to stop. And besides the hook shot, he has a very accurate jumper from outside."

"He has the hardest-to-block shot I've ever seen," says the Bullets' Wes Unseld. "He shoots lefthanded and most of us are not used to playing against lefthanded pivotmen. Especially good lefthanded ones like Rule."

Bill Russell, who also is lefthanded, eradicated the hook shot as a major NBA weapon when he came into the league in 1956, leaping high to slam the hook into the hooker's face. Yet Bob has dumped in his hook shot for 30 and 35 points against Russell.

"When he shoots lefthanded," explains Russell, "that means I have to reach across both his body and mine to get to the ball. And most of the time Bob releases the shot so quickly that I can't get up high enough to block it. Then there is one other thing: Bob is a great shooter."

Russell found out just how great a shooter Bob is during a game at Seattle last season. With less than a minute remaining, Bob hit on a free throw to tie the game. With only three seconds remaining and the score still tied, Bob caught a pass at the baseline, whirled and went up for a jumper.

Russell went up with him, a big hand pushing into Bob's chest. Bob got off the shot, but the push knocked him to the floor, elbows over teakettle as the saying goes. Bob was staring up at the ceiling when he heard the crowd's yell and then the buzzer, and he knew the shot had gone in to win the game.

In six encounters last season, Bob and the SuperSonics beat the champion Celtics three times, but overall the SuperSonics finished next to last in the West. The team's two weaknesses are Bob Rule's weaknesses: defense and rebounding. Last season only Detroit and Phoenix were leakier on defense; in rebounding the SuperSonics were 13th in a 14-team league.

"Defensively, Bobby is only fair," Al Bianchi was saying one day last March in a Baltimore hotel room, the team here for a game against the Bullets. Once a fiery NBA guard, Bianchi talks as emotionally as he played, frequently repeating for emphasis a phrase two or three times

"On defense," Bianchi was saying, "Bobby claims he isn't strong enough in there against those big men. He'd like to play at 240—that was his weight at our preseason camp—but I think he is best at 220. Bob thinks the extra weight makes him stronger. I say that this is a game of quickness and not of brute strength. When Bobby comes out to help on someone else's man, he does a hell of a job in blocking shots. But he doesn't muscle his own man as much as he should, he lets them get in there too deep.

"Inconsistency is his big problem as a rebounder. He has good nights and bad nights. And he gets into foul trouble a lot and then can't be as aggressive as you have to be." Last season Bianchi occasionally shifted Bob to forward, replacing him at center with John Tresvant or Erwin Mueller.

"Deep down," Bianchi said, "Bobby would like to play forward. He would probably be a better rebounder at forward because he would get a running jump at the ball. Some people, like Unseld, are better jumpers from a standing-still position, but Bobby isn't one of them. With his outside shot and his great moves, Bobby would be an alleague forward. I'd play him at forward if I had a seven-foot center. The only trouble is, I don't have a seven-foot center."

Bianchi could have gainfully employed two seven-foot centers that night in Baltimore against the Bullets. Bob got into foul trouble early, then began to miss with his hook shot and jumpers. Midway through the second period Bianchi took him out. "He wasn't hitting," Bianchi said later, "and then—like so many young players—he stopped doing everything else because he was worrying about his shooting. When you're not hitting you should work harder at the other things."

Rule scored only seven points as the Bullets routed the SuperSonics, 130-120. In their clubhouse all of the Bullets talked admiringly of Bob's scoring, but some were critical of other aspects of his game. "He is so strong," said Leroy Ellis, "that he should be better on defense." Another Bullet said: "He is an in-and-out player. He is good when he wants to play. I respect him as an offensive player; I don't

respect him as a defensive player."

Bob dressed quickly, then walked to a chartered bus that would transport the SuperSonics that night to Philadelphia for their next game. "I rarely have a good game in Baltimore," he was saying, irritation in his voice. He seems bulkier than 220 pounds, perhaps because he is bigframed. Like most basketball players, he walks slowly, seeming to droop, as though all the energy had been drained out by their furious exertions on the court. Rule's forehead is broad, the face triangling down to a narrow chin. A thin mustache slits across a face that alternates between expressions of mournfulness and menace; the menacing look is enhanced by a long scar curving around his left eye, carved there during an auto accident in his partying days.

But, happily for an interviewer, there is little mournfulness or menace in Bob Rule: he laughs quickly and talks easily, with warmth and politeness. "I don't have a real accurate shot," he was saying as he walked along the dark Baltimore street, explaining why he does badly in Baltimore. "I hit the rim a lot and I can be hurt by a tight rim, like the ones they have here, because the ball bounces high off it."

In the bus he squeezed hips and shoulders into a seat meant for smaller people and talked with candor of his college reputation. "Playing ball in college," he said, "was a give-and-take thing. I gave them my play, they gave me an education. I didn't give an all-out effort all the time but if I played the way the coach said for me to play, I felt I was doing my share. In college all you see is the \$15-a-month laundry money. The education is there too, of course, but naturally you work harder for something big

than for something that's a little bit of nothing."

He stared out at the darkness outside the bus window, a cigaret in hand. "The big thing," he said, "is that pro ball is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for me. I have more to lose now than I did in college. If pro ball calls for me to put that old nose to the grindstone, to gut it out, that's what I have to do."

Replying to a dozen questions as the bus rolled north on the dark highway toward Philadelphia, he tried to describe what he terms "the real me." Bob Rule is 25 years old, married to a girl he met in college, the father of a three-year-old boy, living in a Seattle apartment. He is careful how he spends money on clothes and he is always scolding his wife about spending too much on her clothes. He likes to go out weekends with his wife and listen to jazz. Every once in a while they fly to Las Vegas for some gambling—always with a strict limit on their losses. On the road he listens to jazz and rock on his tape cassette and reads in his room after a game to calm himself into sleep.

On his lap was a copy of Eldridge Cleaver's book, Soul on Ice, which he had bought that morning. He had just finished reading The Valachi Papers. "Books," he said, "those are my sedatives. I read until I fall asleep. Usually I can read only so long, but with a good book, I hate to see it come to an end."

The real Bob Rule visited Watts during the worst of the burning in that Negro section of Los Angeles and he was troubled by the broken-down housing there. Once, as a summer job in college, he interviewed Californians for a public-opinion poll on fair-housing laws. He came away from the interviews discouraged, as a Negro, by the attitude of most whites on fair housing. "Most fair-housing laws," he says, "are token stuff, they don't do any real good."

Bob, however, grew up in an integrated neighborhood in Riverside, California, about 50 miles south of Los Angeles, where he was born on June 27, 1944. His parents had moved there from Oklahoma, two of the thousands of "Okies" who fled the dust bowl during the depression. Bob's father was a hod carrier, a strong man who worked hard enough to buy a good home in a good neighborhood for his wife and seven children. All Bob's three brothers are big; one is a 6-4, 250-pound fullback on his high school football team back in Riverside.

At 13 Bob was 5-9. In the summer of 1957 he soared four inches in height and, at 6-1 and 140 pounds, made the B team at Riverside Polytechnic High School. He was shooting a two-handed turnaround jump shot, the one Jumping Joe Fulks had popularized in the NBA. But Bob wasn't shooting it too well, averaging—he said in the bus with a grin—"only about .043 points a game."

In Bob's junior year a coach showed him how to shoot a one-handed turnaround jumper from the pivot. In his senior year, now a husky 6-7 and 205 pounds, he tossed in turnaround jumpers at the rate of 16 points a game. But he was only a fair rebounder; like so many tall boys, he had come to rely on his height, not leaving his feet often enough to go up for the ball.

Although Bob didn't even make all-league in high school, his size attracted a few college coaches, who offered scholarships. But his grades were below C, so Bob decided to

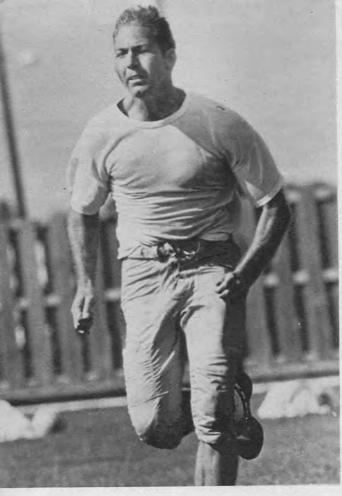
attend Riverside Junior College.

Helped by Riverside coach Jerry (Continued on page 21)

## BART STARR Working to Bring the Pack Back

THE QUARTERBACK WANTS TO PROVE THAT '68 WAS JUST A BAD YEAR, NOT A DYNASTY'S END

Photographed by JOHN AND VERNON BIEVER



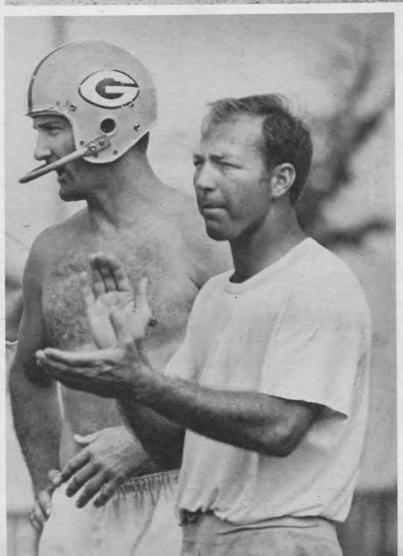


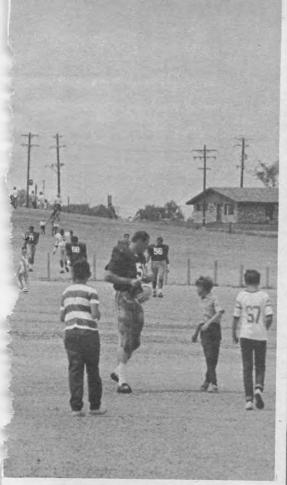
Two big means of transportation in camp are demonstrated by Starr (above) and rookie Perry Williams (No. 31, above right). Both help get the legs ready.

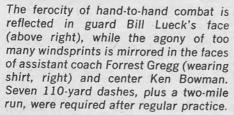
"COACH LOMBARDI MADE a statement a few years ago which, I think, applies perfectly now," Green Bay quarterback Bart Starr said at the start of training camp this summer. "He said our greatest glory here in the Packer organization was not in never falling, but in rising every time we fell . . . I feel we've fallen now, so we have to get back up."

Starr, in particular, is a Packer on the spot, for with the retirement of several great veterans and the departure of Lombardi, the Packers will be depending more than ever on his magnificent leadership and poise. But are they asking too much? Starr is 35 and beginning a club-record 14th season. After 11 iron-man years, injuries have forced him to miss a total of 11 games the past two years. Has he become a brittle victim of football's generation gap? Starr thinks not. "I think you're as old as you feel," he said as he toiled under a broiling July sun at St. Norbert's College in De Pere, Wisconsin, "and I don't feel my age. The injuries? Just one of those things. I'm in great shape."

He had to be, for this summer Green Bay conducted what tackle Henry Jordan called, "the toughest camp in my ten years as a Packer." On these pages, we show you how it was as Bart Starr and the Packers got ready—hopefully, for redemption.









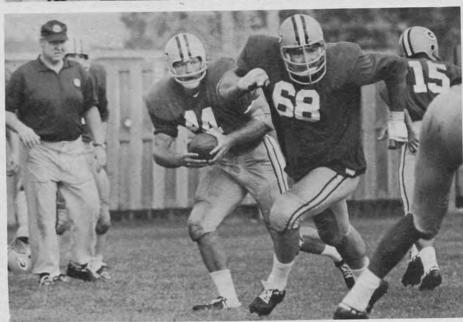


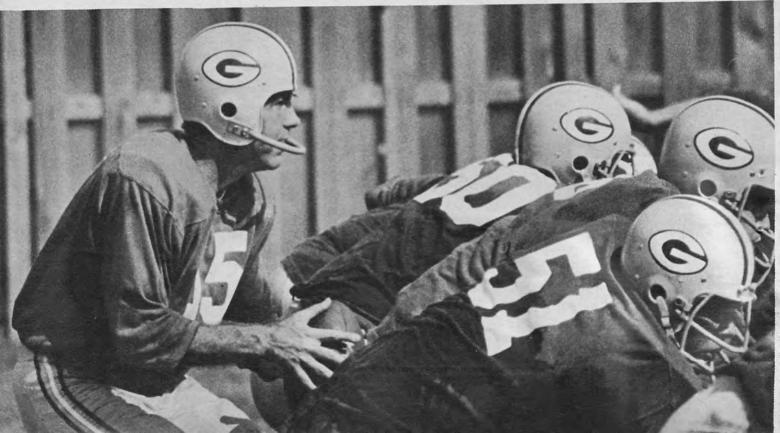


One of the concerns of Starr and end Boyd Dowler (beating the heat, left) was having enough time to work with, and adjust to, an offensive line (right) changed greatly by retirement losses. Veteran Bowman bends over the ball, flanked on his left by guard Bob Hyland and tackle Francis Peay, ex-subs battling to start.



Linemen take on the appearance of headless horsemen as they hit the sled under the scrutiny of second-year head coach Phil Bengtson (above right), while assistant coach Dave (Hog) Hanner watches pulling guard Gale Gillingham (No. 68) and halfback Donny Anderson (No. 44) execute the famous Green Bay power sweep (right). Then all the elements of the offense are joined together in a dress rēhearsal (below), as Starr takes the ball from center and begins to fade back into the pocket to throw. Though often sidelined by injuries last season, Starr had the greatest percentage of completions in his career in '68.

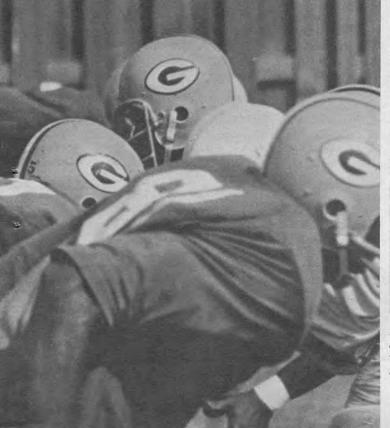




He was far from happy about it, but Starr consented to wear a special vest to protect his often-injured ribs. "The only way I'll wear this is to put it in my contract," he said to trainer Dominic Gentile, half complaining and half kidding.

There was a minimum of complaining at camp, despite the brutality and boredom. The general mood, according to Starr, was "enthusiastic." "We have a lot more young players than we've had in recent years," said the quarterback as he enjoyed a rare hour of leisure in the dormitory that housed the team, "and being young, they're very enthusiastic."

The young players were working hard to make the team, while the veterans were hoping to erase the memory of last year's slide from Super Bowl champions to also-rans. That memory haunted Starr through the winter and spring, to the point he couldn't wait for the grind of camp to begin. "It was a very long off-season," he said, "and certainly not an enjoyable one. But I'm really confident we can get back on top this season."







Pads in hand, an ice pack on his leg, Starr leaves the field at day's end. Does he really believe Green Bay can again reach the top? The bumper sticker above his license plate expresses an unshakable faith in the Packers and, indirectly, in himself.

# CLEON JONES CAME ALIVE By GEORGE VECSEY



IT WAS ONLY TWO years ago that Angela Jones, a young housewife in New York City, had trouble getting her husband, Cleon, to work on time. It wasn't that Angela had to wake him up at daybreak and hand him a lunchpail or a briefcase on his way out the door. He was a ballplayer, and didn't usually have to be at work until 11 in the morning or five in the evening. But his point was, what was the sense in rushing to work when he knew he wasn't going to be in the Mets' starting lineup that day?

Angela agreed with him. (Wives always agree with their husbands.) But she also had some logical comments to make. (Wives always have logical comments to make.) And she was right. (Wives are always . . . .)

Anyway, Angela used to tell Cleon (as he remembers it), "Sure, I know you're an everyday ballplayer and a lot of other people know it, too. But even if you're not playing regularly, you've still got to get to the park on time. Your day will come."

Cleon Jones' day did come. It came with a shuddering rush late in

1967 and most of 1968 and then it poured out of him in 1969, all screaming line drives and well-placed hits, bouncing into all corners of the league.

He had become the best regular ballplayer the Mets had ever had, a righthanded hitter who was batting .343 at midseason, who was voted into the National League All-Star starting lineup and made two hits in the game. Most incredible of all, Cleon Jones was making contenders out of the team that had once been the worst in the history of the major leagues. Only a Met fan could possibly believe the Mets were for real in midsummer of 1969. But there was much less doubt about Cleon Jones.

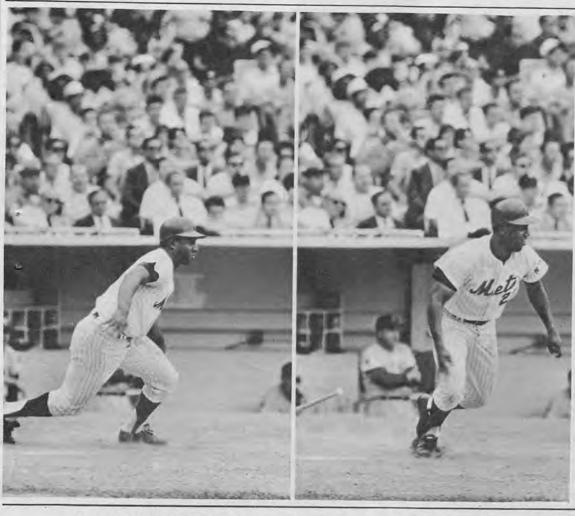
There had been, to be sure, some anxious moments about Cleon in the beginning: when he missed signals . . . when he fell asleep on the bases . . . when he didn't catch the ball in the outfield . . . when it seemed that Jones' head might never catch up with his body. It took hard work by Cleon to emerge this season as not only an All-Star, but a warm, communicative man, alert to his profession, sensitive to peo-

ple around him.

He came out of a section of Mobile, Alabama, called Plateau, and signed with the Mets in 1962 for a modest bonus. He reported to the Mets' instructional team in Florida that fall joining some other promising talent, including Ed Kranepool, a big first-baseman out of the Bronx, and Paul Blair, a slender outfielder out of California.

"Cleon was shy, real introverted," Kranepool recalls. "I don't think he said much to anybody. He and Blair were pretty friendly. I think they were both hurt when the Mets let Blair go."

Blair, now a star with Baltimore, was not protected on the Mets' varsity roster, a fact that Met historians remembered during Jones' early and erratic years. But general manager George Weiss did not have to make any apologies for Jones in his first minor-league season, at least. Cleon hit .360 at Auburn in 1963 and .305 at Raleigh. Then in September he was called up by the Mets, who were still playing in the rickety old Polo Grounds.



In his early Met days he was shy, sometimes unalert, and even reluctant to go to the ballpark. The last two years, though, he's burst in all directions

As one of the few promising youngsters in the farm system, Cleon was quickly sought out by Met reporters. They found he spoke in mumbles when he spoke at all. Even the most understanding of the reporters came away wondering how much Jones had inside his head.

"Well, look," Jones says today, now that all the words are unlocked. "It was the first time I was ever in the Polo Grounds. My first time in a Met uniform. I kept thinking to myself, 'What the hell am I doing here?'"

There was something else the reporters noticed about the shy young man from the South. It was a scar across his right cheek, in the shape of a fish-hook, starting near his right ear and winding alongside his nose, up to the eye. Thinking that the scar might have come from a fight, people were somewhat hesitant about asking about the scar.

Jones was indeed sensitive about the scar, though it came not from a fight but from an automobile accident, while he was sitting in a parked car. A young man had barreled his car into Jones' car on a quiet Mobile street, sending the 17-year-old Jones flying forward, halfway out the front window.

"There was no pain," he recalls, "and at first I thought I was just perspiring." It was blood, of course, and he needed transfusions. The doctors sewed his face together, performing delicate work around his eye, but there wasn't much they could do about his scar.

"Even what I look like now is remarkable under the circumstances," Jones says. "The damndest thing about the way it happened is that the guy driving the other car was driving mad and not caring where he was going. He had just gotten a ticket and was teed off."

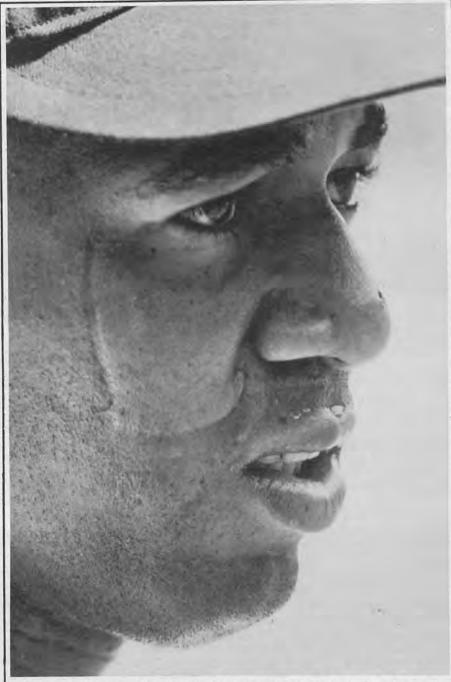
In Jones' first brief stay with the Mets he batted 2-for-15. Then the wreckers moved in, the Mets moved out to Shea Stadium and Cleon Jones moved (or, as the Met reporters like to say it, "shuffled off") to Buffalo.

In the next two years, Jones seemed to join the long parade of Mets who either had no potential or didn't use it right. One spring he seemed to have a chance of making the Met varsity until he brought his wife down from Alabama on her spring vacation from high school. Then he stopped hitting. Shuffle. Back to Buffalo. He also had some disagreements about batting theory with his manager at Buffalo.

Then it became 1966. Wes Westrum was the new Met manager, talking about young players. Cleon Jones, at age 24, batted .275 with 57 runs batted in. Some managers might have praised that kind of rookie season, but Westrum preferred to talk about the signals that "Mr. Jones" had missed.

Some things were changing for Jones. The Mets sent him to a dentist and got all his teeth fixed. One teammate was sure Jones had never opened his mouth "because he was ashamed of his teeth, all full of holes." He may be right, because after the dental work Cleon started to talk.

In other ways, things got worse. The first half of 1967, Cleon batted below .200 and Westrum started to platoon him. Cleon started picking up the paper and look at the Probable



The wicked scar on Cleon's right cheek is a permanent reminder of a freak automobile accident that occurred back in Mobile when he was 17 years old.

Pitchers. If a righthander was working for the other team, Jones lost his incentive to go to work.

"I'd always played a pretty good role on every club," he recalls. "But I wasn't helping the club. My wife would have to talk me into getting there on time."

Maybe the lowest moment came in San Francisco early in August. The Mets were starting a road trip and Westrum let Cleon play against a righthander "because I can't have him sitting around." It is also quite possible that Westrum was under orders to play this valuable piece of merchandise, so the Mets could either build with Jones or trade him away. But Westrum made it sound like a man driving his second car around the block once a week just to keep the tires from losing their shape and the battery from running down.

Anyway, Jones started. He even got to first base. Then his roommate, Tommy Davis, slashed a line drive at the feet of the rightfielder. Cleon hesitated, afraid the ball would be caught. The rightfielder came up with the ball and forced Jones at second base.

The forceout cost Davis a base hit. A former batting champion who counted every base hit—and became angry when official scorers ruled against him—Davis had every reason to blow his top at his roomie. But he didn't. A moody guy, Davis was also sensitive to the younger man's own problems.

"When we went to the outfield, my roomie shouted to me that there was nothing I could do about it," Jones recalled. "My roomie was pretty good that way. He said I shouldn't let myself get discouraged. I remember he had broken his leg and then the Dodgers didn't play him after that. I figured he knew what he was talking about."

Tommy Davis lectured Jones about his attitude that night. Then on Wednesday afternoon Westrum gave Jones another start, this time against a lefthander.

On Wednesday afternoon, Jones opened with a two-run homer to right field, his main power field. In the third inning he hit a sacrifice fly. In the fifth he dribbled a grounder in front of the plate and beat it out for a single. Maybe his luck was changing.

But the best break of all came in the seventh. With Ed Charles on third base and one out, Jones blooped a foul popup behind first base. Jackie Hiatt, the first-baseman, caught the ball with his back to the plate. Charles alertly bolted home for a run. Instead of just having a foulout, Jones had a run batted in and no at-bat. He kept his average at a lofty .199. His luck was changing, after all.

"It wasn't luck," Jones said later, laughing. "That's my stroke. Heck, I knew he couldn't catch the ball and get the man at home. That's why I hit it there. Sure, I'm taking the RBI. You've got to get something, some time, don't you?"

Of course. And Westrum started Jones for the rest of the road trip. ("I'm gonna send Wes a telegram thanking him," Jones said.)

By the end of the season Westrum had resigned as Met manager, which beat getting fired, and Jones finished with a .246 average.

Jones continued the good hitting all winter, batting .400 for Caguas in the Puerto Rican League. The Mets gave him a slight raise to \$15,000, and

then did something even nicer: they traded for Jones' best friend, Tommie Agee. Like Jones, Agee grew up in Plateau and they had gone to Mobile's County Training High School together.

Playing baseball together as youngsters, Cleon was too powerful a lefthanded hitter for the short right-field fence at their field. So the boys made him bat righthanded, although he threw lefty. To this day he is one of the rare major-leaguers who bats right but throws lefty.

In high-school football, Cleon was a halfback who could run 100 yards in 9.7 seconds, while Tommie, who could only do 9.8, was made an end. Cleon ran for 26 touchdowns in nine games in his senior season. And five times he rolled out on the halfback-option play and threw a touchdown pass to Tommie.

Tommie and Cleon both started college at Grambling. But Tommie soon took a \$65,000 bonus to sign a baseball contract and Cleon switched to Alabama A&M. There he scored 17 touchdowns in two seasons before signing his own baseball contract. They wound up in different organizations until the winter of 1967-68, when the Mets traded Tommy Davis and two pitchers to the White Sox for Agee and Al Weis.

From the first day in camp, Cleon called Agee "Number One," a carryover from Plateau. Even when Agee suffered through a miserable 1968 season, the new talkative Jones would tell reporters, "Wait until Tommie starts hitting. He's a good ballplayer."

Jones started off slowly in 1968, batting only .223 by May 31, but then he went on an 11-game hitting streak and finished at .297. "As far as I'm concerned," said Gil Hodges, the new manager of the Mets, "Cleon hit .300 for me."

Then it was March of 1969 and Cleon was ready for greater things. He started out spring training by telling reporters he had intentionally reported overweight. He said he wanted to work hard in spring training and be in better shape during the regular season.

Everybody assumed Jones was five or ten pounds above his playing weight. But manager Hodges confided to reporters that Jones was just one pound over his usual 199, "If he believes the extra weight and the extra work he's putting in is helping him, you don't think I'm going to tell him differently, do you?" Hodges asked.

Whatever the logic behind it, Jones got off to his best start in the majors, hitting .400 for the first month of 1969. When the pitchers started working around him, the way pitchers do with the one strong hitter in a weak lineup, Jones dwindled down toward .350.

But not without his victims. In June the Mets were held hitless for six innings by Phil Niekro of the Braves. In the seventh they finally got a hit. And in the eighth they scored eight runs, half of them on Cleon's first career grand-slam homer.

"With the Mets," he said, "there ain't been many times I came up with three men on base."

But in 1969 there were also a few unpleasant moments. Within one sixday period Jones was thrown out of two games. He had been ejected only once before in the major leagues but now some people were starting to ask, "Hey, what kind of a guy is Jones?"

It was mostly circumstances and maybe a little pressure. Jones was in no particular bad humor as he played against Montreal on June 13 in front of a typically manic Shea Stadium crowd. When he tried to steal second base he seemed to be safe—at least from the grandstand. But from where umpire Frank Dezelan was standing, Jones looked out.

Jones jumped up and began to argue. When Dezelan responded by telling him it wasn't even close, Jones called him a name, a name Warren Giles doesn't like his players to use. Dezelan promptly kicked Jones out of the game.

It almost started a riot. From out of the stands flew the oranges, apples and pears. The fans shouted "We want Cleon" for several innings. It could have been a lot worse except that the Mets rallied to win the game. Jones was fined \$150.

Five nights later, the Mets were in Montreal and Jones was sliding home, into catcher Ron Brand. Suddenly the two of them were fighting at home plate, starting a brawl that lasted a few minutes.

Since Jones had thrown the first punch—in fact, the first four—he was ejected from the game. Brand was not ejected, since the only person he hit was the umpire, Billy Williams, who got in the way of a hard right hand.

Both Jones and Brand had reasonable explanations:

Brand: "He came in high, which he always does. It's not dirty—but it's bush."

Jones: "He didn't give me any part of the plate. If he did, I wouldn't have to slide into him. Besides, after he made the tag, he kicked me in the arm. He walked right over me while I was lying down. I can't take that."

Brand: "What did he want me to do, walk around him? I admit it, I nudged him with my knee. But he threw the first punch."

Suddenly a hard-working little guy like Ron Brand was talking about Cleon Jones the way National Leaguers used to talk about Frank Robinson. The Mets were suddenly the bully-boys of the league, at least to Brand. Who ever would have believed it?

One thing was certain at this juncture. The Mets did not believe that Cleon Jones was a fluke. "Cleon is very smart about hitting," said Ron Swoboda, the thundering outfielder who never quite became the first Met superstar. "Cleon is the only guy on the club that I really talk hitting with. He has a theory that you can't worry too much about what the pitcher is going to throw. He says it's more important to be set at the plate."

Jones says about himself: "I guess I owe my good start to two things—confidence and concentration. I used to ask myself if I really belonged in the major leagues. But when I started hitting last June and kept it up for the rest of the season, I came to spring training with more confidence than I ever had. When I step into the batter's box, I feel I can hit any pitcher."

And so Jones' image began to change from a man who just "swung the lumber" to a man who always "had an idea." It's amazing what a .300 average will do for an image.

But Jones really had changed. He looked reporters in the eye. He asked them questions back. And he had a lot of friends in the clubhouse.

"Cleon is one of the funniest guys I've ever met," said Swoboda, who has friends of all colors. "It's tough to imitate Cleon's style. I guess you'd call it country humor. He talks too fast. Even his own people tell him to slow down. But it's worth it to follow him, he's so damn funny.

"I had a (Continued on page 94)

Here's one nice way to pass the time in the rugged Canadian bush—fishing for pike by day, and hunting bear by night

## QUEBEC'S





OW WOULD YOU like to take a two-for-the-price-of-one trip?" Les Morrow asked me, and when he told me what it was all about —a combination bear hunt and fishing safari in the Canadian bush—I jumped at it. Les Morrow lives in Montreal and does an outdoor sports show on Canada's national radio and television networks. He is an enthusiastic and expert hunter and fisherman, and I looked forward to the four-day trip with him. We would fish in the lakes of La Verendrye Park in Quebec and hunt bear just north of the Park.

We arrived at Boyer Lodge in the village of Louvicourt some 300 miles north of Montreal on a Wednesday evening. I was ready to get right at it but our friends at the lodge suggested we get a good night's sleep, pop up early and fish for northern pike and walleyes through the day and do our bear hunting in the early evening. At this time of the year, they said, the bears were asleep all day. But at night they were up and moving about in search of a meal.

Our first morning on Lake Victoria we took a number of northerns in the four- to five-pound class. Les used Duponts' ten-pound "Test Stren" spinning tackle, only medium weight equipment, but in his capable hands more than a match for these fighting northerns. I rigged my Mitchell 300 spinning reel on a rod but I hedged my bet. I also set up the Shakespeare bait casting outfit, which is more traditional tackle for these fighters.

In the early evening we were on the trail watching for bear. But our luck was not good. We stayed out late, and saw nothing.

The next day we talked to Real Bergeron, the game warden for the Louvicourt area and an expert as to the habits and whereabouts of black bear. On the map he showed us a spot where bruin were coming to feed on the refuse of a lumber camp. We came back from the lake early to ready our equipment.

I was using a new Ithaca rifle, a new Redfield scope and new Sabretip Imperial ammo from C-I-L, a Canadian firm. My Ithaca is the Model LSA-55 and it's made in Finland by the Tikka works. It boasts an all new action and most of the parts are machined rather than stamped.

The action is the modern short style and you have a choice of four different cartridges. The first is strictly for varmint, the popular .22/250. The next two are combination medium big game and varmints, the .243 Winchester and the 6mm Remington. Last, the best for big game is the .308 Winchester. This is the ammunition I had with me for my bear, if I ever sighted one.

The Ithaca LSA-55 uses a detachable clip magazine that holds three cartridges. The trigger pull is supple and fully adjustable to give a let-off anywhere from two and one-half to six pounds. It's available in two grades, standard (at \$159.95) and deluxe (\$199.95). The major difference between the two is the stock; the deluxe has fancy wood, an attractive rosewood fore-end tip and pistol grip cap and it features skip line checkering on the pistol grip and fore end.

I mounted Redfield's Magnum Variable 1X-4X on my Ithaca. This new model provides a wider than normal field and proved to be the ideal choice for the thicker than normal cover I encountered in the Canadian bush. (Here's a tip about scope selection. When you choose a scope for hunting critters such as black bear in Quebec's bush country, make sure you pick one with a low range of magnification because your shots will be short range and too much magnification will slow you to a point where you may never get off a shot.)

It was about 7 p.m. when we started out, and light was still slanting on the trail. It was nothing really but a logging road, eight or ten feet wide, used to haul logs through. The road leads into a camp dump and we followed it for about a mile and then stopped. Now we were in what is called a "watching area." Down below us was a piece of land that had been cut over and lumbered off. Scrub brush had grown up over the logs, but it was a

good open area. We waited, and watched.

Maybe an hour went by when I spotted the bear. He was moving through the trail a couple of hundred yards below me, going in the direction of the dump.

Les picked him up, too. He whispered, "There's two of them there."

Sure enough, there were two. I picked them up in my sights. The bigger of the two didn't have a good coat. He was shaggy, with patches of hair sticking to his body. He had the beat-up look some animals get in hot weather when they are shedding hair. But the smaller bear was clean and nice and shiny.

Les did not have a gun with him. About a week earlier, he had shot a bear. He had told me he had no desire to kill another. So the shiny one was all mine, if I could pick it off.

I kept watching them as they came closer, moving toward us. I waited till they were in a good clear area, about 150 yards away. Then I sighted on the shiny bear and squeezed the trigger.

At the moment of impact, the bear let out a bawl, a ghostlike, eerie scream, took one jump, and toppled over. The other bear scurried back into the deep brush. And then the silence was total.

We waited a few minutes to make sure the bear was dead, then we approached him carefully. We moved down to the clearing until I was on top of him. I prodded the beast with my rifle. There was no movement. I had gotten him right behind the left shoulder. My bullet, a Sabretip, is a new make, with a tip that drives back, expanding the lead. Its accuracy is beautiful; the bear was shot quickly and humanely.

We gutted it out and took it back. I posed proudly with the animal, as you see here. Its pelt was exceptional, and will soon adorn my office wall.

The last day of our quickie twofer trip happened to be Les's birthday. We celebrated with an ice chest of fish, and a birthday cake. It was the perfect climax to a most satisfying trip.



T LEAST TWICE in his life Fred Biletnikoff has faced crises which could have turned his whole future around. Both times, though, he was fortunate to have elders who were willing to treat him with patience and compassion. Because of them Biletnikoff has been able to mature into a fine receiver for the Oakland Raiders and one of the best in pro football. What would have become of him without all that patience? Fred shudders to think.

The first crisis came when he was growing up in Erie, Pennsylvania. "I wasn't in a tough neighborhood," he says, "but I hung around with kids who got into trouble and I got into some myself. But I was lucky enough to get into trouble with people who knew me and knew my parents."

The second big crisis came years later. The Florida State graduate had had a promising rookie year with the Raiders, but his second year was notable mainly for an eye problem early in the year, and then a knee injury that kept him out of the last games of the season. He wound up with only 17 catches, and was something of a worry to managing partner Al Davis and Johnny Rauch, then the head coach. "I have to admire Al and Johnny," Biletnikoff says. "I knew they had strong thoughts about trading me, but they stuck in there and kept me. There aren't too many coaches who, when you do lousy, will stick with you."

Biletnikoff (No. 25) caught seven passes against the Jets in the '68 AFL title game, including this one for a TD.

## BILETNIKOFF HAS SOME GOOD THINGS GOING

The Raiders' wide receiver has had his problems, but the patience of others and his own special talents always seem to bail him out

By RON RAPOPORT

It is the Raiders' good fortune that no one gave up on the 6-1, 185pound receiver, because he has become the man to make the big play for them in crises of their own. Last year, in the now-famous "Heidi" game against the Jets, Fred caught seven passes for 120 yards. He also starred in the Raiders' two playoff games, despite a cracked shoulder bone. Against the Chiefs in the Western Division playoff he caught seven passes for 180 yards and three touchdowns. The scoring catches-24, 44 and 46 yards-all came in the first half as Oakland put the game away early. And in the AFL title game against the Jets, he caught seven passes for 190 yards, a record for the league's championship

"He is probably the most underrated receiver in the AFL," says Kansas City coach Hank Stram. "Because he doesn't have blazing speed, it's possible the defensive backs fail to respect him like they should. He has excellent moves and great concentration and he has the capacity to catch the ball in a crowd."

Biletnikoff's sophisticated passcatching traces, in large part, to all the practice he's had. Among the many good things he's had going for him—not just in times of crisis, but all through his football career was playing for coaches who emphasized the pass.

"We probably threw as much in high school," he says, "as we do at Oakland. We threw about 25 times a game. That's probably what helped me out. I wouldn't know where else to play on the field if they put me out there and said don't catch the ball. We could score points easy, but we had no defense. In my junior year we lost five games by a total of nine points. We didn't win a lot, but we were exciting."

When Florida State coach Bill Peterson saw films of Biletnikoff in action, he happily offered him a scholarship. At this point Fred was glad anyone would want him, after being rejected by some Eastern and Midwestern schools because of his grades.

Life at FSU was tailor-made for Biletnikoff. The quarterback was Steve Tensi, now of the Denver Broncos, and Peterson sought to accommodate them both. "In my junior year," says Fred, "we went to a pro-type offense with four receivers. It was like San Diego's and Oakland's. In my senior year we threw all the time. It was like playing pro ball."

Florida State had an 8-1-1 season in '64, and Biletnikoff was a consensus All-America. He was drafted by both the AFL Raiders and the NFL Detroit Lions at a time when the war between the two leagues had reached epic proportions. The day before Florida State was to play Oklahoma in the Gator Bowl, the New York Jets signed Joe Namath. Sonny Werblin, then the Jets' owner, called Al Davis and said, "We've got ours. Now you get yours."

Biletnikoff had given his agent the power of attorney to promise first signing rights to the Raiders, but the Lions didn't give up easily—especially after Fred caught four touchdown passes and Florida State beat Oklahoma, 36-19.

"It was vicious on the field after the game," remembers Davis. "The Lions tried to grab him. But he signed his contract with us in front of a national television audience."

Both the Lions and the Raiders offered Biletnikoff about the same amount of money, with Fred signing a two-year contract with a bonus payable over three years for about \$140,000. But Biletnikoff had two reasons for choosing the Raiders. One, he says, was that "I didn't want to play in all that snow." The other, and bigger, reason was that the Lions already had Gail Cogdill and Terry Barr, two of the best wide receivers in the business. "I thought it would take two or three years to play with the Lions," says Biletnikoff.

A few days after signing, Fred got married under the goal posts in the Florida State stadium, and then he and Jerrylyn went out to Oakland. For a while, it looked like a mis-

"I felt like a jerk when I saw Youell Field (the decrepit facility where the Raiders played almost in privacy before a new coliseum was built) and people asked, 'Who the hell do you play for? What's their name?'"

During his rookie season, Biletnikoff spent his first six games on the bench, while in Detroit some happy rookie receivers were having a fine time with the Lions. Both Cogdill and Barr had been hurt.

After half the season, though, the Raiders traded wide receiver Bo Roberson to Buffalo and in the seventh game of his rookie year, Biletnikoff got his chance. He made the most of it, catching seven passes in a 30-21 victory over the Boston Patriots.

He did okay the rest of the year, spent 1966 trying to overcome the eye and knee injuries and started out the 1967 season rather inauspiciously. Taking no chances, the Raiders had stocked up on receivers. They had obtained Lionel Taylor in a trade with Denver, Glenn Bass in a trade with Buffalo (they also got a quarterback, Darryl Lamonica, in that deal) and speedy Warren Wells, who had just been cut by Kansas City.

"The only work I got," says Biletnikoff, recalling that training camp, "was staying out after practice."

But in the third game of the season, Biletnikoff was the Raiders' starting flanker. He has been ever since. "That was really the beginning of my pro career," he says. And not just coincidentally, that was the beginning of the Raiders' rise to power. With Hewritt Dixon, Bill Miller and Billy Cannon providing other outlets for Lamonica's passes, Biletnikoff still caught 40 passes and led the team with 21.9 yards gained per catch. Last season he jumped to 61 catches, third best in the AFL and only seven behind Lance Alworth.

Considering the shoulder fracture late last year, it's remarkable Biletnikoff was even able to play. "I'd have times I couldn't lift it up," he says. "I'd get treatment and during a ballgame I'd feel pretty good, but afterward it would be pretty sore. I had an operation in January and it feels fine now."

For the present season, Biletni-koff has nothing but optimism. Not even a salary dispute with Davis that kept him out of training camp for a few days could dampen it. "Last year and the year before," he says, "I was worried about beating guys, even in practice. This year, I know if I'm getting beat, I'm running a lousy pattern. I'm not worried about beating a guy."

Which just shows you what kind of confidence a guy can have when he knows he's got some good things going for him.



## College Hootball Centennial SPECIAL SECTION



IN NEW BRUNSWICK, New Jersey, on November 6, 1869, Princeton and Rutgers met in the first intercollegiate football game. They played under soccer rules, with 25 men on a side, no ball-carrying allowed and the forward

pass unheard of. Fortunately, a few changes have taken place, or college football might never have made it to its centennial this year.

Much of the success of college football is rooted in its ability to adapt to the times, to discard outmoded rules and styles. Yet its success is also rooted in the nostalgia it evokes—for alma mater (adopted or real) and for the greats of the game.

In the following section, the Editors of Sport offer large helpings of this very special nostalgia. We have, first of all, asked the experts to choose the 22 finest players of the 100 years. And because no sport teems with more classic rivalries than college football (Oklahoma-Texas, UCLA-Southern Cal, Michigan-Ohio State, Alabama-Auburn), we present a retrospective look at perhaps the mightiest rivalry of all: Army vs. Navy. College football is also glamour-boy All-Americas like Doak Walker of SMU and the 1940s. We examine how he made it to the top and how he's been able to remain The Eternal Hero. Finally, Roger Kahn offers a unique view of Notre Dame, the one school that is synonymous with college football in its first 100 years.

## ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICA TEAM

BY JIM BENAGH

Coaches, writers, Hall of Fame players and historians pick the greatest players of the 100 years

A CCORDING TO A RECENT survey by the NCAA, two and a half million men have played intercollegiate football over the last hundred years. Of these, about 1550 players were first-team All-Americas. And only 218 are now enshrined in college football's Hall of Fame.

It seems almost impossible to pare the list down much further and reduce it to a 22-man squad. But that's what SPORT sought to do recently with the aid of some 200 coaches and ex-coaches, Hall of Fame players, prominent football writers and a handful of historians. We asked these experts to select the finest players of all-time at their positions, limiting the choices to four ends, four tackles, six guards and centers (or linebackers), and eight backs. We also asked them to select the All-Time Coach.

Among the well-known football men who responded were Dana X. Bible, Clark Shaughnessy, Biggie Munn, Jack Mollenkopf, Johnny Majors, Bennie Oosterbaan, George McAfee, Matty Bell, Bobby Layne, Cal Hubbard, Marshall Goldberg, Bob Suffridge, Fred Russell and Allison Danzig. Hall of Fame director Jimmie McDowell also voted.

The most difficult problem, of course, was dipping into the past and comparing oldtimers with modern-day stars. "It's tough to pick an All-Time Team on hearsay," admitted Bob Broeg of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, "but be there a man alive who can truthfully say whether Paul Revere was really a good horseman or just another loudmouthed insomaniac?" Art Rosenbaum of the San Francisco Chronicle commented: "While logic and instinct prod me to be modern, how does one erase the reading of one's youth? Forget Thorpe, Heffelfinger, Muller, Nagurski . . . unthinkable!" Two representatives—one from Harvard, one from Mississippi—voted only for players from their schools. And at least five of the ex-stars voted for themselves.

But whatever system the panelists used, the total vote produced a team well-balanced both geographically and chronologically. Players date from Pudge Heffelfinger, who starred in the 1880s, to O.J. Simpson, last year's hero. Every decade from 1910 on is represented by at least two players. Every major section of the country—East, South, Midwest, Southwest, West Coast—has at least two men on the team.

"I don't believe that any two choices will be the same," wrote Bernie Bierman, who coached Minnesota to national championships, "but your composite squad will be a very

good one—though a subject of some lively arguments." We agree. The team is very good. Now let the arguments begin:

#### **ENDS**

The leading vote-getter of the entire poll was DON HUT-SON, the "Alabama Antelope" of the early 1930s. He received mention on 78 percent of the ballots, at least nine percent more than any other player. Hutson combined zigzag moves with 9.8 sprinter's speed, and teamed with quarterback Dixie Howell to form one of college football's finest passing attacks. Hutson had enrolled at Alabama in 1931 as a 160-pound baseball star with little football background, but impressed coaches with the way he bounded all over the field. His progress was slow at first, but he picked up both experience and 30 pounds. By the end of his junior season, the coaches were building their team around him. Alabama went undefeated Hutson's last year behind his brilliant receiving, his end-arounds and superb defense. In the Rose Bowl victory over Stanford, Don caught six passes for 165 yards and two touchdowns. Later, with the Green Bay Packers, he made the All-Pro team nine times in 11 years.

LEON HART's career was the antithesis of Hutson's. Instead of starting slowly, he won a Notre Dame varsity letter as a freshman and was an All-America the next three years. And, instead of being a classic receiver like Hutson, Hart—at 6-5, 265 pounds—simply outmuscled everyone. As a senior, in fact, he caught only 19 passes. But he blocked like a tackle and ran the ball like a fullback (a position he sometimes played). Once, against Southern Cal, he caught a pass and was hit immediately. Hart steamed ahead. The same back hit him again twice. So did three other USC players. But Hart still barged into the end zone and help Notre Dame salvage a tie. In four years, Leon never played in a losing game. In 1949, he was awarded the Heisman Trophy. No lineman has won it since.

Comparing oldtime heroes with modern stars is difficult because of different playing styles. But Hall of Fame quarterback Benny Friedman maintains that **BENNIE OOSTERBAAN**, his receiver at Michigan in the 1920s, would fit nicely into football today. In fact, says Friedman, Oosterbaan would probably be the greatest flanker ever. The 6-foot, 190-pound Oosterbaan was a football All-



DON HUTSON Alabama



LEON HART Notre Dame



BENNIE OOSTERBAAN Michigan



HAROLD (BRICK) MULLER California



**BOB SUFFRIDGE** Tennessee



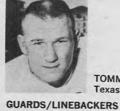
WILLIAM (PUDGE) HEFFELFINGER Yale



JIM PARKER Ohio State



TOMMY NOBIS





CHUCK BEDNARIK Penn



DICK BUTKUS Illinois





KNUTE ROCKNE Notre Dame

TACKLES

ENDS



**BRONKO NAGURSKI** Minnesota



LEO NOMELLINI Minnesota



WILBUR (FATS) HENRY Washington & Jefferson



GEORGE CONNOR Holy Cross/Notre Dame

#### BACKS



HAROLD (RED) GRANGE Illinois



JIM THORPE



SAMMY BAUGH Texas Christian



O.J. SIMPSON Southern Cal



ERNIE NEVERS Stanford



JIM BROWN Syracuse



TOM HARMON Michigan



DOAK WALKER Southern Methodist

America in 1925-26-27, and beyond that, he was twice an All-America in basketball, a .459 hitter in baseball and a discus thrower of Olympic caliber. One of his more memorable moments in football showed his great versatility. He scooped up a fumble on the dead run against Minnesota in 1926 and, without breaking stride, ran 60 yards for a touchdown. Spectators were awed by his effortless motion. But teammates knew better; Oosterbaan had been practicing the movement for a week.

HAROLD (BRICK) MULLER of California edged out Pittsburgh's Mike Ditka and LSU's Gaynell Tinsley for the fourth end's position. Muller was not only football's best receiver when he played for Cal's "Wonder Teams" of 1920-21-22, but also a great passer. He proved the

| ENDS   | HGT  | WGT | SEASON | % of VOTES |
|--|------|-----|--------|------------|
| DON HUTSON,<br>Alabama   | 6-1  | 190 | 1934   | 78         |
| LEON HART,<br>Notre Dame   | 6-5  | 265 | 1949   | 45         |
| BENNIE OOSTERBAAN,<br>Michigan<br>HAROLD (BRICK) MULLER,         | 6-0  | 190 | 1927   | 37         |
| California   | 6-3  | 195 | 1922   | 30         |
| TACKLES  |      |     |        |            |
| BRONKO NAGURSKI,<br>Minnesota                                    | 6-4  | 205 | 1929   | 34*        |
| LEO NOMELLINI,<br>Minnesota                                      | 6-3  | 255 | 1949   | 32         |
| WILBUR (FATS) HENRY,<br>Washington & Jefferson<br>GEORGE CONNOR, | 5-10 | 230 | 1919   | 32         |
| Holy Cross/Notre Dame  | 6-3  | 235 | 1947   | 31         |
| GUARDS/LINEBACKERS   |      |     |        |            |
| BOB SUFFRIDGE, Tennessee   | 6.0  | 190 | 1940   | 44         |
| WILLIAM (PUDGE) HEFFELFINGER Yale                                | 6-3  | 206 | 1890   | 38         |
| JIM PARKER, Ohio State   | 6-3  | 250 | 1956   | 33         |
| TOMMY NOBIS,<br>Texas  | 6-2  | 240 | 1965   | 33         |
| CENTERS/LINEBACKERS  |      |     |        |            |
| CHUCK BEDNARIK,<br>Penn  | 6-3  | 230 | 1948   | 50         |
| DICK BUTKUS,<br>Illinois   | 6-3  | 235 | 1964   | 46         |
| BACKS  | -    |     |        |            |
| HAROLD (RED) GRANGE,<br>Illinois                                 | 5-11 | 175 | 1925   | 69         |
| JIM THORPE,<br>Carlisle  | 6-1  | 185 | 1912   | 57         |
| SAMMY BAUGH,<br>Texas Christian                                  | 6-2  | 180 | 1936   | 55         |
| O.J. SIMPSON,<br>Southern Cal                                    | 6-2  | 215 | 1968   | 53         |
| ERNIE NEVERS,<br>Stanford<br>JIM BROWN.                          | 6-1  | 205 | 1925   | 52         |
| Syracuse   | 6-1  | 215 | 1956   | 41         |
| TOM HARMON,<br>Michigan  | 6-1  | 195 | 1940   | 36         |
| DOAK WALKER,<br>Southern Methodist                               | 5-10 | 170 | 1949   | 35         |
| COACH  |      |     |        |            |
| KNUTE ROCKNE,<br>Notre Dame Coachec                              | from | 191 | 8-1930 | 43         |

<sup>\*</sup> Nagurski Also Received 42% Of The Votes For Fullback

point as a sophomore. Against highly favored Ohio State in the 1921 Rose Bowl, Muller threw a 50-yard scoring pass to break open the game. The exact distance of the pass, which traveled diagonally across the field, has been debated, but the most reliable estimates say 63 to 70 yards. Muller threw often, but mainly he was an end who could catch, block and defend magnificently. At 6-2 and 195 pounds, he also was second in the Olympic high jump.

#### **TACKLES**

There was little doubt that BRONKO NAGURSKI would make the All-Time team. But there was one lingering question as the votes poured in for him—at what position? In the poll, Nagurski got more votes than any other tackle. He also got more votes than any other fullback! In fact, tackle-fullback Nagurski got more total votes than any player except Hutson and Red Grange. But the predicament was not a new one for Nagurski, who played end, tackle and fullback at Minnesota in the late 1920s. Coach Doc Spears changed Bronko's position from game to game and once said he would be an All-America at any spot. As a fullback, Bronko ran his own interference; as a tackle he opened or closed holes like no other lineman. Most experts who saw him play in college, though, rated him a better lineman.

Minnesota has produced many other great tackles besides Nagurski, and six of them received votes in our poll. **LEO NOMELLINI** was one of them, and trailed only Nagurski in the voting at tackle. A World War II vet, Nomellini was 25 years old when he finished ripping apart Big Ten lines in 1949. Like Nagurski, the 255-pound Nomellini never was on a championship team. But he was an All-America twice, then went on to establish a National Football League record for consecutive games played.

WILBUR (FATS) HENRY's stubby 5-10, 230-pound body belied his athletic talent. At Washington & Jefferson, he lettered in four sports. But football was his game. Grantland Rice wrote in 1954 that "Fats probably never had a superior at tackle play." Another oldtime newsman, George Trevor, once said that Henry undoubtedly blocked more punts than any man in history. Henry took one punt right off the kicker's foot and carried it to a touchdown. Henry was a pretty good kicker himself, too. He kicked off 70 yards twice in one game, and in later years, as a pro, boomed a punt 94 yards.

The 1947 Notre Dame team may have been the best college team ever assembled. Seven members of the squad received at least one vote in SPORT's poll, including Leon Hart and Johnny Lujack. The captain of that '47 team was speedy, 235-pound GEORGE CONNOR. After transferring from Holy Cross, where he was a standout freshman, Connor was a starter for the 1946 Irish team that gave up only four touchdowns and held powerful Army to a 0-0 tie. Connor was often called on to use his speed to wipe out unsuspecting safetymen on running plays. He starred both on offense and defense although rules allowed for free substitution.

#### **GUARDS**

BOB SUFFRIDGE of Tennessee, along with fellow guard Ed Molinski, led the Volunteers to three straight unbeaten

seasons (though the team lost in bowl games). They're probably the finest pair of guards in history. In 30 regular-season games, they helped Tennessee shut out 25 opponents and give up just 42 points. The 190-pound Suffridge was an All-America each year. (Molinski, incidentally, was an All-America twice and received several votes in the All-Time poll.)

No one who voted for WILLIAM (PUDGE) HEF-FELFINGER, Yale, Class of 1892, ever saw him play, but his reputation has been passed down through the years in glowing historical reports. Heffelfinger was a member of the first All-America team in 1889, and continued to play regularly in exhibition games until he was 55. Pudge stood 6-3 and weighed about 210 pounds in his college days. The first Yale team he played for scored 698 points and gave up 0. His last team, in 1891, outscored the "opposition" 488-0, with the Bulldog backs running smack into the middle of the opponent's line and Heffelfinger leading the way. "I'm no superman and never was one," he told a reporter in 1941, "but I never found a man I couldn't handle on the field. I was trained right."

Ohio State coach Woody Hayes, who molds his lines to accommodate a running game, never had a better guard than JIM PARKER, a 250-pounder who could outrun full-backs. With Parker plowing straight ahead or pulling out of the line to lead interference in 1954-55-56, the Buckeyes won a record 17 consecutive Big Ten games. Parker cleared the way for little Hopalong Cassady, who won the Heisman Trophy. In 1955, their best year, the Buckeyes were running so well behind Parker that the team passed only 51 times in nine games and earned its "3 yards and a cloud of dust" reputation. Parker earned a reputation of his own, too. Twice he won All-America acclaim and once won the Outland Trophy as the nation's best lineman. On defense, he doubled as a linebacker.

In his last season at Texas in 1965, TOMMY NOBIS had a tough act to follow. Dick Butkus of Illinois had completed his linebacking career the season before and a lot of experts said there'd never be another one like him. Yet Nobis duplicated virtually every honor Butkus won. Texas coach Darrell Royal added a final tribute: "Tommy might be the best linebacker in the history of college football. Pick any great ballcarrier who ever played and you know what Tommy would have done to him? Stuffed him, that's what!" Nobis' most notable stuffing took place in the 1965 Orange Bowl. In the final period, with Texas leading Alabama, 21-17, Nobis snagged Joe Namath on the goal line on a fourth-down play. The victory insured Texas the national championship. The 240-pound redhead also played guard on offense. He made such an indelible mark on his Texas followers that when the two pro leagues were bidding for his services, one fan, Astronaut Frank Borman, sent a message down from outer space: "Tell Nobis to sign with Houston."

#### CENTERS

Second biggest vote-getter among linemen was CHUCK BEDNARIK. At the University of Pennsylvania in the late 940s (and with the professional Philadelphia Eagles until 1960) Bednarik was a 60-minute player, even though the rules allowed free substitution. Bednarik played center and linebacker with equal ferocity. The 230-pounder entered Penn at age 20 after flying dozens of combat missions aboard

a World War II B-24 bomber. He was an instant star. As a junior, he led Penn to its last unbeaten season. As a senior in 1948, the pros passed over flashy backs to make him their No. 1 draft choice. "Chuck was capable of being an All-America at any position," said his Penn coach, George Munger. As it was, Bednarik made a total of 33 different All-America teams at his favorite position, center.

As a freshman at Illinois in 1961, DICK BUTKUS wasted no time impressing the coaching staff. "We knew from the day Dick reported that he would be a great one," recalled coach Pete Elliott, who converted the all-state full-back from Chicago into a center and linebacker. Elliott, in fact, predicted a Heisman Trophy for Butkus. As a sophomore, Butkus made 97 tackles. As a junior, a season in which he led Illinois to a Rose Bowl victory, he made 145 tackles in ten games. As a 235-pound senior in 1964, he made 132 more tackles. He never quite won the Heisman, though he finished closely behind John Huarte and Jerry Rhome. But he was an All-America twice, and won "Player of the Year" honors from Sport, The Sporting News and the American Football Coaches Association.

#### BACKS

Of all the glamorous sports stars who saturated the 1920s, no one was a more unlikely hero than HAROLD (RED) GRANGE. The humble youngster at the University of Illinois was forced to go out for football by his prodding fraternity brothers. Once he got out there, Grange dazzled onlookers and opponents with footwork and speed like they had never seen. He passed and caught passes also. As a sophomore in 1923 he led Illinois to an unbeaten season. In 1924, when Illinois met Michigan, a team with a 20game unbeaten streak, the Wolverines' staff remarked that Grange wasn't all that his sophomore All-America clips made him out to be. Grange reacted positively: in the first 12 minutes of the game, he scored four long touchdowns. Before the afternoon was over, he added another long scoring run and passed for Illinois' final TD. In a 39-14 upset victory, he had run for 402 yards. The following season, some Eastern critics wondered in their sports reports if the injured Grange, now playing on a graduation-riddled team, had had it. Grange answered them with a 363-yard, threetouchdown day against their best team, Penn. Grange made the All-America team three times. In three short seasons (he sat out his team's easy games), he rushed for more than 2000 yards and scored 31 touchdowns, "Grange was always under the gun," one voter noted, "but he never fired blanks himself."

The selection of **JIM THORPE** was inevitable. He is the greatest all-round athlete of all-time, and his best sport was football. The nonchalant halfback excelled at every phase of the game—when he wanted to. Jim played for the Carlisle Indian Institute, which was little more than a glorified high school trying to teach Indians a trade as their reservations dwindled away. Thorpe first went to Carlisle in 1904. He played until 1908, when he made third-team All-America, then dropped out of sight for a couple of years. With an Olympic Games coming up, though, Carlisle coach Pop Warner tracked Jim down and talked him into coming back to school in 1911 to train for the decathlon. The by-product of the return was a two-year stint as just about the most famous football player the game (Continued on page 88)





**GREAT RIVALRIES** NO. 2

## ARMY VS. NAVY



The highest drama in this classic series came in '46, when Navy nearly upset unbeaten Army

By JACK ZANGER BEFORE THE 1961 Army-Navy game, President John F. Kennedy sent a letter to both academies, which began: "It is easy to pick the real winner of the annual Army-Navy football game: the people of the United States." Of all the words, pictures and unforgettable moments conjured up by this great series since it began in 1890, the President's message probably best crystallizes what the Army-Navy game is all about. It's the people's game.

Sure, the admirals strut and the generals salute; the brigade of midshipmen sings Anchors Aweigh and the corps of cadets whistles On, Brave Old Army Team; Navy's mascot goat and Army's mascot mule stand snout to snout, egged on by cheerleaders; the VIPs, from the President on down to the lowliest congressman, get the best seats; and the pregame parade and the halftime hijinks drape the whole spectacle in vivid red, white and blue. But behind it all is a nation of civilians. "The game is as typically American as the Fourth of July," says Leon Bramlett, who starred for Navy at end in the series' most memorable battle, the 1946 game.

The series has been interrupted four times: in 1894-1898 by an edict of the presidential cabinet; in 1909 due to the death of an Army player; in 1917-1918 because of World War I, and in 1928-1929, when the two academies squabbled about eligibility requirements. But in all the other years the games have been stacked, one upon the other, to build the fiercest, most colorful, most enduring of all football rivalries. And one of the most closely matched. Army has won 33 times, Navy 30, and there have been six ties.

The first game was played because the naval cadets (as the Middies were called then) wanted to show off their seasoned football team and prove their superiority over their counterparts at West Point. Army didn't have a football team at the time, and a cadet named Dennis Michie probably was only one of two or three cadets who ever had played the game. Still, Michie assembled the best athletes he could find and coached them in the fundamentals.

On the afternoon of November 29, 1890, the Navy team weighed anchor at the foot of West Point and then trekked up the steep hill leading to the Plain. Along the route,



the players came across a goat evidently belonging to an army sergeant who lived on the grounds. They immediately requisitioned it for their mascot, and a goat has led Navy into battle ever since.

Navy won the game, 24-0. That made a second Army-Navy game a tactical necessity, as far as Army was concerned, and the following year the Cadets won, 32-16, at Annapolis. (Seven years later, the man who helped start it all, Dennis Michie, died while leading a charge up San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American war. Army's football stadium is named in his honor.)

From the turn of the century on, the rivalry has intensified a hundredfold. It is almost impossible for an Army-Navy game to be unexciting, even if nothing more than the prestige of West Point and Annapolis is at stake. Often, a national championship or an unbeaten record has hinged on the outcome. Among the unforgettable games and moments are the following:

1915—Elmer Oliphant scored all the points in a 14-0 Army victory.

1924—Center Ed Garbisch kicked four field goals, with Army winning, 12-0.

1926—Navy tied Army, 21-21, as the two service academies helped dedicate the opening of Chicago's Soldier Field before a record crowd of 110,000.

1934—Slade Cutter's 20-yard field goal in the mud at Franklin Field gave Navy a 3-0 victory and its first win over Army in 13 years.

1944-1946—The Cadets, with Blanchard-Davis, swept three in a row from Navy.

1948—Winless Navy rallied to tie unbeaten Army, 21-21.

1953—Pat Uebel scored three touchdowns in Army's 20-7 victory.

1954—Navy's "Team Named Desire" beat Army for the Eastern title, 27-20.

1958—Army's "Lonely End" offense—with Bill Carpenter, Bob Anderson and Pete Dawkins—triumphed, 22-6.

1959—Joe Bellino scored three times for a Navy rout, 43-12.

1962—Roger Staubach passed for two touchdowns and scored two others in Navy's 34-14 win.

1963—Navy hung on for a 21-15 victory, as the clock ended an Army drive at the two-yard line.

To Admiral (Ret.) Tom Hamilton, star of the 1926 game and twice recalled to Annapolis as head coach, "The Army-Navy game is the closest thing to war in peacetime you can have." And sometimes the war is fought in words. Colonel Earl (Red) Blaik, greatest of all Army coaches and now living quietly in Palm Desert, California, adds coals to the Army-Navy feud when he says, "The Navy doesn't give a hoot if they never win another game, as long as they beat the Army. We didn't approach it that way. We took the Navy when the time came." Navy, of course, says this is all a lot of Army propaganda, which



Army coach Earl Blaik (left) won three games against Navy with his All-Americas, Doc Blanchard (center) and Glenn Davis.

only heightens the emotional fever of the game.

But, Blaik probably touches a very real aspect of the series when he says, "The team that's got the bad record is loose and easy compared to the team that's got the great record." This is one reason why the 1946 game has become a classic, surpassing all others in the series in dramatics. For here was an Army team which had gone unbeaten in 27 games over three seasons, coming up against a Navy team that had compiled its worst record in history. This was also the Army team that boasted Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis, now about to write the final chapter of their brilliant career together at West Point. As Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, they were probably the most explosive backfield tandem of all time.

The game shaped up as the biggest mismatch of the entire series; yet it produced one of the most climactic finishes ever. Navy was pounding at the Army goal line for the winning score when time ran out, leaving both sides thoroughly spent and frustrated and causing Blaik to look back across 23 years and say, "This was undoubtedly the most dramatic game I ever was involved in, and it certainly gave me the most anxious moments of my coaching career."

This also was the last and the least of the great Army wartime teams. There were few experienced reserves, and, going into the Navy game, both Arnold Tucker and Blanchard were hobbled by injuries. Tucker, one of Army's alltime great quarterbacks, had banged up a knee and his throwing shoulder in the Penn game. Blanchard had torn knee ligaments. Anyone else would have been out for the rest of the year, but Doc's exceptional leg muscle development had him running again in three weeks, though not at full speed.

"The '46 team was a shell of what it was the year before," says Blaik, who, at 72, can recall details of that game with the clarity of instant replay. "We were a weary, used-up ballclub."

If Army was a used-up team, Navy was a much-abused one. When the war ended, such stars from the 1945 team as Tony Minisi, Bob Hoernchmeyer, Clyde (Smackover) Scott and Bob Kelly were permitted to resign from the Naval Academy. Navy won its '46 opener, against Vil-

lanova, but lost its next seven. Going into the Army game, many of its top players, including Joe Bartos, Bill Hawkins, Al McCully, Bob Van Summern and Bill McLain, were all injured. Among the starters now would be a rangy, 20-year-old sophomore quarterback named Reaves Baysinger, who had been a fourth-stringer until midway through the Notre Dame game.

Not surprisingly, Army was a 28-point favorite. But Tom Hamilton, who was back for his second tour of duty as Navy coach after serving aboard the aircraft carrier Enterprise during the war, told the midshipmen the week of the game, "We are going to Philadelphia with the firm

belief that we can win this game."

Today, at 63, Hamilton is the commissioner of the Pacific Eight Conference and admits that memories of the 1946 game still give him occasional nightmares. "Yes, I definitely believed we could beat Army," he says, "because I knew we weren't as bad as our record showed. Many of our losses were close, hard-fought battles, and the team always came back. This wasn't a team that could be licked easily."

At Annapolis, the midshipmen, at least, believed Hamilton. They whipped themselves into a frenzy for two weeks before the game. A 40-foot electric sign was built, reading, "Beat Army." At night, 3000 midshipmen held a rally in front of Bancroft Hall, where they burned straw effigies

of Blanchard and Davis.

At West Point, the pregame buildup was more subdued because of the Cadets' supreme confidence. Bedsheets reading, "Beat Navy," hung from barracks windows like limp laundry. The biggest excitement of the week occurred when the Military Police apprehended a raiding party of midshipmen who had infiltrated West Point and had begun painting "Beat Army" on all of the statues and gun emplacements. They were forced to clean up their art work before being permitted to return to Annapolis.

On Thanksgiving Thursday, two days before the game, the Navy team left Baltimore by train for Philadelphia. (The night before, Hamilton had had them sleep in the boathouse, away from the middies' bedlam.) The team ate its Thanksgiving turkey on the train, and then checked in at the secluded Pine Valley Country Club. On Friday Hamilton took the team to Municipal Stadium "just so they could work up a sweat." That night, Leon Bramlett, the captain and right end, asked Hamilton for permis-

sion to have a players' meeting in his room.

"It was mostly to pull ourselves together," says Bramlett, who now operates a cotton plantation back home in Clarksdale, Mississippi. "We were determined we were gonna make a game of it," he says, "and to beat 'em if possible. Of course, nobody believed we could do it, except Captain Hamilton. So, we presented him with a written declaration of our resolve to win it, and to show him our love and appreciation. It was written up on a piece of parchment and all of us signed it."

"Leon was my first-classman," remembers Bill Earl, a reserve halfback on the 1946 team and today a Commander in the Navy who recently took over command of the destroyer *Steinaker*. "It's like having a big brother. When we got to his room that night, he showed us a telegram he'd just received. It was a one-word message that read: 'Please,' and it was signed, 'The Brigade.'"

"One telegram?" says Dick (Continued on page 81)



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#### **SPORT'S HALL OF FAME**



### **DOAK WALKER:**



By ARNOLD HANO

"He knew all about money," says the author, "but he played for something else, and we search to recall what it was"

"The game . . . was played from three of a snappy exhilarating afternoon far into the crisp autumnal twilight, and Amory at quarterback, exhorting in wild despair, making impossible tackles, calling signals in a voice that had diminished to a hoarse, furious whisper, yet found time to revel in the blood-stained bandage around his head, and the straining, glorious heroism of plunging, crashing bodies and aching limbs. For those minutes, courage flowed like wine out of the November dusk, and he was the eternal hero, one with the sea-rover on the prow of a Norse galley, one with Roland and Horatius. . . ."

F. Scott Fitzgerald:
This Side of Paradise
DOAK WALKER wore no bloodstained bandage around his head. He

wore the blood-red helmet of Southern Methodist University. Change nothing else in the above and you have not the fictional hero, Amory Blaine, but the real-life hero, Ewell Doak Walker, Jr. On those November afternoons in the postwar 1940s, Doak Walker became the eternal hero. And courage flowed like wine.

For three years, Doak Walker was an All-American; fewer than a handful of athletes in all of football's hundred years can make such a claim. More, he was a true All-American, if we look at the term we are using. Surely it is not enough just to run, pass, block, tackle, receive, punt, placekick, and call signals, as Doak Walker did. That's the "All" part of All-American. But what about the "American?" Is the physical man all we ask of in an American? Nonsense. Doak Walker had the courage we admire in our heroes. He also had the modesty and prudence that make heroism acceptable, and not so much bluster. He comported himself like a man-fair, honorable, just. He kept his character as strong as his muscles, as untainted as his blood. He believed in simple food; at college he never tasted liquor (or, rather, he tasted it once and hated it). He never smoked. He preached and practiced moderation. At the peak of his college career, he received 200 to 300 fan letters a week. Doak Walker answered them all himself. He says, today, "They wrote to me. It would have been rude not to answer." A newsweekly magazine once wrote how Walker dumped fan mail, unread, into a wastebasket. An outright lie. How did Doak Walker feel when people lied about him? "The magazine had to write something. No player was blessed with fairer, finer, more honest press coverage than I was.'

Lest you think we have magnified Doak Walker into something that never was, permit me to highlight a few of Walker's moments as a football player. He enrolled at SMU in mid-October of 1945. With three days' practice, he made the varsity football team—as a freshman—and on Satur-

## THE ETERNAL HERO



Through boyhood, college, the service and pro football, life was mostly a series of bright smiles for Walker. He was the first player ever to win the Heisman Trophy as a junior. With Detroit, he was an All-Pro four times and still holds the Lions' scoring record.

day played his first football game, against Bobby Layne and Texas U. Texas was the powerhouse of the Southwest Conference, SMU the doormat. Texas edged SMU that day, 12-7. Walker played Layne to a standstill, each man passing for a touchdown, each man intercepting the other's pass on the goal line to thwart a score. SMU went on to win its three remaining league games, and Doak Walker made the All-Conference team, second in the balloting only to Layne. He was so good so quickly, he quarterbacked the West in the annual East-West Shrine game on January 1, 1946, Doak Walker's 19th birthday. He was still a freshman. He passed for his team's only touchdown; the game ended 6-6.

For the next three years at college, no halfback in the nation was better. He ran, he passed (he had a higher percentage of pass completions than Bobby Layne), he caught passes, he blocked savagely. He played defense, guarding his goal like Horatius at the bridge. Texans still talk about the

1947 TCU-SMU contest, how TCU went ahead, 19-13, with less than a minute to play, and how tackle Harold Kilman taunted Walker with, "Well, Doak, what are you going to do now?"

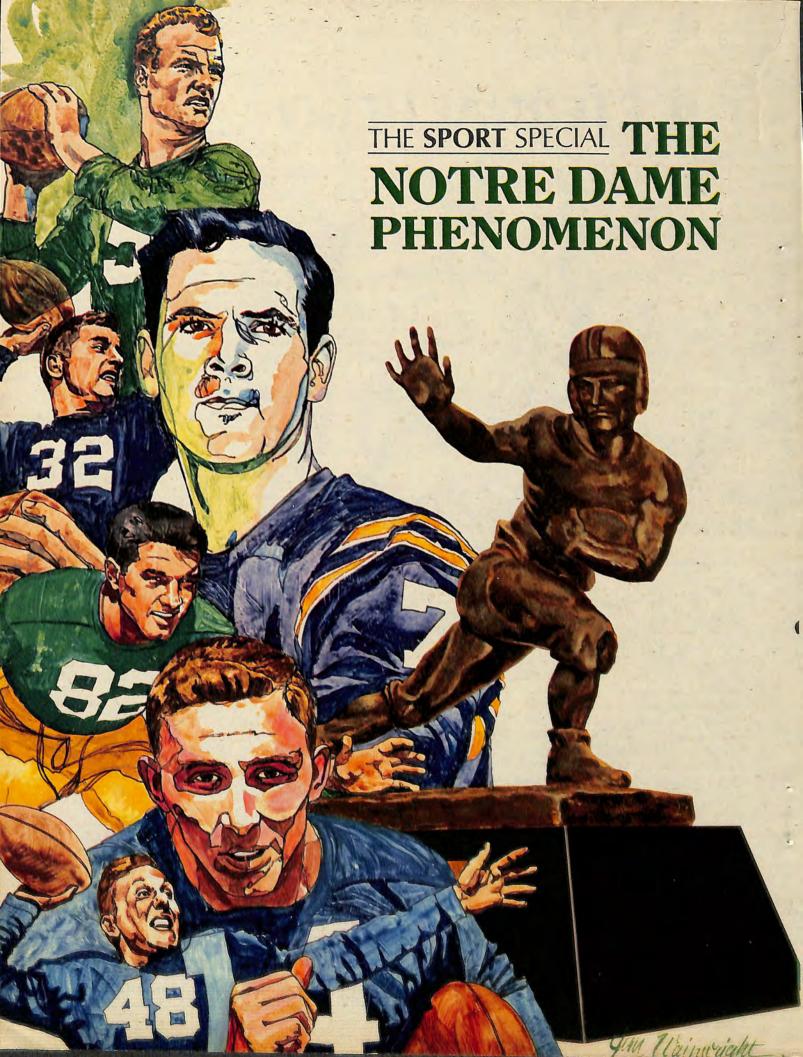
"We're going to score again," Walker replied. He had already ripped off runs of 80, 61 and 56 yards. Now he took the kickoff, and ran it back 56 yards, moving along the sideline like a slithering ghost. On that 56-yard gallop, as TCU tacklers moved in on Walker, Doak took time to yell to coach Matty Bell, as he glided by the Southern Methodist bench, "Send Johnson in now."

Bell—who used to say, "Having Doak in the game was like having a coach on the field,"—obediently sent in Gil Johnson, and the clutch passer pitched a ball to Walker, who made a miraculous catch on the nine. With the whole defense now keyed on Walker, Johnson tossed to Sid Halliday in the end zone, for the tying score. Fortunately for our credulity, Walker missed the extra point. He was, after all, human, though you could not have

so asserted from his stats in that game —471 yards gained by running and passing.

On the streets of Dallas or Fort Worth, in 1947 and '48, Doak Walker was Jim Bowie and Sam Houston, Davey O'Brien and Sam Baugh. Robert B. Cullum, president of Dallas's Salesmanship Club, would say at banquets: "Because we have so many visitors present we will dispense with the usual Dallas custom of standing at attention and holding hands over the heart whenever Doak's name is mentioned."

He was two things: the shy kid next door, and a Texas god. Once, Rice lineman Gerald Weatherly had rushed at Walker as Doak ran the ball out of bounds. Though Walker stopped, Weatherly kept coming, unable to stem his momentum. He hit Walker a blindside blow that hurled the young man against a wheelchair, knocking him senseless. SMU lost the game. When it was over, Walker went to the Rice dressing room, to congratulate the victors, (Continued on page 89)



#### By ROGER KAHN

Like most other colleges, Notre Dame is feeling the winds of change. The remarkable thing is that the link back to the Rockne age is still so strong today

I HAVE BEEN TO Notre Dame three times in my life. Once I matriculated at the Cameo Theater and saw Pat O'Brien as Knute Rockne, All American in the famous movie where Governor Ronald Reagan, as George Gipp, chewed gum to illustrate the Gipper's libertine ways. You had to like the Notre Dame of that picture, regardless of your religion, race or favorite sport, and despite the fact that it invariably makes serious Notre Dame historians wince, even these nights when it turns up on the Late Late Show II. Long after that, I flew to the real Notre Dame in the wake of what some Irish call the thr'uble. A Notre Dame football team under Terry Brennan had dropped eight out of a possible ten games, including two losses by 40 points each. The question, then, was whether Notre Dame, under its ambitious, intellectual new president, Father Theodore Hesburgh, was going to abandon so-called big-time football.

Now that Ara Parseghian, out of Armenia by way of Akron, had answered that question for the Irish I was going back for a third time to see how the tradition, the mystique, the Notre Dame phenomenon was surviving. Although the era of Ara has again made Notre Dame everybody's team to beat, new questions extend beyond the football fields. Notre Dame is, after all, a Roman Catholic university, with traditions of rather severe discipline. I remember Paul Hornung talking about the devices a man had to employ to beat the dormitory curfew. But currently academic discipline and campuses generally are under attack and the Roman Catholic Church itself is embroiled in a series of shattering debates. Everything has a frame, and the frame within which the Notre Dame phenomenon developed was an unshakably unified church.

As best I could tell in the hot Hoosier summer of 1969, the Irish tradition is adjusting reasonably smoothly to modern times. Pickets have protested "the lily-white backfield." A number of students put football down as, at the very least, irrelevant. Certain Notre Dame professors resent the image of Notre Dame as a great football school, rather than a great educational institution. Still, as you walk the gently rolling campus, under statuary and sycamores, you know that this is still Old Notre Dame.

The campus sits in a plain, about 90 miles east of Chicago, and it is pleasant country, without being as striking as Dartmouth, beneath the White Mountains,

or Colorado, close against the Rockies. There are adjoining lakes, named, with absolute catholicity, St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, and a superb new athletic building; and, when I was there, numerous nuns taking graduate work and reminding one of the changing times by the relatively short skirts that they wore.

Behind the football stadium, where there will be five sellouts this autumn, the new \$9,000,000 library tower competes for attention. A gigantic mural covers the wall toward the field and depicts Jesus Christ with both arms upraised. "That," said a university spokesman, "is Christ signalling a Notre Dame touchdown."

Elsewhere one finds a shaded statue of Father William Corby, an early Notre Dame president, depicted as he gave mass absolution to Irish immigrant soldiers before the Battle of Gettysburg. Father Corby stands with one arm upraised. The students call him "Fair-catch Corby."

Finally, in these ecumenical days, there is a recent statue of Moses. Bearded and intense, he holds the commandments and points at the sky with the index finger of the other hand. "That's We're-Number-One Moses," suggested Ted Haracz, of the sports publicity office.

"No," corrected a passing student. "That's Hesburgh saying, 'Follow me, boys.'"

One of the charming, enduring things about Notre Dame is the irreverent quality of the reverence.

The University of Notre Dame is a men's institution of some 6000 undergraduates run by a small religious order called the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It has a substantial endowment for a religious school (\$72 million). Scholastically it is one of the two or three finest Catholic universities in the world. It is becoming increasingly liberal. A few years ago, when a Michigan State professor named Samuel Shapiro was dismissed for defending Castro, Notre Dame hired him. Shapiro is as much an Irish Catholic as Parseghian, who is Presbyterian. Many non-Catholics attend Notre Dame, but everyone is required to study theology. Although no one riots, the campus is charged with debate (Eugene McCarthy vs. Bob Kennedy, Vietnam) but all this is not, of course, the source of tradition. Sports is what called attention to Notre Dame, and for more years than most people remember. This is the prime case of a university using sports to attain national prominence. Almost as a side product which no one had anticipated, was the development of Notre Dame as the semi-official U.S. college football team.

At the turn of the century, when baseball was the preeminent college sport, Notre Dame fielded fine teams. Over the years Notre Dame's basketball teams

Notre Dame's Heisman Trophy winners (top to bottom): Paul Hornung (1956), Johnny Lujack ('47), John Huarte ('64), Leon Hart ('49), John Lattner ('53) and Angelo Bertelli ('43). consistently beat New York University, a school which takes pride in its basketball prowess. But as Pat O'Brien, Terry Brennan, Ronald Reagan and Ara Parseghian can testify, the name of the game that made the tradition is football.

"In the first 55 years of the century, Notre Dame football teams went undefeated in 18 seasons," Francis Wallace writes in Notre Dame From Rockne to Parseghian. "In 17 others it lost one game.

"The 15 campaigns in which two defeats had come

were regarded as 'off' years.

"The year 1934, with three losses, was 'poor.'

"The three years which had seen four defeats ('04, '28, '50) were ghastly.

"The 1933 campaign, the lone losing season (3-5-1),

was atrocious."

I include Mr. Wallace's italics and inside quotation marks because they demonstrate the passions of a characteristic old grad.

Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame

A coach who blows two

Gives me a pain . . .

Compare this with the newer Notre Dame approach, as described by the Rev. James Burtchaell, chairman of the department of theology. To Burtchaell, Notre Dame is now dedicated to "creating a community of friendship." It works furiously against "war, racism, hatred." It is contributing "to the birth of a new culture." Notre Dame, Father Burtchaell says proudly, "is a restless Christian College."

Clearly when two Notre Dame men talk about tradition these days, they are not always talking about the

same thing.

Ara Parseghian remembers some years ago when he was driving to one high-school football banquet after another. He is a restless Christian himself and his mind worked as he drove. The 1963 football season at Northwestern was over and he was musing about the limitations of his job. Northwestern's sports structure was not geared to produce a national champion. Parseghian seeks after challenges and the Northwestern challenge had about run its course.

Notre Dame? Now that was something else. A disaster area was what it was then. Since the impervious years, Francis Wallace's first 55 years of the century, Notre Dame football had become mediocre. Brennan was dismissed after a 6-4 season, just before Christmas in 1958. Joe Kuharich replaced him. In four years, he never had a winning season. Hugh Devore relieved Kuharich for

1963. Still the Irish were losing.

Driving along, Parseghian was saying to himself, "What is the next step in my life?" Notre Dame abruptly tumbled into his thoughts. Like all sound football men, he knew the old Notre Dame tradition. He remembered the day in 1930 when Knute Rockne died in a plane crash. Ara was eight years old. A newsboy had come wandering up the oiled unpaved street where the Parseghians lived, in a white two-story house on a hill. "Extra!" the newsboy shouted up Longview Avenue in Akron. "Extra! Rockne killed in plane crash!"

In the car, Parseghian decided that the greatest step

he could take would be a stride toward South Bend. He telephoned Father Edmund Joyce, Jr., a one time accountant, who is Notre Dame's executive vice-president. Devore was considered to be "interim coach," but Parseghian still chose his words carefully.

"If you are contemplating a change," he told Joyce, "please consider me. And if you aren't, please disregard

this call."

"I'm not sure what we're going to do," Joyce said, "but we're going to have to make a decision fairly soon. I'll be in Chicago in a week or so. Would you like to visit with me for a while?"

Taking the same material that had finished 2-7 in 1963, Parseghian won nine straight in 1964. He lost the last game to Southern California in the closing seconds, which caused a wash of tears at the time. But considering the way Notre Dame nipped USC in 1966 (51-0) and the way Parseghian's defense made O.J. Simpson a bottled genie last November, his score with USC seems settled.

It is true that coaches don't kick or pass or, for that matter, fumble on Saturdays. It is also true, as Chet Grant, a notable Notre Dame sports historian suggests, that the winning tradition existed before the days of Rockne. But it is fair to assert that the football coach stands as both the embodiment and the custodian of much Notre Dame tradition. These days he has to live with theologians, respect the English department, obey recruiting rules, understand that there is more to life than scoring or even bottling O.J. But he had better not fail to bottle O.J. either.

Parseghian is a tough, literate, competitive man, beautifully organized, and dedicated to discipline. For me the tradition of today came alive at 8 a.m. one morning when I was ushered into Ara's presence, wondering why in the world football coaches had to get up so early in the summer. (He was flying to California later to make a commercial for an automobile company.)

Ara was putting at a portable hole. His stance is awkward, but, one gathers, effective. He has shot a 65 on the Notre Dame golf course.

"Do you want to putt?" he said.

"At this hour a putter is too heavy to lift."

Parseghian grinned, set his teeth, tapped the ball and

-to tell it as it was-missed.

I went into his office, comfortable but unpretentious, and he mentioned that some people functioned best at dawn, others by night. He rang for a secretary who brought coffee.

"Well," I began, "what's a nice Armenian boy like you

doing at a place like this?"

He looked at me hard, blinked and said, "It's nice for any Armenian boy to be anywhere." He was referring to the days when Turks fell to massacring Armenians in an attempt at genocide.

He grinned again. We were not in a history seminar. He is a bigger man than one might have guessed, not

tall but with a massive powerful torso.

"To me," he said, "Notre Dame is one of the top college football jobs in the country. It is a successful independent, the most successful, probably. It's all male; you get a spirit comparable to the spirit at military

academies. And it's competitive. I'd say a major attraction is the national name of Notre Dame."

"What about the religion?" I said.

"I told Father Joyce that I wasn't Catholic. I suppose then I thought maybe 85 percent of the faculty would be wearing robes. It didn't bother Father Joyce at all. It turns out no more than 15 percent of the faculty are priests. We have exchange students from all over the world. We have Negroes on the teaching staff. It's a remarkably open place."

Parseghian has a powerful neck and strong features. His hair is black. Although as we talked over coffee his expression was sunny, one knew that it could darken

like a cloud.

"What was it like coming here in the beginning?"
"Well, I came with a respect for what had taken place."

"But there were severe problems. Were you nervous?" Parseghian thought briefly. "I did feel a great sense of responsibility," he said. "As I came up Notre Dame Avenue, maybe it was something about the school or maybe the memory of individuals, but an electric charge went up my back. Suddenly I was associated with a great history."

Although he was able, in that first year, to turn around losing personnel, his continuing success depended to some degree on his ability to recruit new talent. "I suppose you have to recruit a little," I said.

Parseghian nodded. Coaches discuss recruiting coyly,

as maidens discuss virtue.

"W ell, does the tradition help you there?"
"Notre Dame," Parseghian said, the sunlight gone
from his face, "does not tap whom they want. Notre
Dame is the only school with a national radio network
broadcasting its games, a regular video replay and all
that press. The average athlete is awed by this. In recruiting, the most important thing I have to do is dispel
misconceptions."

"What kind of misconceptions?"

"That maybe a boy won't have a chance. That the competition out here is too rough."

"Isn't it?"

"We offer about 30 football scholarships a year. A boy who comes here can break a leg on the first day of practice and never play a game. He still keeps his scholarship for four years—provided he maintains academic standing."

"About the competition."

"What I like to do is show a boy someone from his own area, preferably someone he may have played against, who has made it here. Terry Hanratty came from a small high school in Butler, Pennsylvania. If I was encouraging a boy from that area to come here, I'd tell him about Hanratty." Parseghian's face was quite dark. "What the hell is this going to be, anyway?" he said. "A story about recruiting?"

"No. No. Of course not. Whatever gave you that idea?"

The sunshine reappeared when I asked him to define his role. "We are teachers," he said. "This is not professional football. We have classes that move out, and every class is different from every other. I use modern techniques. Visual aids. Playing football is emotional and spiritual and physical. And there are the technical aspects. The boys have to execute their lessons before 60,000 people." Ara was standing, excited by his work as he described it. "The purpose here is to get an education for the whole of life, to go on into law or medicine or whatever. But when they execute what we've been teaching them in football, you really lift off. There's a team sense. It's like man going to the moon." Ara sat down. "Not, of course, that I mean to compare winning a football game with putting a man up there." (And not that he doesn't, either.)

Parseghian went from Akron to Miami of Ohio, mother of football coaches, played briefly for the Browns until an injured hip jolted him into coaching. We talked about campus unrest and he displayed both a lively interest and the essential conservatism one usually finds in men of sport. It is a conservatism that commands respect because it is honestly arrived at.

"In a place this big," I said, "can you get close to the kids? Do they come to you with personal problems?"

"Many times," Parseghian said. He pointed. "I don't know how many problems boys have brought in through that door. And," he said, humbly and also with pride, "we've solved a few of them, too."

Two first-rate football players, who came at the tradition from opposite paths, talked at length in the afternoon. John Joseph Sandring, who answers to Jay, comes from a Chicago family in which a great grandfather, a grandfather, four uncles and an indeterminate number of cousins attended Notre Dame. "I grew up in Notre Dame T-shirts," says Jay, a defensive halfback of great desire and 190 pounds.

"My father," says Lawrence Charles DiNardo, who is 6-1, 243 pounds, dark and massive, "is a policeman in New York. I first thought of coming here when I was a sophomore at St. Francis Prep. I don't think I knew the name of the coach (Parseghian was in his first year) but I knew about Notre Dame's reputation. The bad years hadn't dimmed it. As you get better in high school football, you start to think N.D."

Sandring is light-haired, intent and rather shy. "I was scared at first practice," he says. "The Notre Dame players were so great. I knew about them as a boy. I thought I never could play here. But the coach sort of helped my determination. He was willing to let me show what I could do."

Sandring would like to play professional football when he is through, and wishes that he could run faster, jump higher, and had more muscle. He is a serious student who says of campus disruption: "If a student doesn't like the school he's at he should leave and go somewhere that suits him."

"But suppose a student says no university in the country these days suits him; that the system is wrong?" Jay thinks and reddens. He has no answer, but he is going to think some more.

DiNardo would like to be a lawyer and looks forward to playing professional football along the way to his first appointment as an assistant district attorney. As a powerful offensive guard, he is sure to go in an early draft round, as long as he stays healthy. "I'm an athlete and the son of a policeman," he says, "and I suppose that makes me a conservative. The right to protest is important, but no more than the right to support what we have already. When there's legal protest from radicals, fine. When they're illegal, crush them." A biceps flexes.

At Notre Dame today the education of Jay Sandring and Larry DiNardo and the other athletes is the direct responsibility of one Michael DeCicco, who supervises the academic advisors' office. DeCicco, who is also fencing coach, is proud that last year the average student grade was 2.706 and the average athlete's grade was 2.683. "Keeping the athletes that close is something," DeCicco says. "And our offensive line, where DiNardo plays, was a pack of scholars." DeCicco is a strong, roundish man from New Jersey, who occupies a cramped office and speaks across a copy of Edgar Lee Masters' stirring mini-saga, Spoon River Anthology. In one corner of the office a foil rests. "That," he says, "applied to the bottom of someone who is not studying, has been known to have an excellent effect."

Before an athlete enrolls at Notre Dame, DeCicco and assistants study his record. A Notre Dame freshman, football player or poet, must take math (including some calculus), a science, a social science, English composition and theology. By reviewing a boy's high-school work and college-board scores, DeCicco foresees areas of trouble. He then prepares a tutoring program, tailored to help the athlete stay in school. A standard Notre Dame dialogue at the start of each school year goes like this:

Frosh athlete: "Hey, how come I have to have a math tutor? I haven't even been to math class yet."

DeCicco: "We're playing the percentages, young man."

In his first months at Notre Dame the athlete is required to listen to lectures on how to study, on how to organize a daily schedule; in short, how to pass off the field. From the time Gus Dorais first started throwing to Knute Rockne, passing has been an athletic tradition at Notre Dame.

ne needs a certain sense of history. Chet Grant, who was sports editor of the South Bend Tribune in 1910 and later enrolled at Notre Dame and played with Gipp, can separate much myth from fantasy. Notre Dame was not, as myth suggests, an unknown cow college when it upset Army on November 1, 1913. It was an established football power; indeed the Army game came after the unbeaten season of 1912 when Notre Dame outscored seven opponents by 389 to 27. Rockne did not devise his famous shift, more or less out of a T and into a box, while watching a chorus line move in rhythm. Rockne devised the shifts-there was more than one-slowly, logically out of his measureless football instincts. Rockne was not a shallow amiable man. He was deep and troubled and ambitious and hypersensitive, a perfect marvel of complexity. George Gipp did not chew gum. At least Chet Grant never saw him chew. As to whisky, well the Gipper was probably a harder drinker than Ronnie Reagan.

These are important points, but minor in the overall scheme. What is more remarkable than inaccuracies in the Notre Dame legend are the things that actually have happened. Notre Dame was founded in 1842 by a young French priest named Edward Frederick Sorin. The full title is the University of Notre Dame du Lac which, as any sophomore French student should know, even if untutored, means the university of our lady of the lake. The most famous cathedral in Paris is called Notre Dame, although the French insist on pronouncing the words in an unAmerican manner: Notre Dahm.

The University played its first football game in 1887, losing to Michigan, 8-0. A touchdown was worth four points at the time. Notre Dame lost to Michigan twice more the following spring, but on December 6, 1888, won its first football game. The victim was the Harvard School of Chicago, not related to the New England Harvards, and the score was 20-0. In 1894 Notre Dame became serious enough to hire a coach, one James L. Morison, and by 1905 was foreshadowing the routs to come. Playing the American Medical School on October 28 that year, Notre Dame won, 142-0. The game was not as close as the score indicates. Notre Dame led, 121-0, at halftime, and the second half was shortened to eight minutes. Notre Dame scored 27 touchdowns, but early rooters were distressed by a glaring weakness. The team missed 20 extra points.

In 1909, four years before the famous Army upset, a Notre Dame team under coach Frank Longmans won seven games over such opponents as Michigan State, Pitt and Michigan. Almost certainly this was the strongest team in the midwest. Fielding Yost, the famous Michigan coach, argued, "We are champions. We took on Notre Dame because we needed work and we got it, all right. But as for any championship claim at Notre Dame, that doesn't go. There are men on the Notre Dame team who have played years beyond the recognized limit, so that bars them."

Photographs survive of the 1909 squad. The boys look reasonably collegiate, in dark cardigan sweaters, rugged to be sure, but there is not a gray hair among them. Time has disallowed Yost's claim.

Rockne came as a student in 1910, when he was 22. He had been working as a postal clerk in Chicago, trying to save enough money to enter college. His first choice was the University of Illinois, but two of his friends from track—at that point his strongest sport—persuaded him to attend Notre Dame. He decided that he could live more cheaply in South Bend then in Champaign-Urbana. The decision changed collegiate football history.

Rockne was a fine football player, quick to recognize the power of the forward pass and good enough to make third-team All-America end his senior year. He was an excellent student, graduating magna cum laude with an average of 92.5 and a special facility in chemistry. He edited the *Dome*, the school yearbook, performed on stage as a comedian, waited on tables to make money and briefly played flute in the school orchestra.

Gus Dorais once wrote that when he first saw Rockne, the future coach was wearing cord pants, held up by white suspenders, a blue jersey and a cap. Rockne's nose had been flattened by a baseball bat while he was in

high school, and he began to grow bald when he was just past 20. He did not look like an ordinary freshman. To Westbrook Pegler, Rockne was the "old, punched-up preliminary fighter who becomes doortender in a speakeasy and sits in a shadowy table in a corner near the door at night, recalling the night he fought Billy Papke in Peoria."

Rockne, the undergraduate, was a swift 145-pounder. Notre Dame went 23 games without losing while he was a student there, and the most famous victory is the one achieved over Army in 1913.

During the previous summer, Rockne and Dorais had gone to Cedar Point on Lake Erie with football cleats.

They worked on long passes during vacation.

Notre Dame came east, the center of football power, and led Army 14-13 into the last quarter. Then Dorais' long passes broke open the game. He threw 30- and 40-yard gainers to Rockne, Joe Pliska and some others; Army, startled by this unprecedented use of the long pass, spread its defense. Ray Eichenlaub, the fullback, then cracked the line for two touchdowns. Rockne scored one of the others on a reception. Notre Dame won, 35-13, and when the football team returned to South Bend, the school was universally accepted as a national power.

Rockne became assistant coach and an instructor in chemistry after graduating. In 1918, he became head coach, and the test tubes were put away for good. Seven years later he converted to Catholicism in the Log Chapel, a replica of Father Sorin's original Notre Dame building. According to the story, a single candle was burning near the altar. Rockne asked for more but was told that the conversion service required only one. "You know," he said to a priest, "it seems to me you guys are awfully tight with the wax."

He was dead at 43 and it is difficult to capture a measure of the man without seeming to exaggerate. His teams won 105 games and lost 12, for a winning percentage of .897. He was one of the most florid and eloquent of the orating coaches. A recording of a Rockne fight speech turned up on South Bend juke boxes recently and began to match Jefferson Airplane, nickel for nickel. Once, while suffering from a dangerous blood clot in a leg, he spoke in accelerating tones and in a

steadily rising voice, like this:

"I don't know when I've ever wanted to win a game as badly as this one. I don't care what happens after today. Why do you think I'm taking a chance like this? To see you lose? They'll be primed. They'll be tough. Are you going to let it happen to you again? You can win if you want to." Then in an unforgettable staccato, loud, harsh, stabbing: "Go out there and hit 'em. Crack 'em. Fight to live! Fight to win! Fight to win . . . win . . . . WIN!" (Notre Dame 7, Carnegie Tech 0.)

Gipp was probably his most famous single football player. Like Rockne, Gipp came to Notre Dame late, after four post-high school years driving a taxi in Michigan. "He had spent a lot of time in pool rooms and bars," Grant remembers, "doing the things young men do in bars and pool rooms. I think he appealed to Rockne as a reclamation project."

Gipp was pre-law and the Notre Dame athletic department keeps some of his notebooks to this day. In them, one finds notes on personal property and torts and some word play, scrawled during some forgotten, uninspired lecture. At the top of a page, Gipp has commented, "Good God Go."

He was a superb kicker (he once drop-kicked a 62-yard field goal), a swift inventive runner and no man to overestimate the value of training. In 1920, during a team banquet at the Hotel Oliver in downtown South Bend, Gipp borrowed Chet Grant's handkerchief, whispered an excuse into Rockne's ear and said he was going to his room. He really did go to his room; he was suffering from the beginnings of a strep throat. There were no wonder drugs. He died on December 14, 1920, at 25.

Eight years after that, Rockne was having his poorest season at Notre Dame. The team came to New York to play Army and in the locker room Rockne made his most remarkable speech. He told the team about Gipp's sudden illness. He said that on his deathbed, Gipp had made two requests: to join the Roman Catholic Church and that someday, "when the boys are up against it and the odds are piled high against Notre Dame, you ask them to win one for The Gipper." Rockne spoke in a low voice, heavy with emotion. "All right," he finished. "This is that game."

The players ran on to Yankee Stadium with tears in their eyes. This may have affected their play, because they were unable to score in the first half. Dry-eyed, they moved for two touchdowns after the break and when the final whistle stopped Army on the Notre Dame one-yard line, the Irish had won one for The Gipper. The

score was 12-6.

The fight song had come in 1909, but the nickname, The Fighting Irish, was not born until the 1920s. The most famous Notre Dame nickname was created by Grantland Rice on October 18, 1924, when he wrote of the backfield—Harry Stuhldreher, Jim Crowley, Don Miller, Elmer Layden—"Outlined against a blue gray October sky, The Four Horsemen rode again today." Red Smith, himself an old grad, intermused amiably, "From what angle could Granny have been watching?"

Rockne belongs with Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones and Jack Dempsey and Bill Tilden in that exclusive group of sports figures who captured America during the impressionable 1920s, when sportswriters aspired toward poetry and legions of American Irishmen began to think of themselves as Notre Dame men. These were the subway alumni, more numerous and often louder than men who had actually graduated. It is significant, if anti-climactic, to point out that during the 1920s Notre Dame was attacked, along with NYU, in an exhaustive and imppartial study. The charge was football overemphasis. Repercussions are still felt on the campus.

After Rockne's death in 1930, Heartley (Hunk) Andersoon took on the job. In 1934 he was replaced by Layden, who won at a .783 clip. Frank Leahy, an old Rockne tackle, took over in 1940 and with time out for wartime service was head coach until 1963. Problems of health forced his retirement. Leahy was a flowery man, who called everyone "lad," and a master of recruiting and organization. John Lujack played for him

and Angelo Bertelli and enormous Leon Hart, and Emil Sitko, the deer. When stomach disorders plagued Leahy, he resigned, hoping that Father Hesburgh would counter with a request that he go on leave. The President did not. Leahy was bitter for a time and complained to friends that being replaced by a 25-year-old was humiliating.

For two seasons, Terry Brennan was a winning coach. Then came the deluge. According to one analyst, Brennan's weakness was his youth, but not in the way one might suspect. "He was a bright kid," the man says, "and he couldn't take corn seriously. He could never say 'Win one for The Gipper' or talk like Leahy or shout simple little slogans, because he was too close to reacting to that sort of stuff himself. But a coach at Notre Dame can't be afraid to be corny. Corn is a good part of our tradition."

When Parseghian arrived, the Irish swept their first nine games. All around the country, among subway alumni and real graduates, word was that the Rockne spirit was coming back. Then the team flew to Los Angeles for the Southern California game on November 28, 1964. Favored, Notre Dame carried a narrow lead into the final two minutes. The events that followed have been recalled with great freshness in a log kept by Tom Pagna, the offensive backfield coach. With Coach Pagna's permission, I use his account here:

Two minutes remained in the game, when Fertig of USC hit Hill on a 23-yard pass play. On three ground plays the Trojans gained only two yards. It was now fourth down and eight, with the ball resting on our 15. Maglicic came within inches of grabbing Fertig, but the ball was released toward Rod Sherman. Tony Carey (a defensive back) was close by. In the scramble up for the ball Carey fell, Sherman caught, and streaked to the end zone. With 93 seconds left, Southern California had gone out front 20-to-17. The rest was comeback gamble football. It was long passes and short outs to Jack Snow. The clock ran out . . . we had lost!

At the moment that Fertig hit Sherman a *Life* photographer angled onto the field to photograph Ara's agony.

Somehow in that empty moment I sensed his intention and tried get between him and Ara. I failed and the picture appeared. I had no malice toward a photographer doing his job. I just didn't want the raw and naked image of a crumbled man exposed. I hadn't even time to see Ara's reaction, but I knew what it would be. The actual picture said it all. Heartbreak in the distorted mouth lines. A wrinkled brow burdened by arms brought upward to his head. His body twisted trying to apply "English" or attempt a remote interception. The picture said in a thousand ways, why had we come so close, fought so hard, died so violently?

It was a blurry tunnel to the dressing room, full of tears, full of sobbing young giants. Quietly they suffered. The manly stifled sobs of total despair. My mind turned to one line: "If you can watch the things you gave your life to broken / And stoop . . . to build them up with worn out tools."

Aside from Father Joyce and a few others always present to console or praise, Ara allowed no one into the locker room.

In his perpetual driving fashion, Ara composed his feelings rapidly. He asked the team to kneel and led them in prayer. The sobs of the men were apparent as Ara fought for tranquility. "Dear God," he said, "give us the strength in our moment of despair to understand and accept that which we have undergone." Then Ara further addressed the players. He told them that there were thousands of things we could say. There were officials and calls we could blame. But we had won as Notre Dame men, fair, hard and with humility. To be less at this moment, to cry foul, to alibi, would undo much that the season had done. He asked the players to vent their anger and their tears for the next ten minutes, when the locker room was Notre Dame's alone. After that period was over, he asked each player to hold his tongue, lift his head high and in the face of defeat to be a Notre Dame man.

I marveled at the individuals. George Goeddeke, just a sophomore center, was humping his 6-4 frame over a chair holding his head and allowing silent tears to moisten his hands. George hadn't gotten into this game but a few plays. He mumbled, "We'll be back here someday."

Wolski was disconsolate. He blamed himself for a pitchout that Huarte and he had let misfire. Huarte in turn blamed John Huarte. Bob Meeker was beyond talking to. Bob had been called for holding on Joe Kantor's touchdown that was called back. Kantor, whom I personally knew was made of the toughest fiber, sat dazed and misty eyed. Kantor, who had practiced in full football gear only 20 days after knee surgery, wouldn't cry if he were hit with a hammer between his eyes. "Joe," I told him, "it may not mean much to you right now, but I'm mighty proud of you!" He thanked me in his quiet way that ran deeper than words can convey.

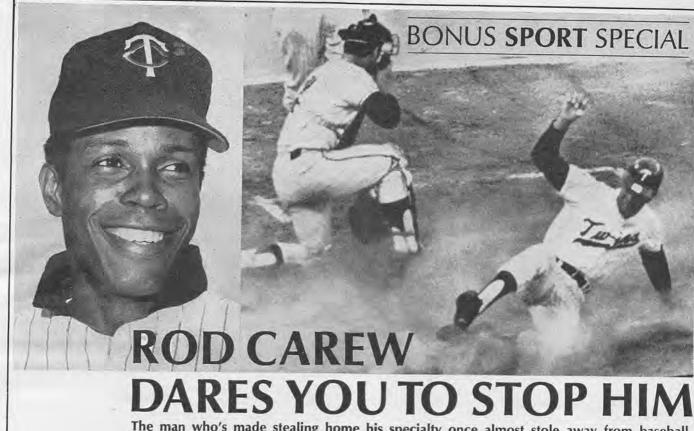
Tony Carey, who had played a great season, was nearly hysterical. To fans who didn't know football Tony would be the goat. To himself he was the goat. It had been his lot on the final scoring pass play to miss the tackle. Notre Dame was life itself to Tony and his event so marked him, that his confidence in justice was nearly destroyed.

It went on and on, each player who had participated blamed himself. It was perhaps the most humble moment we would ever know.

How long can such intensity of college spirit survive? Parseghian says he does not know. Larry DiNardo sees it as fading "eventually." But it is alive now, despite our national obsession with professional football, and despite the fact that other shattering disasters of our era—Auschwitz, Hiroshima, Vietnam—make lost college games less consequential than in Rockne's simpler days.

In the balance of things, in our crowded confusing time, the survival of the Notre Dame spirit is remarkable, and fine.

THE SPORT SPECIAL



The man who's made stealing home his specialty once almost stole away from baseball because of his immaturity. Now Rod is meeting all the challenges

By JERRY IZENBERG

FROM THE VERY beginning it was apparent that Rodney Cline Carew was going to be a young man in a hurry. The beginning was October 1, 1945. Olga Carew—on the way to the clinic in Gatun, Panama, to have her baby—sat on the hard seat in the stuffy Panama Rail Road car and watched the flat countryside inch past through the window. The Panama Rail Road is a kind of Long Island Rail Road, South. Like its North American counterpart it has schedules and it has schedules. Sometime it even meets them.

On October 1, 1945, the trip seemed even longer to Olga Carew. Finally, she turned to a neighbor and said, "I don't think I can wait." Fortunately, a midwife, Margaret Allen, was riding the same train. Margaret Allen did the job, as the train chugged through the Panama countryside. A few minutes later a doctor came hurrying down the aisle and finished up. The doctor's name was Rodney Cline.

"How come," a fellow recently asked Carew, "she named you after the doctor if the doctor got there late?"

"Well," Rod Carew said like a man who has given the proposition a lot of previous thought, "how would it look if she called me Margaret Allen Carew?"

Well, for one thing it would raise an awful lot of eyebrows at the front desk in American League hotels when he and his roommate Cesar Tovar sign in. It might have turned a few heads down in Washington at the All-Star game this past July if the p.a. announcer had said . . . "playing second base for the American League . . . Margaret Carew." And it certainly would jolt a lot of

purists next spring when they get their copy of the "Little Red Book of Major League Baseball" and turn to page 30, because that's where Carew now has a line all to himself. Less than 24 years after Olga Carew took that train ride, Rodney Carew is still very much in a hurry, and try and stop him.

It is almost as if he is daring you to stop him. In 1966 he was playing Class C ball for Wilson, North Carolina. A year later he was the starting second-baseman for the Minnesota Twins, playing in the bigs, and batting .292. (*Try and stop me.*) In 1969, with his team challenging for the American League pennant, Carew was leading the league in batting most of the way. But batting wasn't his big thing in 1969. When destiny placed him 90 feet from the plate, he was starting down the line with a gesture which plainly read, *I dare you to stop me*.

Carew wanted his line of type on page 30 of the Little Red Book, the one that reads: Most times stealing home, season . . . And by midseason he had his line. Rod Carew had stolen home seven times, more than any other American Leaguer in history and tied with Pete Reiser for the major-league lead. One more steal of home in the team's last 75 games and he would be the top gun. Rod Carew would like that, he would like that very much.

For the money was 90 feet from home plate and the race was not to the swiftest but to the shrewdest and when it came to swiping those 90 feet, the manager, Billy Martin, had turned Rod Carew into a positive cap-

ital offender. Sometimes it was so easy it looked like a wall-to-wall ad for law and order.

Sometimes.

And then there was the night of June 16 in the very first inning at the Twins' Metropolitan Stadium. That was something else again. Tom Murphy, a young righthander who lists his hobbies as reading and music and who holds a B.A. from Ohio University, was pitching for California. He was already behind 1-0 and there was Carew on second and Tony Oliva on first. Such things simply shouldn't happen to a college man. What followed shouldn't happen to anyone.

Rodney Cline Carew took off for third and Tony Oliva took off for second and just like that Olga Carew's son was 90 feet away from the money. He was also 90 feet away from tying the American League record for thefts of home plate in a single season at six. Now there was Tom Murphy, the college grad, waiting and fidgeting. And Joe Azcue, a non-collegian, doing his fidgeting behind the plate.

Inevitably, Tom Murphy prepared to pitch to Harmon Killebrew. Harmon, a gentle, patient man with a genuine appreciation for destiny, stepped out of the batter's box and looked at Carew. Carew looked at Harmon. Tommy Murphy looked at both of them. Nobody gave a sign. Then Harmon stepped back into the bat-

ter's box and he said to himself:

"Well, he is not going to steal home because Billy didn't order the sign and I wonder what he meant by that look." Which is about all Harmon had time to say because suddenly it got very crowded there. Murphy's pitch was hurried and low. Azcue was muscling in front of the plate like a wounded water buffalo. Harmon was dancing away like his mate. In the middle was Rodney Cline Carew, the honest pickpocket, covered with dirt and a piece of an American League record. Almost unnoticed in the confusion was the fact that the Twins now had doubled their lead over the Angels with that slide.

In the aftermath, however, once they had a chance to think about it, there were some shudders from people in Minnesota. There had been no sign given to steal home. Harmon Killebrew is 5-11 and he weighs 210 pounds and he can hit a baseball the way John Henry used to drive steel. It was entirely possible that Harmon could have been swinging just as Carew steamed home. Such meetings are prized by steel-driving men, and those voyeurs who like to see the sparks fly at the moment of impact.

"When I thought about it," Carew explained sometime later in his high-rise Minneapolis apartment, "I started to shake. If Harmon swings that bat, there goes little Rodney's head into the leftfield seats. Afterwards Harmon looked at me and he said, 'My God.' I didn't say anything because I was scared stiff. I don't think it will happen again. Somehow that kind of lesson sticks with

But still he had gone for it and he had made it and it is not surprising. He admits that he wanted the record very badly. This is only natural because Rodney Cline Carew is a record-collector, first class. (There is a coffee table in his apartment that is covered with

souvenir baseballs.) When the Twins were playing an exhibition game last spring in Pompano Beach, Ted Williams, the new Senators' manager felt a tug at his sleeve. "Pardon me, Mr. Williams," this guy said in the baseball suit as he whipped out a ballpoint pen, "but would you autograph this?"

"Who was that guy?" Williams asked Wayne Terwilliger, one of his coaches, afterwards. "That guy," said

Terwilliger, "is the All-Star second-baseman."

And during the regular season Carew had the Twins' batboy get him Joe DiMaggio's autograph. "With what we did to them that week," Rodney explains, "I just didn't think it would look right to ask for it myself."

Does it sound strange to you that this home-plate stealer, this American League All-Star second-baseman, this established professional—who Billy Martin and Ted Williams say is capable of hitting .400-does it sound strange that he should still be a hero worshipper? It shouldn't, for Carew has long had a thing about DiMag and the Yankees. Heck, he spent his learning days on a diamond only 300 yards from Yankee Stadium.

In 1962, Margaret Allen, the mid-wife who had ultimately become a family friend, wrote to Olga Carew and suggested that jobs were a lot easier to find in New York City than Gatun, Panama. After a family conference, Red's father, who worked on the canal locks, said that Olga and Rod should go on ahead and in due time the rest of the family would follow. What followed for Rod Carew was a period of disenchantment and adjustment.

"I didn't speak a whole lot of English then," he said in a soft voice with just the hint of an accent which sounds more West Indian than Latin. "The classes were in English. I had a terrible year. I'd walk around the streets and wish I were home. Panama was so different. In Panama there was room to run and room to play and room to breathe. This was like a whole new world. It took some getting used to."

The big adjustment for Carew came when some of his classmates asked him to join a sandlot baseball team called the Cavaliers. On one of the low coffee tables in Carew's apartment there is a plaque from the Cavaliers which simply says, "to a guy who didn't forget." Rodney Carew still thinks a lot about them. They were his first link with the new neighborhood. Some of them

were classmates at George Washington High.

Rod was a big hitter for the Cavaliers and every so often the park commission schedule would take the team to a place called Babe Ruth Park. The Yankees are not unaware of Babe Ruth Park. A few years ago, they tried to buy the joint from the city and turn it into a parking lot. Apparently, you cannot see the players there for the automobiles. The Park is across the street from Yankee Stadium.

Rut they were unaware—oblivious really—of Rod Carew playing across the road on the same day that people like Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle were hitting home runs a couple of hundred yards away. It was a time when the Yankee dynasty was beginning to erode from within, but they didn't know about the kid next door. The irony of it is that, more than anything, Carew wanted to play for the Yankees. He wanted it very badly, but as he says, "they must have been too busy for me and I wasn't about to go looking for them. As it turned out, it was the best thing that ever happened to me."

Enter Herb Stein, a Transit Authority detective by day and a Minnesota Twins scout by twilight. The park people sought him out and told him about Rod Carew, and Stein saw him in a sandlot game against a team called the Bombers. The Bombers were mostly grown men and Rod Carew hadn't shaved yet. Stein saw Carew get six hits in seven tries, including a grand slam. He also saw him play several positions that day.

So a tryout was arranged. Naturally, the Twins scheduled it for Yankee Stadium. Naturally, the Yankees never saw him. When a club gets on a losing streak, baby, a club gets on a losing streak. Rod hit a few balls into the seats during the Twins' batting practice and then they got him out of the joint so fast his feet never touched the infield grass. Soon after, Twins officials took the Carew family out to dinner and signed Rod.

In 1964, the 19-year-old Carew went to Melbourne, Florida, in the rookie league, fielded fair and hit very well, .325 in 37 games. The next year they moved him up to Orlando. There he batted .303, and the world should have been a great big swinging ball of popcorn. But at Orlando he had his first serious difficulty. The reasons were two-fold.

First, there was indeed some genuine jealousy among the young troopers. He recalls, "You could hear guys talk about you on the bench, when they thought you weren't looking." A couple of times Rod had to be physically restrained by Harry Warner, the manager.

But the second reason had to do with Carew himself and he acknowledges the problem. He says there were times when he simply had a lousy attitude. He says he was quick-tempered and moody and a little immature. Once, after striking out, he simply walked off the field and into the clubhouse announcing that he was quitting. Again, Warner was the difference.

"I think the basic trouble was my own makeup," he explains. "I simply like to be alone. I don't like to take baseball away from the park with me. I'd much rather come back to the room and relax and listen to more music. I don't mix much after hours with the other

players."

This philosophy causes Rod some problems even today as he enters the ranks of the American League superstars. Some of the players he didn't get along with in Orlando in 1965 are with the club today. Relations are still not the best. It was for their benefit one day this summer that Rod asked several of them to feel the hard, painful lump on the thigh, which trainer George Lentz had been treating with diathermy, whirlpool baths, X-ray therapy and painful cortisone shots. Some among the Twins apparently hadn't believed he was playing hurt most of 1969.

In 1966 at Wilson in the Carolina League, Rod reached a crisis point in his career. For one thing, the Twins suddenly began to discover he was not the best fielding second-baseman around and he wasn't doing anything about it. For another, Carew's attitude was causing him to bend double under the burden.

Which brings us to Vern Morgan, the manager at

Wilson. "He made sense," says Rod, "he kept reminding me that if you don't play in the big leagues then you have wasted your time and you're nowhere. I was a terrible fielder. We started there."

It was a cram course, taught in the early morning hours at Wilson. Vern Morgan hit Carew enough groundballs to flatten every earthworm in town. Then he hit him some more and some more. Suddenly, Rod Carew got better and better. He began to field well, and he hit with the consistency of an automatic punch press. He also stole 28 bases. Twins owner Cal Griffith ordered Sam Mele, who was then the Twins' manager, to play Carew as a rookie the following year. This is not the usual role Cal Griffith assumes—much to Billy Martin's relief—but he assumed it in the spring of 1967 and Carew has had the second-base job ever since.

There was never any doubt Carew could hit major-league pitching. In his rookie year he hit .292 in 137 games. He made the All-Star team the next other two. But he was still not a finished product in the field. His biggest headache was the doubleplay. He was still learn-line and he leaded as file of the leader of the leader

ing and he lacked confidence.

And then along came Chico Cardenas. In the first 100 games of 1969, Carew and Cardenas combined on 119 doubleplays, three more than the Twins managed in all of '68. "He reported late to camp this spring and I couldn't wait for us to start working together. Right at

the start, he helped me," says Carew.

The man who helped Carew the most in the matter of stealing, especially stealing home plate, is the manager, Alfred Manuel Martin. It began in the relaxed sunshine of Orlando, Florida, last spring. It began in a very subtle way. Billy Martin called Carew aside and said, "I think you should start stealing home." Well, it isn't as though they were talking about something tough. After all, the American League record Carew ultimately broke had only been set in 1915.

The fact is, though he had stolen only 17 bases in his first two years as a major-leaguer, he had always had the ability to swipe a base when he needed it. But stealing second base and stealing home plate is quite different, with increasing risks the closer you get to home. But with Billy Martin's tips, and his encourage-

ment, Rod found it all very easy.

Martin is, in truth, some kind of manager. This became apparent in the early summer months when he kept the Twins going without a healthy pitching staff. He is an unusual student of his business and you do not have to be very bright to figure out that when Carew's experiment in grand larceny worked during preseason training camp (two tries, two steals of home) that Mr. Martin decided he had just acquired an extra gun in his arsenal. Once Carew began to establish himself as a home-stealer, it no longer mattered whether or not he went. What he had to do was get to third and let the pitcher try to work on the batter, watch Carew and keep his sanity all at the same time. Such a combination is not unlike trying to get home a three-horse parlay and you know how many guys die in the back of the barber shop trying.

"You know I love it, I really do," Carew says with great enthusiasm about his new glamour role in baseball. "I mean it's absolutely fantastic. Do you know

that sometimes there could be a couple of thousand people in the ballpark who never saw anyone steal home? Now it gets so that people stop me on the street and ask me am I going to go tonight. When I do they really tear up the park."

That was the situation on the night of July 16 at Metropolitan Stadium. With the Twins leading, 4-0, Carew had reached base on a fielder's choice, and two bases on balls moved him over to the launching pad. The hitter

now was John Roseboro.

As Rod started down the line, making a couple of feints, you could hear the tense intake of air in the grandstand. If you have never heard a ballpark inhale in unison then you should be advised that you can get the same effect by going down to the seal tank at Marineland. It sounded like an audition for National Asthma Week. Then, as Carew wheeled for home, all that air came out at once. It is a wonder it didn't blow pitcher Gerry Nyman right out of the joint.

As a matter of fact, Gerry Nyman did all right. John Roseboro is a lefthanded batter and since that left uncluttered the area on Carew's side of the basepaths, it did not exactly work to the runners' advantage. Nyman wheeled the ball in low and outside. It was a perfect

pitch in terms of law and order.

The catcher, Don Pavletich, moved toward the ball and the runner. He had position and he had time. Unfortunately, for Pavletich, he did not have the ball. It popped out of his glove at the moment of impact. It had been a perfect throw but Carew was home with the record. The crowd stood and cheered and stamped and hollered. Then the scoreboard operator announced the obvious on the Twins' message board—an American League record for Rod Carew—and the noise started all over again. It was a dandy demonstration. Rodney Cline Carew, who was hurrying the day he had come into the world, had broken a record which had stood 54

He was doing other things in '69, too, beside breaking records on the bases. He was making plays better

than he had ever made them before.

Consider a ballgame in Cleveland. In the top of the 13th inning the Twins were scrambling. Russ Snyder hit a slow, bounding ball to Carew's right. Rod cut across, scooped up the ball and crossed the bag for the force play just as Jose Cardenal, the baserunner, came slashing into him. It was a good slide, in the best break-up-the-double-play-or-the second-baseman tradition of major-league baseball.

But Rod Carew, the second-baseman whom they used to say was gunshy but who has now found a whole new confident way of life out there, made the pivot beautifully and whipped the ball across to the first-baseman, Harmon Killebrew, in time to get Snyder. It is one hell of a play for any second-baseman. Carew made the play, and made it look easy. And the Twins went on to win the ballgame.

This is the same second-baseman of whom an early Twins' scouting report said: "A certain major-leaguer of the future with the bat, but he may have to find a new position." And the same second-baseman of whom Billy Martin, then a Twins' coach, had guite correctly said in 1967, "I don't like the fact that he didn't handle a ball

to his right very well, and that he had trouble coming in on a slow grounder and that he didn't know! out of the way of a baserunner on a double-play."

This is the same Rod Carew who concedes that his attitude was bad in the minors. It is the same Rod Carew about whom the whispers said, "He jakes (the baseball word for loafing)." There was no jaking in

Sitting in his apartment, Rod Carew makes it very plain that much of what he is today is the end product of the man who now manages the Twins and who was a kind of special tutor to Rod Carew in his rookie season. You may recall that Billy Martin was the trigger which turned Zoilo Versalles from a problem child into the American League MVP in 1965. From the beginning, Rod Carew was the same kind of a special project for Martin.

Random samplings of their conversation since Martin was a coach in Carew's rookie year read like something out of Mr. Chips and the Old School Tie. But taken as a whole, they make a great deal of sense and explain in part why Rodney Cline Carew has come so far in so short a time.

"If you want to make this club as a regular," Martin told him that first season, "you've gotta listen to me and you've gotta hustle. One more thing. Don't ever lie to me. If you won't admit mistakes to yourself or me then you're just going backwards."

"In this game you take nothing for granted. You can't assume."

Or:

"If you can take what I give you, I know you can fight your way onto this ball club."

Now it may sound like Vince Lombardi at halftime but it served a purpose. It began at a time when Rod Carew had one foot in the majors and one foot in the Carolina League. It began at a time when the message Vern Morgan delivered to him that day in Wilson had just begun to take hold. It began at a time when Rod Carew's biggest problem was lack of confidence. It worked. Go argue with that.

"I really think," Carew says, "that he has made the difference in me. You can talk to him."

A great deal has happened to Rod Carew since the day he tried to quit baseball for good at Orlando. Now he sits in his apartment, wearing an expensive red cardigan sweater, a black short-sleeved turtleneck, dark slacks and highly polished loafers. The mementoes which this incurable autograph collector is piling up surround him. There are mounted baseballs and the Rookie of the Year Trophy. And this year along with the other All-Stars he went to the White House and shook hands with Richard Nixon, the President of the United States.

Later that day, driving out to the ballpark for another whirlpool treatment, he talked about how much he likes the pace of life in Minneapolis as opposed to the rush of New York City. He said that really every-

thing had worked well for him. "I just don't think of baseball as a job. I think I'm very fortunate."

He dares you to tell him differently.

**BONUS** SPORT SPECIAL

## College College Hootball Schedule

MAJOR COLLEGE SCHEDULES BY DATES, 1969 SEASON

(All asterisks denote night games)

## HOME TEAM OPPONENT

SEPTEMBER 13, (SATURDAY)

| Ball StBuffalo             |
|----------------------------|
| DrakeLouisville            |
| Kent St Dayton             |
| Miami (0.)Xavier           |
| N.C. StWake Forest*        |
| So. MethodistAir Force*    |
| UCLAOregon St.*            |
| UT El PasoPacific*         |
| VillanovaWest Chester      |
| Western Mich Central Mich. |
| West VirginiaCincinnati    |
| Wichita StUtah St.         |

## SEPTEMBER 20, (SATURDAY)

| 221 12112211 221 (21112111)  |
|--|
| Arizona StMinnesota*   |
| ArkansasOklahoma St.*  |
| (at Little Rock, Ark.)   |
| Army New Mexico  |
| ArmyNew Mexico<br>AuburnWake Forest  |
| BaylorKansas St.*  |
| Rowling Groom Heat Ct  |
| Brigham Voung Colorado St *  |
| Bowling Green  |
| CaliforniaTexas  |
| Cinal wasti W. P. Many   |
| Colorto Poster II  |
| Cincinnati Wm. & Mary<br>Colgate Boston U.<br>Colorado Tulsa   |
| Davidas  |
| DaytonMiami (0.)* East Carolina East Tennessee   |
| East Carolina East Tennessee   |
| Florida  |
| Florida StWichita St.  |
| GeorgiaTulane  |
| Georgia TechSo. Methodist  |
| GuilfordDavidson*  |
| Georgia Tulane Georgia Tech So Methodist Guilford Davidson* Illinois Washington St.  |
| lowaOregon St.   |
| KentuckyIndiana  |
| LafayetteRutgers   |
| LehighCitadel Louisiana StTexas A&M*   |
| Louisiana StTexas A&M*   |
| LouisvilleSo. Illinois*  |
| MichiganVanderbilt<br>Michigan StWashington  |
| Michigan StWashington  |
| Mississippi Memphis St. Mississippi St. Richmond Missouri Air Force Morehead St. Marshall Navy Penn St.  |
| Mississippi StRichmond   |
| MissouriAir Force  |
| Morehead StMarshall  |
| NavyPenn St.   |
| Nebraska Southern Cal<br>New Mexico St Howard Payne*   |
| New Mexico St Howard Payne*  |
| N.C. St North Carolina<br>No. Texas StSW Louisiana*  |
| No. Texas StSW Louisiana*  |
| Notre Dame Northwestern Ohio U. Kent St. Pacific Western Mich. Rice VMI*   |
| Ohio UKent St.   |
| PacificWestern Mich.*  |
| RiceVMI*   |
|  |
| So. Mississippi SE Louisiana*  |
| StanfordSan Jose St.   |
| So. Mississippi SE Louisiana* Stanford San Jose St. Syracuse Iowa St.  |
| TennesseeChattanooga   |
| TCUPurdue  |
| Texas TechKansas*  |
| ToledoVillanova  |
| UCLAPittsburgh*  |
| UtahOregon   |
| VirginiaClemson  |
| The second secon |

## HOME TEAM OPPONENT

| Virgin | ia T | ech   |     | Alabama    |
|--------|------|-------|-----|------------|
| West   | Tex  | as 5  | tNo | . Arizona* |
|        |      |       |     | Maryland   |
| Wisco  | nsin |       |     | Oklahoma   |
| Wyom   | ing  | ***** |     | Arizona    |

SEPTEMBER 26, (FRIDAY)

Miami (Fla.) ......Florida St.\*

SEPTEMBER 27, (SATURDAY)

| OEI TEMBER EI, (ONTONDITT)                   |
|--|
| Air Force                                    |
| AlabamaSo. Mississippi                       |
| Arizona                                      |
| Arizona StOregon St.*                        |
| ArkansasTulsa                                |
| Boston ColNavy                               |
| BrownRhode Island                            |
| CitadelArkansas St.*                         |
| ClemsonGeorgia                               |
| ColumbiaLafayette                            |
| CornellColgate                               |
| DaytonBowling Green*                         |
| DelawareVillanova                            |
| East CarolinaLouisiana Tech*                 |
| Furman Davidson*                             |
| Georgia TechBaylor                           |
| HarvardHoly Cross                            |
| IndianaCalifornia                            |
| Iowa Washington St.                          |
| Iowa StBrigham Young                         |
| KansasSyracuse                               |
| KentuckyMississippi*                         |
| Marshall Toledo*                             |
| Marshall Toledo* Maryland                    |
| MassachusettsBuffalo                         |
| Memphis StNo. Texas St.*                     |
| Michigan Washington                          |
| Michigan                                     |
| MinnesotaOhio U.                             |
| Mississinni St. Florida                      |
| Mississippi StFlorida<br>(at Jackson, Miss.) |
| Missouri Illinois                            |
| Missouri                                     |
| Nebraska Texas A&M                           |

# 

## HOME TEAM OPPONENT

| Western Mich. | Miami (0.)     |
|---------------|----------------|
|               | Northern III.* |
| Wisconsin     | UCLA           |
| Xavier        |                |
| Yale          | Connecticut    |

OCTOBER 3, (FRIDAY)

| Miami  | (Fla.) |     |     |     |      | N. | C.  | St.  |
|--------|--------|-----|-----|-----|------|----|-----|------|
| Southe | rn Mis | ss. |     |     |      |    | .Id | aho* |
|        | (at N  | lob | ile | . 1 | Vla. | .) |     |      |

| OCTOBER 4, (SATURDAY)  |
|--|
| AlabamaMississippi*  |
| AlabamaMississippi* (at Birmingham, Ala.)  |
| Arizona St Brigham Young*  |
| Arizona StBrigham Young* ArkansasTCU (at Little Rock, Ark.)  |
| (at Little Rock, Ark.)   |
| Army Texas A&M<br>Auburn Kentucky  |
| Boston Col. Tulane   |
| Boston ColTulane<br>Bowling GreenWestern Mich.   |
| BuffaloKent St.  |
| California   |
| CincinnatiXavier* ColoradoIndiana  |
| ColumbiaPrinceton  |
| Dartmouth Holy Cross   |
| Drake  |
| Dartmouth Holy Cross Drake No. Texas St. Duke Pittsburgh   |
| East Carolina Citadel* Florida Florida St. Georgia South Carolina  |
| FloridaFlorida St.   |
| Georgia Took Clomen  |
| Georgia Tech Clemson Harvard Boston U. Houston Mississippi St.*  |
| HoustonMississippi St.*  |
| Illinois lows St   |
| Iowa Arizona Kansas St. Penn St. Lamar Tech New Mexico St. Louisiana St. Baylor*   |
| Kansas StPenn St.  |
| Lamar Tech New Mexico St.  |
|  |
|  |
| Marshall   |
| MarshallNorthern III. Memphis StTennessee*   |
| Marshall   |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St Tennessee* Michigan Missouri   |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St Tennessee* Michigan Missouri   |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St Tennessee* Michigan Missouri   |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St Tennessee* Michigan Missouri   |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St. Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA  |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St. Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA  |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St. Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA  |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St. Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA  |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St. Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA  |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA Oklahoma St. Texas Tech Oregon St. Southern Cal Pennsylvania Brown Purdue Stanford Richmond Virginia Tech* Rutgers Cornell San Jose St. San Diego St.   |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA Oklahoma St. Texas Tech Oregon St. Southern Cal Pennsylvania Brown Purdue Stanford Richmond Virginia Tech* Rutgers Cornell San Jose St. San Diego St.   |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St. Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA Oklahoma St. Texas Tech Oregon St. Southern Cal Pennsylvania Brown Purdue Stanford Richmond Virginia Tech* Rutgers Cornell San Jose St. San Diego St.* Texas Navy* Toledo Ohio U.* Trinity Daydson*  |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St. Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA Oklahoma St. Texas Tech Oregon St. Southern Cal Pennsylvania Brown Purdue Stanford Richmond Virginia Tech* Rutgers Cornell San Jose St. San Diego St.* Texas Navy* Toledo Ohio U.* Trinity Daydson*  |
| Marshall Northern III. Memphis St. Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA Oklahoma St. Texas Tech Oregon St. Southern Cal Pennsylvania Brown Purdue Stanford Richmond Virginia Tech* Rutgers Cornell San Jose St. San Diego St.* Texas Navy* Toledo Ohio U.* Trinity Daydson*  |
| Marshall   Northern III.   |
| Marshall   Northern III.   |
| Marshall Northern III.  Memphis St Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA Oklahoma St Texas Tech Oregon St Southern Cal Pennsylvania Brown Purdue Stanford Richmond Virginia Tech* Rutgers Cornell San Jose St. San Diego St.* Texas Navy* Toledo Ohio U.* Trinity Davidson* UT El Paso Utah Villanova Santa Clara Wake Forest Maryland* Washington Ohio St. |
| Marshall Northern III.  Memphis St Tennessee* Michigan Missouri Minnesota Nebraska New Mexico Kansas* North Carolina Vanderbilt Notre Dame Michigan St. Northwestern UCLA Oklahoma St Texas Tech Oregon St Southern Cal Pennsylvania Brown Purdue Stanford Richmond Virginia Tech* Rutgers Cornell San Jose St. San Diego St.* Texas Navy* Toledo Ohio U.* Trinity Davidson* UT El Paso Utah Villanova Santa Clara Wake Forest Maryland* Washington Ohio St. |
| Marshall   Northern III.   |

## HOME TEAM OPPONENT

| Wisconsin | Syracuse     |
|-----------|--------------|
|           | Colorado St. |
| Yale      | Colgate      |

OCTOBER 10, (FRIDAY)

Miami (Fla.) .....Louisiana St.\*

OCTOBER 11. (SATURDAY)

| OCTOBER 11, (SATURDAY)                                       |
|--|
| Arizona  |
| Auburn   |
| Bowling Green  |
| Buffalo Dayton California Washington Cincinnati Memphis St.* |
| Colgate  |
| Cornell  |
| FloridaTulane (at Tampa, Fla.)                               |
| Harvard Columbia Illinois Northwestern Indiana Minnesota     |
| Iowa StColorado  |

| IndianaMinnesota              |
|-------------------------------|
| Iowa StColorado               |
| KansasKansas St.              |
| MarylandSyracuse              |
| Miami (0.)Marshall            |
| MichiganPurdue                |
| MississippiGeorgia            |
| (at Jackson, Miss.)           |
| Mississippi StSo. Mississippi |
| MissouriNebraska              |
| Mandle Carallina Air Fansa    |

| Wissouri       | Nebraska      |
|----------------|---------------|
| North Carolina | Air Force     |
| lo. Texas St   | Weber St.     |
| Ohio St        |               |
| Ohio U         | Xavier        |
| Oregon         | San Jose St.  |
| Penn St\       | West Virginia |
| ittsburgh      |               |
| Rutgers        |               |
| outhern Cal    | Stanford*     |
| South Carolina |               |
| o. Methodist   | TCU*          |
| ampa           |               |
| ennessee       |               |
| exas           |               |
| (at Dallas,    |               |
|                |               |

| Texa | s Tec  | h | ***** | Texas A  | 18.IM * |
|------|--------|---|-------|----------|---------|
| Utah |        |   |       | Arizor   | ia St.  |
| Utah | St     |   |       | .Colorad | o St.   |
| Vand | erbilt |   |       | Alab     | ama*    |
| VMI  |        |   |       | Vii      | rginia  |
|      |        |   |       | 1. Va.)  | -       |

| Virginia TechKentucky        |
|------------------------------|
| Wake ForestDuke              |
| Washington StUCLA            |
| Western MichKent St.         |
| West Texas St San Diego St.* |
| Wichita St New Mexico St.    |
| Wisconsinlowa                |
| WyomingUT El Paso            |
|                              |

## HOME TEAM OPPONENT

OCTOBER 18, (SATURDAY)

| Air ForceOregon                                     |
|---|
| AlabamaTennessee                                    |
| (at Pirmingham Ala)                                 |
| (at Birmingham, Ala.) ArizonaUT El Paso             |
| ArizonaUT El Paso                                   |
| ArmyUtah St.  |
| Boston ColVillanova                                 |
| BrownDartmouth                                      |
| CincinnatiWichita St.*<br>ClemsonWake Forest        |
| Clemson Wake Forest                                 |
| Colorado StWest Texas St.                           |
| ColumbiaYale  |
| Camall  |
| CornellHarvard                                      |
| DaytonNorthern III.                                 |
| Florida North Carolina                              |
| Georgia TechAuburn                                  |
| Holy CrossBuffalo                                   |
| IndianaIllinois                                     |
| Kansas Stlowa St. Kent StBowling Green              |
| Kent St Rowling Green                               |
| KentuckyLouisiana St.*                              |
| LouisvilleMarshall*                                 |
| Louisvillewarshall                                  |
| MarylandDuke  |
| Memphis StMiami (Fla.) *                            |
| Miami (0.)  |
| Michigan StMichigan                                 |
| MinnesotaOhio St.                                   |
| MississippiSo. Mississippi                          |
| MissouriOklahoma St.                                |
| NebraskaKansas                                      |
| New Mexico  |
| New Mexico  |
| New Mexico StNo. Texas St.<br>NorthwesternWisconsin |
| NorthwesternWisconsin                               |
| Notre DameSouthern Cal                              |
| OklahomaColorado                                    |
| PennsylvaniaLehigh<br>PittsburghTulane              |
| PittsburghTulane                                    |
| PrincetonColgate                                    |
| Purduelowa  |
| Rice  |
| RichmondEast Carolina*                              |
| RichmondEast Carollia                               |
| RutgersNavy   |
| San Jose StArizona St.*<br>StanfordWashington St.   |
| Stanford  |
| Syracuse Penn St. TCU Texas A&M                     |
| TCUTexas A&M  |
| Texas TechMISSISSIPPI St. "                         |
| Toledo Western Mich.                                |
| TulsaFlorida St.                                    |
| UCLACalifornia                                      |
| OCLAdamornia  |
|   |

| Vander         | bilt       |           | Georgia*             |
|----------------|------------|-----------|----------------------|
| VIVII          |            |           | Citadel              |
|                |            |           | Carolina             |
| Washin         | gton       | 0         | regon St.            |
| Wm. &<br>Wyomi | Mary<br>ng | Brigh     | Davidson<br>am Young |
| 0              | CTOBER     | 24, (FRID | (YAC                 |
| Miami          | (Fla.) .   |           | TCU*                 |

| OCTOBER | 25. | (SATURDAY) |
|---------|-----|------------|

| Air Force     | Colorado St. |
|---------------|--------------|
| Arizona       | New Mexico*  |
| Arkansas      | Wichita St.* |
| (at Little Re | ock, Ark.)   |
| Army          | Boston Col.  |
| Bowling Green |              |
| Brown         |              |
| Buffalo       |              |

| BrownColgate               |
|----------------------------|
| BuffaloVirginia Tech       |
| CitadelDavidson            |
| ClemsonAlabama             |
| ColoradoMissouri           |
| DaytonAkron                |
| FloridaVanderbilt          |
| Florida StMississippi St.* |
| GeorgiaKentucky            |
| HarvardDartmouth           |
| HoustonMississippi*        |
| IowaMichigan St.           |
| Iowa StKansas              |
| Kansas StOklahoma          |
| Louisiana StAuburn         |
| Minnesota Michigan         |

| MinnesotaMichigan         | Colorado StUT El Paso    |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| NavyVirginia              | CornellColumbia          |
| NebraskaOklahoma St.      | DavidsonVMI              |
| North CarolinaWake Forest | DaytonXavier             |
| N.C. StDuke               | DelawareRutgers          |
| No. Texas StLouisville    | East CarolinaFurman*     |
| Ohio StIllinois           | Florida StSouth Carolina |
| OregonWashington          | GeorgiaTennessee         |
| Oregon StUtah*            | Georgia TechDuke         |
| (at Portland, Ore.)       | Holy CrossVillanova      |
| Penn StOhio U.            | HoustonMiami (Fla.)      |
| PrincetonPennsylvania     | IllinoisPurdue           |
| PurdueNorthwestern        | lowaMinnesota            |
| RutgersColumbia           | KansasOklahoma St.       |
| South CarolinaMaryland*   | Kent StLouisville        |

FORTUNE SHOWS

## HOME TEAM OPPONENT | HOME TEAM OPPONENT |

| Southern Cal      | Georgia Tech  |
|-------------------|---|
| Southern III      | Fact Carolina   |
| Southern III      | Edst Caronna  |
| So. Mississippi . | Richmond  |
| So. Methodist     | Texas Tech  |
| Stanford          | UCLA  |
| Syracuse          | Holy Cross  |
| Texas             | Rice  |
| Texas A&M         | Raylor  |
| TEXAS ACIVI       | Word Ct *   |
| Toledo            |   |
| Tulane            | Notre Dame*   |
| Tulsa             | Cincinnati  |
| Utah St           | Memphis St.   |
| UT El Paso        | Brigham Young   |
| Washington St.    | California  |
| Western Mich.     | Marchall  |
| western wich.     | Name of the state |
| West Texas St     | New Mexico St.  |
| West Virginia     | Pittsburgh  |
| Wm. & Mary        | VIVI  |
| Wisconsin         | Indiana   |
| Wyoming           | San Jose St.  |
| Xavier            | Villanova   |
| Wal-              | Cornell   |
| Yale              | Cornell   |
|                   |   |

## NOVEMBER 1, (SATURDAY)

| Arizona St    | Wyoming*       |
|---------------|----------------|
| Army          | Air Force      |
| Arkansas      | Texas A&IVI    |
| Auburn        | Florida        |
| Baylor        | TCU*           |
| Brigham Young | Arizona        |
| Buffalo       | Temple         |
| California    | Southern Cal   |
| Cincinnati    | No. Texas St.  |
| Clemson       | Maryland       |
| Colorado St   | UT El Paso     |
| Cornell       | Columbia       |
| Davidson      | VMI            |
| Dayton        | Xavier         |
| Delaware      | Rutgers        |
| East Carolina | Furman*        |
| Florida St    | South Carolina |
| Georgia       | Tennessee      |
| Georgia Tech  | Duke           |
| Holy Cross    | Villanova      |
| Houston       | Miami (Fla.)   |
| Illinois      | Purdue         |
| lowa          | Minnesota      |
| Kansas        | Oklahoma St.   |
| Managa        | ominionia oti  |

## HOME TEAM OPPONENT

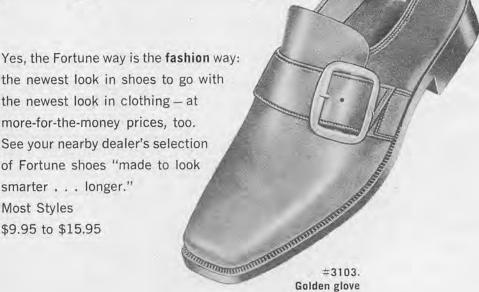
| Kentucky West Virginia<br>Lehigh Colgate<br>Louisiana Tech So. Mississippi              |
|---|
| Lehigh Colgate  |
| Louisiana Tech So. Mississippi  |
|   |
| Memphis St. Tulsa Miami (0.) Toledo   |
| Memphis St  |
| Wiami (U.)Ioledo  |
| MichiganWisconsin   |
| Michigan St   |
| MississippiLouisiana St.  |
| (at Jackson, Miss.)   |
| Mississippi StAlabama*  |
| Mississippi StAlabama* (at Jackson, Miss.)  |
| Missouri  |
| Mehraska Colorado   |
| Notre DameNavy  |
| Northwestern Ohio St  |
| NorthwesternOhio St. Ohio UWestern Mich.  |
| Onio Uwestern witch.  |
| Oklahomalowa St.  |
| OregonIdaho   |
| Oregon StStanford   |
| Pennsylvania  |
| Penn St Boston Col.   |
| PittsburghSyracuse  |
| PrincetonBrown  |
| RichmondCitadel   |
| San Jose StNew Mexico   |
| So. MethodistTexas  |
| Tavas Task Dies   |
| Texas TechRice TulaneVanderbilt   |
| Tulanevanderbitt  |
| UCLAWashington  |
| UtahUtah St.  |
| Utah  |
| VirginaNorth Carolina   |
| Washington StPacific  |
| Wm. & MaryVirginia Tech   |
| Virgina North Carolina Washington St. Pacific Wm. & Mary Virginia Tech (at Roanoke, Va) |
| YaleDartmouth   |
| rate  |
| Commence of tentering   |
| NOVEMBER 7, (FRIDAY)  |
| Miami (Fla.)Navy*   |
| wiami (ria.)  |
| NOVEMBER 8, (SATURDAY)  |
| NOVEWBER 8, (SATURDAY)  |
| Air Fares Iltab St  |

| Air Force       | Utah St    |
|-----------------|------------|
| AuburnMiss      | issippi St |
| Boston Col      | Buffalo    |
| Brigham YoungSa | n Jose St  |
| California0     |            |
| Colgate         | Bucknel    |

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Golden glove or black.

| Connecticut  | Dankerski    |
|--|--------------|
| Connecticut  | Partmout     |
| Cornell  | Rutger       |
|  |              |
| East Carolina  | Ciemsor      |
| Florida  | Davidsor     |
| Florida  | Georgia      |
| Furman   | ria.)        |
| Harvard  | Richmond     |
| Illinois   | Princetor    |
| Indiana  | Michigar     |
| Indiana  | Iowa         |
| Kont Ct  | Colorado     |
| Kent St.   | Marshall     |
| Louisiana St   | Alabama*     |
| Louisville   | Cincinnati   |
| Maryland   | Miami (0.)   |
| Massachusetts  | Holy Cross   |
| Memphis StSo. N  | lississippi* |
| WinnesotaNo  | orthwestern  |
| Minnesota No.  | hattanooga   |
| WIISSOURI  | Oklahoma     |
| New Mexico   | lowa St.     |
| New Mexico   | Arizona St.  |
| North Carolina<br>Northern III.<br>No. Texas St.   | VIMI         |
| Northern III.  | Toledo       |
| No. Texas St   | Wichita St.  |
| Unio St.   | Wisconsin    |
| Ohio U   | ling Green   |
| Oklahoma St  | Kansas St.   |
| Oregon   | Army         |
| Oregon   | lotre Dame   |
| Purque M   | ichigan St   |
| Rice Was   | Arkansas     |
| Southern CalWas  | hington St.  |
| SyracuseSou  | Arizona      |
| TennesseeSou   | th Carolina  |
| Texas A&MSo.   | Baylor       |
| Texas A&MSo.   | Methodist    |
| TCU  | Texas Tech   |
| TulaneGe   | orgia Tech   |
| Tulsa  | Houston      |
| Utah<br>UT El PasoNew  | Wyoming      |
| UT El PasoNew  | Mexico St.   |
| vanderbilt   | Kentucky     |
| Villanova  | D            |
| Virginia W. Virgina Tech Washington Western Mich. Wes West Virginia W  | ake Forest   |
| Virgina Tech   | Florida St.  |
| Washington   | Stanford     |
| Western Mich Wes   | t Texas St   |
| West Virginia W  | m. & Mary    |
| YalePe   | nnsylvania   |
| The state of the s | - Jirania    |

| 1    | NOVEMBER 15, (SATURDAY)  |
|------|--|
| 1    | AlabamaMiami (Fla.)  |
|      | Arizona  |
|      | PartyPittsburgh  |
| 4    | Boston ColVMI  |
|      | BrownHarvard   |
| ,    | CaliforniaSan Jose St.   |
|      | ColoradoOklahoma St.   |
|      | Colorado St.   |
|      | Columbia DIdaho  |
| i    | Colorado St. Idaho Columbia Pennsylvania Dartmouth Cornell Davidson Wofford Georgia Auburn Georgia Tech Notre Dame*  |
|      | Davidson   |
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| San Jose St    | Pacific         |
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## NOVEMBER 27, (THURSDAY)

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| UT EI  | Paso              | Xavier  |
| Virgin | ia Tech           | VMI     |
|        | (at Roanoke, Va.) |         |

## NOEMBER 29, (SATURDAY)

| Alabama         | ngham, Ala.)     |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Arizona St      | Arizona*         |
| Army            | Nav              |
| (at Philac      | lelphia, Pa.)    |
| Georgia Tech    | Georgia          |
| Hawaii          | Oregon*          |
| Holy Cross      | Boston Col.      |
| Houston         | Florida St.*     |
| Miami (Fla.)    | Florida*         |
| New Mexico St.  | Colorado St.*    |
| N.C. St         | Penn St.         |
| Oklahoma St     | Oklahoma         |
| Rice            |                  |
| So. Mississippi | West Texas St. * |
| Tennessee       | Vanderbilt       |

DECEMBER 6, (SATURDAY)

Arkansas .....Texas



## HUNDLEY MAKES THE CUBS BELIEVE

(Continued from page 33) four passed balls. And he won the Golden Glove award "in recognition of

superior fielding."

Randy learned to catch one-handed at the insistence of his father, who caught in semi-pro baseball, mainly with the old Baltimore Bombers. Randy recalls, "My father told me, 'I'll teach you how to catch if you promise me one thing.' What I had to promise was that I'd keep my right hand out of the way. Once he took a ball on his right thumb and broke it in 12 places, and he wasn't going to let that happen to me."

His edict was not sudden. Because Randy's decision to play catcher was not sudden. He grew up in a small town-Martinsville-in southern Virginia where the Blue Ridge mountains rise to meet the sky and where the folks make a three-syllable word out of "day." Randy's father is in the road construction business in southern Virginia now, but when Randy was growing up it was baseball

every Sunday-for father, then for son.
"I was a shortstop and a pitcher in the Little League," says Randy. "Man, I sure did love to pitch. I had this big ol' curveball and I used to rip it past those kids and I'd stand out there on the mound and just laugh." He had the heavy fastball, too-and a father who didn't like either in a small boy. "Dad didn't want me pitching. He was afraid I'd do something bad to my arm, especially with the big ol' curve. So I got to playing shortstop." It didn't much satisfy Randy Hundley. "Wasn't enough action for me," he says. "I got to play ball where there's action all the time." So he told his father and his father took Randy out to the back lot to make a catcher of him.

"First mitt I had wasn't really made for one-handed catching," he says. "Was just a kind of big of round thing. But they had this mitt in the sporting goods store in town." He smiled as he remembered the mitt and how much he wanted it, in the way that small boys want things. "What a mitt it was! What a beautiful glove! Every day, when I had a chance, I'd run down there and look at it." Sometimes he'd go into the store and get it out of the window and try it on and pound the pocket for a while. "But I knew it wasn't for me," he says. "That mitt cost \$35 and it was just too much to ask Dad to put out." But his father knew-as fathers do-that his son was lusting over that mitt in the sporting goods store. "One day he came home and he had the mitt. And he handed it to me and he didn't say much. Except that if a boy was going to be a catcher, he ought to start with the best."

His father worked with him on the arts of one-handed catching and throwing and batting-and the imperatives of thinking about the game. Randy went to Bassett High School and won letters in football, basketball and baseball. And in baseball, he averaged over .400 for his high-school career. His dad helped pass along news of Randy's feats to big-league ballclubs and soon scouts began flocking to southern Virginia to see this slim (then 155-pound) catcher. A few days

after he graduated in 1960, Randy signed with the San Francisco Giants, who had a great need for skilled young catchers. "I sold him on that idea and I was sincere about it," said Tom Sheehan of the Giants, who backed up his sincerity with \$110,000. "Our only catchers in that year of 1960 were Hobie Landrith and Bob Schmidt. And then I went down to South Carolina and signed Dick Dietz, another high-school catcher, for almost

For Hundley-from that point on-it

was all a fight.

One fight was with the Internal Revenue Service. It objected to the way Randy was paid. He had signed to get the \$110,000 over five years. But Randy had directed that the Giants pay half to his father, for the help and instructions given Randy over the years. The IRS objected; it demanded that Randy pay \$5334.85 more in taxes for 1960. Randy fought the proposals and took the fight into the US Tax Court. It wasn't until the middle of 1967 before the decision was

## THE SPORT QUIZ

## **ANSWERS**

From page 10

1 b. 2 c. 3 All born in the United States, 4 c. 5 Clyde Sukeforth, 6 Gale Sayers. 7 False. 8 c. 9 c. 10 b. 11 a. 12 Arizona-Wildcats; Brigham-Young-Cougars; Mississippi-Rebels; SMU-Mustangs. 13 c. 14 Nap Lajoie-.422 15 b. 16. False.

handed down, The Tax Court ruled against the government and in favor of Randy Hundley. It was an unprecedented decision, one that may have lasting influence on tax rulings in the future. In effect, the court said that Hundley was justified in giving his father half the income—\$11,000 a year—and writing it off as a business deduction. The trial judge held that one-handed catching ... is difficult to master because it is contrary to natural instincts. The perfection of this unorthodox technique therefore required an inordinate amount of time and effort by the pupil and the teacher." The decision not only saved Randy some \$5300 in taxes in 1960 but a similar amount for each of the next four years of the contract—roughly \$26,500 in all.

The irony is that the San Francisco Giants, after guaranteeing him \$110,000, didn't think much more of him than did the Internal Revenue Service. They tried to get him to catch two-handed. They also tried to get him to give up power hitting and pat the ball instead to right field. All this was enormously frustrating to Hundley. "I spent five years in that organization and they were wasted, as far as I was concerned," he says. "Every year they told me I was the best catcher they had in the entire system but they never gave me a chance to prove it." He played only eight games and batted 16 times for the Giants in those five years.

Most of the time he was in the minors. He batted .268 for Salem in the Appalachain League in 1960; .249 and .239 for Fresno in '61 and '62; .325 for El Paso in 1963 and then it was Tacoma and Atlanta in '64, and Tacoma again in 1965. "Finally," he says, "I asked them to play me, trade me or release me."

The Giants chose to trade him. In December of 1965, they sent Hundley and a so-so pitcher named Bill Hands-now Randy's roommate on the road-to the Cubs in return for Don Landrum and Lindy McDaniel. It was one of the first trades ever urged by Leo Durocher. Leo promised publicly that "he's my catcher. They say he can't hit but I don't carehe can go out there and run the ballclub." Hundley was similarly jubilant if only because he wasn't going to be told how to catch the ball. "The Cubs don't care if you catch standing on your head," he said, "so long as you do the job."

He did the job—up to a point. He played in 149 games, batted .236 but hit 19 home runs and drove in 63 runs and made the league's all-rookie team. But most of all, he learned how Leo Durocher

liked to play the game.

Durocher was being tough on Hundley. There were times in 1966 when he stormed, "Why did you call the curveball?" Hundley couldn't answer. Sometimes there is no answer-many a rookie catcher calls for a curve because he can't think of any other pitch at the moment. Leo would holler and stomp angrily away. "When Leo first came, he made all of us tense, the way he hollered," says Randy. "But after a while we learned that there was a reason for his hollering. And that he hollered less if we played his way."

Durocher also taught Hundley to holler. "I don't want a 'silent sam' behind the plate," Leo said. Randy never objected to a little hollering—but he was baffled about who to holler at. He was not, as a fresh-faced rookie, about to holler down some veteran pitchers. He is different now. "We've had a big change in our pitching personnel since then," he says. "Now we've got a lot of young fellows I feel I've grown up with. So I have better control of the game and I'm

not afraid to speak my mind.

In the end, this was where the growth came from: not only in his physical skills but in his sense of command. As the catcher, he has the whole game laid out in front of him and he assumes the responsibility of directing it, and leading the Cubs. "I take pride in this," he says simply. "This is the big job in catching."

Hundley is being modest. He knows that his responsibilities on the Cubs extend beyond his catching, beyond his field leadership. He knows very well that a leader must move a ballclub on and off the field. He knows that a leader must make believers out of his teammates, must make them believe in themselves. And Randy Hundley knows that he has helped make the Cubs believe. In this knowledge lies the true source of his pride.

## **GREAT RIVALRIES NO. 2:** ARMY VS. NAVY

(Continued from page 62) Scott, Navy's two-time All-America center. "We could have lined a whole wall with all the communications we received. It was utterly fantastic. The wires ranged from one word to ten and 12 pages. It was then that we really started having an awareness of the importance of the game. These wires were from people who not only wanted something from us, but, by God, expected it from us. A great many of us didn't get more than two, three hours of sleep that night.

I remember bumping into Leon and several others in the corridor in the wee

hours of the morning.'

(Ironically, Scott was raised in Highland Falls, New York, which is virtually at the front gate of West Point. He spent his youth praying for the day he would enter the Military Academy. While waiting for an appointment, he even joined the Army during World War II, but when an appointment finally came, it was to the Naval Academy. Today he holds an important civilian job with the Defense Department in the Pen-

tagon.)

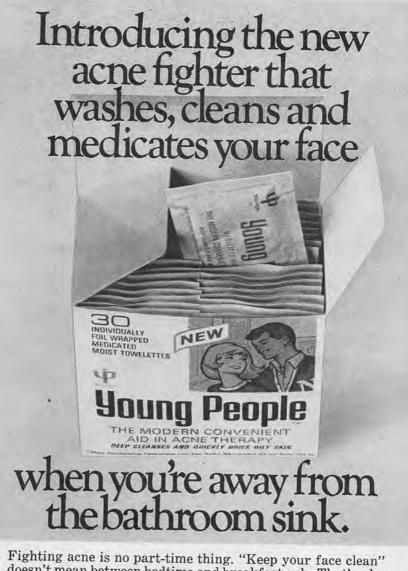
Over at the Manufacturers' Country Club in suburban Philadelphia, where the Army team was staying, the atmosphere was far less restive the night be-fore the big game. "It was just like be-fore any other ballgame," recalls Glenn Davis. "We all had dinner together and then I think Blaik took everyone out to a movie. We were pretty confident that we weren't going to have much trouble with them, so there really wasn't too much to be concerned about."

Earlier that day, the Army players had visited Municipal Stadium but had not changed into their practice clothes. As Blaik explained to newsmen, he had been avoiding contact work for over a week so as not to risk any further injuries. And he adds today, "We didn't want to disclose the fact that Tucker was not up to par, although they knew it anyway.

On the morning of the game, Tom Hamilton took his Navy players for a short walk on the golf course at Pine Valley "just to talk a little bit and to be together. It was a good way of building concentration, maybe not by emphasis, but by being a team, being together. It was quite important."

By the time both teams arrived at their locker rooms, most of the 102,000 seats were already filled for the pregame parade by the corps of cadets and the brigade of midshipmen. President Harry S. Truman arrived at the stadium at 12:05, accompanied by an entourage of generals and admirals; in the crowd, too, were General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Chief Justice Fred Vinson and virtually every member of the Cabinet.

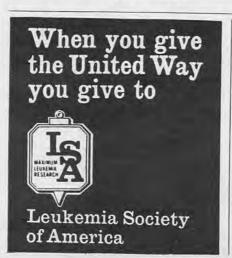
Leon Bramlett remembers coming onto the field with the Navy team that crisp and clear November day and discovering that the Brigade was still marching in. "So, Captain Hamilton took us out to the end of the track where we could see the whole stadium full of



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people and he said to us, 'Boys, take a good long look at 'em-and just forget 'em.' This was my third Army-Navy game and I still had that same empty

feeling in my stomach."

When Bramlett met Army co-captains Davis and Blanchard at midfield, he won the toss and elected to receive. Navy was dressed in its traditional blue jerseys, Army was in white shirts and gold helmets. Shortly after taking the opening kickoff, Navy surprised everyone by shifting from its standard T formation into a single wing with an unbalanced line. "It was something we planned to use early," Hamilton explains. "Primarily, we were trying to unhinge the Army defensive line some and to affect their starting right with the snap.

The stratagem worked. With Navy alternating between straight T and single wing, the Army line was either jumping offside or waiting an extra count; in either case, Navy managed to rip off a couple of first downs and move the ball to the Army 45. There, the Cadets finally held, and Baysinger had to punt.

Now, the crowd settled back to watch Davis and Blanchard pulverize the Navy line. Glenn, who was to retire with a collegiate rushing average of 10.4 yards a carry, had already gained more than 600 yards that season. As Army's right tackle in the 1946 game, Goble Bryant, recalls, "He carried us most of the time while Doc was hurt. Old Davis got the hell kicked out of him by Oklahoma because they could key on him. But I gained a terrific amount of respect for Glenn after that."

Blanchard made a first down for Army, but on the next series Davis fumbled at the 32 and Navy took over. For just a split moment, it looked like a big break for Navy. But Baysinger almost immediately fumbled the ball back and Army took over at the 37. Now, things began to happen quickly. On second down, Davis went in motion and Tucker hit him with a pass on the Navy 30; from there, Glenn sped down the sidelines and finally was knocked out of bounds by Pete Williams on the 14vard line. After Blanchard picked up a yard hitting inside, Tucker shoveled the ball to Davis going in motion to his left. The 173-pound Davis slammed between two Navy defenders to go in for the first score of the game. It was Davis' 71st career touchdown for West Point, and it was to be his last.

"That play didn't have a number." Davis says today. "The boys gave it the name 'California Special,' because

that was my home state.

Jack Ray, a substitute guard, came in and kicked the extra point, and Army

led. 7-0.

Almost incredibly, Navy struck right back, marching 81 yards to score. Pete Williams and Myron Gerber chewed small pieces out of the Army line. Baysinger hit his left end. Art Markel, for 11 yards, then went to Bramlett for 32 more, putting the ball down on the Army two. The first quarter ended, and on the second play of the second period, Baysinger sneaked over for the touchdown. That made the score, 7-6. It stayed 7-6 82 when Bob Van Summern's try for the

extra point was blocked by lineman Goble Bryant, today an executive in Atlanta, Georgia.

Now Army took over again. Starting from the 18-yard line after the ensuing kickoff, Davis and Blanchard, running better as a unit than at any other time during the season, got the ball to the Army 47. In the huddle, Tucker, who was now limping badly from an ankle he hurt in the opening minutes of the game. called for a 39 Trap, "The first time we ran that play," says Bryant, "Doc got jammed up with me, and Scott came across from linebacker to stop him. This time I told Doc to get the hell off my butt and go to the right as I pulled.'

Blanchard took Tucker's handoff and burst through the seven-man Navy line. He cut to the outside and in three quick strides was in full gallop, headed for the Navy goal line. Baysinger and Bob Schwoeffermann gave pursuit, but Doc Blanchard in the open was uncatchable.

Ray's kick made the score 14-6.

An interception by Bill Yeoman, a reserve Army center backing up the left side of the line, got the Cadets moving again later in the period. They moved to Navy's 26 and then went into a shift they often used to take advantage of Blanchard's ability in the open. Doc was set out as a flanker on the left, with Rip Rowan, who normally played right half, moving into the fullback slot. The ball again came back to Davis on a direct snap and Blanchard, 240 pounds of sinew, ran a stop-and-go pattern at defensive right halfback Schwoeffermann. Davis pumpfaked, drawing Schwoeffermann up, and then Doc buttonhooked around the defender, broke into the clear and caught the pass in full flight for a 26-yard scoring play.

Schwoeff stumbled on that play," recalls Dick Scott. "We were in a man-toman zone, and he was keying on Doc. As I turned around to follow the play, I saw Schwoeff stumble. Doc got the step on him and that was that."

Blaik says this was the only new play Army had put in for the Navy game. "and it wasn't really a new play. We had used it before, but not that season. Otherwise, we went with our basic bread-

and-butter stuff.

When Blanchard, now a full colonel in the Air Force, looks back on his two scoring plays, he speaks with a calmness and detachment that belies his massive football image. "It was almost just too easy," he says. "The whole first half seemed that way. Like everything else, if you don't have to work for something, guess you don't appreciate it."

Ray came in for the third time to kick the extra point, and the score at half-

time was Army 21, Navy 6.

The Army locker room was a scene of restrained confidence. "Nobody seemed too serious," says Joe Steffy, who played left guard.

## PHOTO CREDITS

Martin Blumenthal—32, 33, 37, 46-48. Joe Consentino—28. Culver Pictures—57. Fred Kaplan—54, 57. Jill Krimmons—22. Darryl Norenberg—28. Bob Peterson—28. Russ Reed—28, 33. Ozzie Sweet—64. UPI—20, 38, 52, 57 (4), 65 (3). Wide World—38 (2), 57 (8), 60-62, 73.

About the only serious problem the Cadets were aware of at halftime was Tucker's puffy ankle and separated shoulder. He could scarcely move around now, and as Davis says, "I don't think he could have thrown the ball 30 yards." But without an experienced replacement for him on offense, Blaik was forced to keep him in there, "if only just to hand the ball off."

Down in Navy's locker room, the players were aroused. "It took us awhile to settle down," says Bramlett. "I remember telling Captain Hamilton, 'My God, we can beat these guys. They're not hitting out there.' And they weren't, not the way Army usually did."

Then one of the admirals came in with a message from President Truman. "The President told me to tell you he's proud of you," he said. "You're doing a fine job."

But Dick Scott remembers another speech. "You can take your pick of what you think the turning point of the game was," he says, "but I suspect in my mind it was the halftime experience when we were being congratulated by some Navy man in gold braid. He said he was proud of us because we had scored on this greatest of Army teams and had held them to only three touchdowns. That was patently asinine to me, and we were all probably insulted by it.'

Outside, the fans were being treated to the kind of color only an Army-Navy game can provide. There were husky cheers from both sides of the field, culminated by a mock battle between a tank and a battleship. And there was the usual battle for attention between the Navy goat and the Army mule. (The goat may have been even more of a surprise than fourth-stringer Baysinger. It seems Billy X hadn't given Navy much of a season and had been somewhat lethargic. So a fresh young goat had been shipped from Texas expressly for the Army-Navy game. But before a command decision could be reached as to which goat would make the trip, old Billy kicked the whale out of young Billy and won a reprieve.)

Army took the second-half kickoff and marched through Navy as disdainfully as it had in the first half. But when the Cadets were faced with a fourth and two at Navy's 31, Tucker surprisingly called for a punt. Davis dropped back and kicked the ball ten yards out of bounds.

When Blaik is asked today to explain the strategy, he says, "it wasn't called from the sidelines. We seldom did that, unless we were on the goal line, or something like that. Tucker was old enough and experienced enough to run his own game and we let him do it. But in this instance, I believe it was a lack of realization of where they were that prompted

him to make that call.'

Hamilton had done an amazing scouting job on Army, and now Baysinger began following a carefully laid-out game plan. On some plays he worked on Army's left end, where Barney Poole, a powerful crasher, was being suckered in. On other plays he passed into the injured Tucker's zone. Tucker was limping so badly, finally, that Blaik sent in an inexperienced young sub named Bill Gustafson for Tucker on defense.

As Rip Rowan, who backed up the left side, remembers it, "Herman Hickman, our line coach, always said afterward that there was some mixup between Barney, Shelton Biles, our left tackle, and me that day. When Barney would angle in, we'd go, too, leaving a big wide gap. All I can remember is that they just kept comin' and comin' and comin'."

When the Navy drive carried down to the Army 18, the Cadets suddenly stiffened and held for three downs. But on fourth down, Navy went into its single wing. Hawkins, playing with a brace on his knee, started into the line on a buck; suddenly, he lateraled out to Williams and the swift halfback drove down to the three. Two plays later, Hawkins took the ball over. This time he tried for the extra point, missed, and the score stood at 21-12.

An Army rout no longer seemed in the making. The Cadets were beginning to fray. As Blanchard commented re-cently, "We were tired after an easy first half. But in the second half, we were pretty much just sitting there waiting for the end of the game, and we nearly got run off the field.

The next sequence of events bears him out. Navy kicked off and Doc returned the ball to the 25. Both he and Davis took turns carrying the ball and in three plays nudged it close to the 35. There was about a half yard to go for a first down. In the Army huddle, Tucker again was leaning toward a punt. "He called for a kick," says Rip Rowan, "but then Doc said he could always gain a yard against anyone. So Tucker called for a buck. It was the one time he ever let anyone dissuade him.'

As Goble Bryant remembers the moment, "There was some urging from us to go for it. Who could stop Blanchard? we had to ask ourselves. I don't remember Tucker calling for a punt, but I do remember figuring Blanchard would make it.'

Doc hit the middle of the seven-man line and was stopped cold. "You would think that I could make four inches." he says ruefully today, "but I didn't, I recall the play, but I don't recall any ifs, ands or we-might-have-made-its.

The man widely given credit for making the stop was Dick Scott. "Not so," Scott says today. "The guy who really turned the trick was Bramlett, not me. You see, I wore number 57 and Bramlett wore 87. They must have seen only the 7 and figured it was me."

Tom Hamilton points out that Navy stopped the play largely because it expected it. "Our reports were that Army would use that play in such a situation, so I sent in an extra guard, Ken Schiweck, and took out my wingback.

Again, Blaik says the call came from the huddle. "I had reason to trust Tucker," he says, "and it was a proper call. But I think if he had called a slant play instead of a buck, Blanchard would have made it."

To most everyone who saw that game and played in it, this was the play that opened the game to its fourth-quarter

A pass from Earl to Bramlett picked up 14 yards, and then Hawkins went

through the middle for 16 to put the ball on the Army five, just as the third quarter ended. After Hawkins gained two more yards at the start of the fourth quarter, Navy went in for a bit of deception. Earl shifted from left to right halfback, took a little shovel pass from Baysinger and then whipped a pass into the corner to Bramlett, who made a neat catch in front of the exploited Gustaf-

"It was the only time in my life I played right halfback," says Earl. "I remember after releasing the pass it went right through the arms of an Army end and I realized it would be too late to do anything about it. It was probably the hardest pass I ever threw.

Navy now had its third touchdown. but Hawkins failed again on the extrapoint try and the score was 21-18 with most of the fourth quarter remaining.

The ball changed hands a couple of times after that, but with seven and a half minutes to go, Navy took over at its own 33. Now the momentum was with the Middies. They ripped off three first downs in a row, moving the ball to the Army 23. The Cadets were in deep trouble now, but this was also a team that hadn't been beaten in 27 games. The line held for three downs, but on fourth down, fullback Lynn Chewning, in for Hawkins, burst through the middle and slammed 20 yards to the Army three-

Now there were 90 seconds left and Navy was nine feet away from pulling off the upset of the generation. For reasons best known to himself, the President chose this moment to leave the game; with his departure, the guards who had held back the surging crowd now dispersed and people ran onto the field, spilling across the sidelines and swarming into the end zone.

Into the game ran a reserve end for Army, Tom Hayes. When he and Doc Blanchard and Goble Bryant were at Lafayette College awaiting their appointments to West Point, he met Dick Scott there and they became close friends. Now, in this moment of high drama, Scott saw his old buddy running on the field and he paused to greet him.

"Hi, Tom," Scott said.
"Good Lord!" Hayes said. "Of all the times to send me into the game. I'm scared to death.'

On first down at the three, Baysinger sent Chewning into the middle of the Army line. Bryant and Hank Foldberg came up to stop him for no gain. As the fatigued and battered Cadets awaited the next play, Glenn Davis said, "Let's not blow it now." Chewning tried the Army middle again and this time Poole stopped him cold. There was now less than a minute left in the game.

Hawkins came in for Chewning, carrying a play with him from the bench. Referee Bill Halloran stepped off a fiveyard penalty against Navy for delay of the game, putting the ball back at the eight. The play Hawkins brought in was the buck lateral which had worked so effectively earlier in the game. Navy came out and shifted into its single wing;



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Baysinger barked signals, but nobody really heard him in all that pandemonium. Hawkins started into the line with the ball, then flipped it out to Williams on his right. But this time Poole floated with the play and he ran Williams down in the crowd of spectators somewhere in the vicinity of the four-yard line. The clock was running.

At the Navy bench, Hamilton began to cry out for the referee to stop the clock. From where he was standing, he couldn't tell if Williams had gone out of bounds or not, but by having run into the crowd, Hamilton was to reason later, it amounted to the same thing. But the referee did not stop the clock. Hamilton motioned to Earl to go in. The substitution would cost him another five yards, but it would stop the clock-if

Earl got there in time.

But as Earl dashed onto the field, frantically waving his arms for someone to see him, the last seconds of the game ticked into infinity. The Navy players, too tired to protest, slunk wearily from the field. The Army team, more crestfallen than relieved, trudged off in silence. It would take time for the Navy players to see how much they had won in defeat, just as the Army would later realize that they had kept their record intact with their goal-line stand.

Twenty-three years later, each player has a clearer memory of that game than any other-and each memory a little

different than the next man's:

"The futility of it all," says Bill Earl, "at not being able to stop the clock for one more play. Maybe I approached the wrong official."

-"It was just one of those things," says Leon Bramlett. "I felt we had them whipped before that last drive started. But I don't take it away from them. We had three shots at their goal and they kept us from it."

—"They must have gained 300 yards around my side that day," says Barney Poole, "but the Colonel complimented me from keeping him (Williams) from going out of bounds. I even gave him a few yards just to keep him inside. But it sure looked bad for a minute."

-"I still don't know where the crowd was when I was tackled," says Pete Williams, "and I've been asked that question

a million times.'

"As we were walking off the field after the game," says Dick Scott, "feeling the way we did, some guy came by and snatched my helmet away and I remem-ber being absolutely dumbfounded."

"Did I think we would stop them?" says Doc Blanchard. "I don't know the

answer to that question.'

"It seemed to me like we had lost the ballgame," says Glenn Davis. "There was no reason to rejoice in the locker room after almost getting beaten by a 30th-ranked team."

"The game didn't mean very much to me until after I had played in it and met people who told me they had seen it, says Jack Ray, who provided the margin of difference by kicking the extra points.

Since straggling from that field of battle 23 years ago, many from both schools still stay in contact with one another. Blanchard and Davis, Army's touchdown twins, visit when time and

geography permit. "Doc was out here only a couple of weeks ago," says Davis, who for the past 16 years has been in charge of Special Events for the Los Angeles Times. Tucker and Baysinger, the two signal-callers, are still calling signals after a fashion—Tucker as an Air Force pilot currently assigned to Southwest Asia, and Baysinger as a Navy pilot now serving somewhere in the Pacific. Pete Williams returned to civilian life after five years with the fleet, entered graduate school and became a bridge contractor; in football season, he's a referee in the Southeastern Conference. Jack Ray is a vice president with Tenneco, a petroleum firm in Texas; Joe Steffy runs his own automobile agency in Newburgh, New York, and Rip Rowan is general manager of a company in Memphis, Tennes-

Some of the members of both squads are dead. From Navy's 1946 team, Chuck Strahley, a reserve tackle who didn't get into the game, became a fighter pilot and was killed in Korea. John Welsh, a back, died of polio in 1963. Earl Blaik says that of his 1944-45-46 teams, 17 men died in combat. Of the

'46 team, they were Bill Kellum, an end who is presumed to have died while a prisoner of war in 1951; Ug Fuson, a center and halfback who succumbed to a heart attack resulting from wounds received in Korea; Ray Drury, a tackle who died in Korea in '51; and John Trent, an end who was to captain the 1949 team and then was to die in battle a year later.

"I was with Trent when he got killed," says Joe Steffy. "I found him the next morning. I remember he was the best man at my wedding on a nice day in April and I buried him in the snow in

November.

The Army-Navy game has been played against the broadest of all canvases, in war and peace and all the gray areas. It's grown since that day in 1890 when a couple of hundred people stood on the Plain and watched the first primitive struggle. But despite the enormity of the spectacle it's become, it has always retained its basic appeal as a game be-tween two of the friendliest antagonists in the world of sport.

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## WHY THE REDS HIT SO WELL

(Continued from page 26)

power, which he attributes to wrist exercises and the cozy dimensions of Crosley Field (a subject that will be discussed more fully), does not prevent his roommate, Lee May, from calling him "Judy" -as in Punch and Judy. You know, of course, who Punch is. One time in mid-July Tolan hit an enormous home run against the Mets that cleared the second wall behind the home bullpen in right field at Shea Stadium. The slender 175pound speedster pranced into the dugout, flexing his muscles, only to be greeted by May's observation that, "I do believe the ball is juiced up this year." May later confided to a reporter, "Actually, it was a pretty good poke, but compared to me and Perez, he's still a Judy.'

(And May, according to utility infielder Chico Ruiz, is "The Mechanical Man." "Watch him walk . . . like a robot,"

said Chico).

Though he was glad to leave St. Louis, Tolan's stay with the Cardinals was not a total loss. He got two hitting tips from Curt Flood which he feels are vital to his, or any batter's, success. "Curt told me to watch all the good hitters and notice that almost none of them stride very much," Bobby said, "maybe three or four inches at the most. That way they don't overstride and lose their balance, they have good body control all the time. And Curt also pointed out that the good hitters almost always make contact. They go up there thinking about making contact, where the poor hitter

goes up without any clear idea what he's trying to do. It's simple. I've found that to hit, you've got to think.'

Alex Johnson thinks, but hardly anyone knows about what. In short stays with the Phils and the Cards, he drove management crazy with his moody, seemingly indifferent ways. "We tried every way we could to reach him," said Cardinal batting coach Dick Sisler, "but I guess he just didn't want to play for us." "He's got tremendous ability," said Gene Mauch, then manager of the Phils, "if you can get it out of him you've really got something."

The Reds got it out of him, simply by leaving him alone. "You know why Alex hit .312 last year?" said Cincinnati reserve catcher Pat Corrales. "No one tried to tell him how he should hit."

Johnson only hit two homers last year, but by midseason this year had already collected ten. It came as no surprise to Tolan, who commented, "Why not? He's as strong as anyone in the league," but it did seem to call for some comment from Johnson, himself. He made his comment after hitting No. 7 against the Phils. A Philadelphia reporter asked him what the difference between this year and last was and Alex said, "five."

As for the continued success of the old pro of the group, Pete Rose, no one is more qualified to analyze his hitting than Pete Rose. "I think the story behind my success is the fact that as I got older. I got stronger," he said. "I'm not a home-run hitter, yet I'm strong enough to reach the fences anytime, so the outfielders can't cheat and play in on me. And because I can run and bunt, the infield has to play me close, so I have a better chance of driving the ball through. When you have advantages like I do, you have a much better chance of hitting for a high average.

"But you've got to work hard. All I ever wanted to do as a kid was hit against a wall or play stickball. Nowadays you've got to beg kids to do some work on their own. I sometimes watch my little nephew play Little League ball. He gets maybe 16 swings a week, then comes up twice in a game. Hell, I take 25 swings a day and that's not really enough."

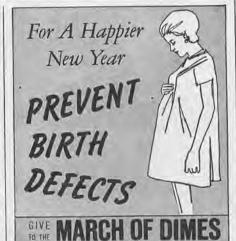
To a perfectionist like Rose it might not be enough, but he works hard enough to earn the admiration of the demand-ing Bristol. "Pete has a boundless amount of energy and will take batting practice by the hour if he's not hitting," said the manager. "I think his greatest ability as a hitter is the way he's able to keep his eye on the ball. Notice the way he'll follow the pitch right into the mitt if he's taking. In fact, sometimes he's too selective and that's when he slumps.'

There are, as you can see, many dif-ferences between the members of "The Nasty Six," but they also have some vital things in common. No. 1 has to be tiny Crosley Field. It's 328 feet down the left field line, 390 to dead center and in the 380s in the left- and right-centerfield power lanes, which either helps, hurts or doesn't affect the Reds' hitting.

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to get hits in any ballpark," said Perez.

"Crosley Field works against me a lot of times," said Rose. "With those short fences the outfielders can play me short and take away a lot of what would be line-drive singles in other parks."

"The park has helped me in hitting home runs," said Tolan. "Instead of 17, I'd probably have ten or 11. But I've also had line drives caught that wouldn't have been caught in a bigger park."

There were things "The Nasty Six" shared in common that they felt were far more beneficial to their hitting than Crosley Field. Though it seems like a violation of the laws of mathematics, in the case of the Reds' batting prowess, the whole is equal to more than the sum of its parts. All the Nastys insisted that just being part of such a potent lineup alone made them better hitters. "You know why we're hitting?" asked Alex Johnson in a rare garrulous moment. "It's a mood. Yeah, it's a mood. That's what we got-and it's catching."
"It is contagious," agreed Lee May.

"You're in a hitting atmosphere and you've almost got to hit. Hitting is largely a mental thing, and when the guy in front of you and the guy behind you is hitting . . . what the heck, it's gotta give you the feeling you can hit, too."

But what happens when a man slumps, as even the game's greatest hitters occa-sionally do? Well for one thing, when one of "The Nasty Six" slumps, he is less likely to start pressing, which only adds to his problems. "No one individual has to carry the whole load," said Bench. "If you're not doing the job, someone else will, so you can relax and work on getting your stroke back. And by the same token, when you're on a hot streak the pitchers can't pitch around you the way they can on other clubs because they know the next guy up is just as tough."

No Red is ever without a pitch to swing at when he wants it-even if it's eight hours before the game. "Bristol really likes to hit," said Rose. "He says, 'Anyone wants to hit, I'll be here from 12 noon on.' And that's for night games, too. And it really helps to have a guy like Harvey Haddix (the pitching coach) throw batting practice because he can still bring it up there pretty good with a pretty good curveball. You can work on game-situation hitting-bunts, hitting to the opposite field, hitting behind the runner, things you should practice. You have to hit with ideas. Anyone can hit the ball out of the park in practice, but it doesn't prove a thing.'

Bristol downplayed a theory proposed by Bench and Tolan that perhaps the Reds looked to sign hitters over pitchers or defensive specialists ("I've been with the organization for 19 years and so far as I've seen, they try to sign the best all-round ballplayers they can"), but the manager did think there was some truth to the idea, half posed in jest, that the Reds hit so well partly because their pitching is so awful. "I've had so many people ask me what kind of team we'd have if we had a Seaver or a Koosman or a Marichal," Bristol said. "Well, maybe if we had that kind of pitching we wouldn't hit the way we do. I know these guys work hard to compensate for our lack of pitching. They

look up there and see us three or four runs behind, and it makes them bear down just a little harder."

Sometimes they have had to bear down a lot harder. No game in the first half of the season better illustrates the load the Red hitters were asked to carry than the one they played at home against the Houston Astros on July 19. Going into the bottom of the sixth inning, the Astros had piled up a 9-0 lead against three Cincinnati pitchers, an imposing deficit for even a football team to make up. To add to the Reds' problems, "The Nasty Six" was "The Nasty Four" that night because Bench and Johnson were away for their two-week Army Reserve summer camps. Nevertheless, remarkably few of the 13,640 paying customers left the park, which is about as nice a compliment a team's hitting can be paid by its fans. The Reds responded.

In the bottom of the sixth, Lee May homered to make it 9-1 and ruin Denny Lemaster's shutout possibilities.

In the bottom of the seventh, Corrales, starting in Bench's place, doubled with one out. Jim Beauchamp pinch-hit a single to left, putting runners on first and third. Rose walked to load the bases and Lemaster lost his complete-game possibilities. With Jim Ray pitching, Tolan singled home two runs. 9-3.

In the bottom of the eighth, Ted Savage, Johnson's sub, homered with one out. 9-4. Helms walked and, with two out, Beauchamp got an infield hit that was misplayed by shortstop Denis Menke, allowing the runners to advance a base apiece to second and third. Rose doubled. 9-6.

Skip Guinn replaced Ray on the mound for the now panic-stricken As-tros. Guinn walked pinch-hitter Jim Stewart, then gave up a three-run homer to Tolan: 9-9. Lemaster had lost his

victory possibilities.

In the bottom of the 11th, Perez led off with a single to left against Jack Billingham, the Astros' fifth pitcher (the Reds had used their fifth pitcher, Pete Ramos, in the top of the inning). May slammed a ball against the centerfield fence so hard that he was held to a single, but Perez moved to third. With the entire Houston defense drawn in, Savage lined a single to deep right to win the game, 10-9. "But don't make me out to be a hero," Savage said afterward in the jubilant Cincinnati clubhouse. "On this club, you get embarrassed if you don't hit."

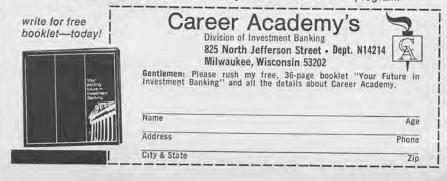


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## LEM BARNEY: MANNING THE LIONS' OUTPOST

(Continued from page 37)

she is, persuaded me to try at least one year of college. So I went to Jackson State-for one year. But after getting there and seeing the different brand of sports and caliber of people, I accepted the challenge. I was under the supervision of head coach Rod Paige at Jackson State. I asked him to change me into a defensive back.

Barney immediately found a home in the Jackson State secondary, making the All-Conference team three straight times and amassing 26 career interceptions to set a school record. He also met a coed who caught his eye during his junior year. It took some persuasion, but she eventually became Mrs. Barney. "They told me not to have anything to do with Lem Barney," Martha Barney says today with a laugh. "They told me he was mean. Well, I didn't believe them. I found out he was nice.

In the fall of 1966, the Lions dispatched Will Robinson south to scour the black colleges for prospective draftees. Robinson returned to Detroit and recommended that the Lions grab

Barney as early as they could in the '67 draft. They chose Mel Farr of UCLA on the first round and Barney on the second. A month later the top two draft choices were brought to Detroit and signed in tandem. Farr received a sizable contract after his agent billed him as a million-dollar player. Barney, who had no agent, signed for much less.

The two prize rookies roomed together in their first season but split up last year when Farr was out with injuries a great deal of the time. His absence almost completely killed whatever ground game the Lions had, and when quarterback Bill Munson also got hurt, much of the passing game disappeared. In short, the Lions virtually had no offense for a good part of the season, at one point going 14 consecutive quarters without a touchdown. And the drought would have been even more harrowing if it weren't for, of all people, Lem Barney. The Lions' only touchdowns in a 14-7 loss to the 49ers and a 10-7 loss to the Rams on consecutive Sundays were the results of a 94-yard run with a missed field goal and a 98-yard kickoff returnboth by Barney.

And Barney was a comfort to his teammates off the field, too, lifting their spirits with his excellent singing. His training camp duet with his new roommate, safety Mike Weger, was a highlight of the film "Paper Lion," and they continued to sing together through the long season. "I've had quite a few people tell me Mike Weger and I should really pursue our singing career," Barney says. "I never thought that much about it. It's something like a hobby. If we're some place together we start singing automatically. Like coming back in the plane, in camp, at parties. But I don't want to do it professionally.

"I've had quite a few requests for screen tests and quite a few offers for movie contracts. But as far as quitting football at an early stage for a movie career, I don't think it would ever happen. I don't really even want to get involved in it. I don't want to get too many hangups right now. Football is big enough for me."

And Lem Barney is big enough for football.

## THE ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICA TEAM

(Continued from page 59) has known. In 1911, Thorpe was the best player in the country. Against powerful Harvard, he kicked four field goals and an extra point, and carried the ball most of the time on a 70-yard touchdown drive, Carlisle upset Harvard, 18-15, with Thorpe playing the whole game with a badly injured ankle. The next summer, Thorpe won the decathlon in the Olympics at Sweden, then returned for an even greater football season. Now 185 pounds and 25 years old, he was at his peak. He scored 25 touchdowns and 198 points in 14 games. "Thorpe would have made any modern team," said Hall of Fame star Merle Gulick, "as an offensive runner, a defensive back or a spe-

cialist.

The men who voted for the All-Time Team selected only one passer, SAMMY BAUGH, although three others-Johnny Lujack of Notre Dame, Sid Luckman of Columbia and Bobby Layne of Texas -received generous support. Slingin' Sammy of Texas Christian was the first of the modern passers. In 1934, as a sophomore, the college rules were liberalized to aid the passers. In addition, a ball with a smaller circumference was put into use. Baugh was quick to take advantage of the rules' revisions. In three varsity seasons, he completed 274 of 599 passes for 3439 yards and 39 touch-downs. His coach, Dutch Meyer, said Baugh could "drop the ball on a dime from 30 yards with no more than wrist action." But Sammy could make most any team even without his passing. Though he lacked speed, he was a clever runner. He was a superb safety. And his punting-both for accuracy and distance ranked among the very best football has ever seen. In fact, his best game in college may have been the 1936 Sugar Bowl against Louisiana State when bad weather kept his passing to a minimum. Baugh punted 14 times for a 48-yard average, broke away 45 yards for the longest run of the day, made two interceptions and numerous key tackles. TCU won. 3-2.

At least two of the men who voted for O.J. SIMPSON were in their seventies, which should stamp out any suggestion that younger experts stacked the ballot box for the Southern Cal halfback. In his two varsity years (O.J. was a juniorcollege transfer) he surpassed the achievements of many All-Americas who played three and four years. In 20 regular-season games, Simpson carried the ball 621 times for 3124 yards and 33 touchdowns. He also picked up more than 100 yards in each of two Rose Bowl games and scored all three of USC's touchdowns. Simpson packed 210 pounds on a frame that could run the 100 in 9:3.

Unlike Simpson, Grange and Thorpe, ERNIE NEVERS has few overwhelming statistics to support his place on the All-Time Team. But the men who helped select him were awed by the way he led his Stanford team. "The flaming spirit of Ernie Nevers was like a knight leading his troops to battle," Benny Friedman wrote in a post script. "Nevers did ev-erything well," added Herb Stein, another Hall of Famer from Pitt, Nevers' own coach, Pop Warner, rated the 205pound fullback a better player than Jim Thorpe, whom Warner also coached. Nevers ran, passed and kicked. He reached his peak in the 1925 Rose Bowl game against Notre Dame. Then a junior, he had missed much of the season with two broken ankles. But against the most famous Knute Rockne of all teams, he starred in defeat. His legs were taped so tightly that circulation was almost cut off, yet he plowed into the line for 114 yards and punted for an average of 42 yards. The following fall, against Cal, Nevers handled the ball on all but three plays as Stanford upset its arch-rival. 27-14, for the first time in eight years.

Perhaps the surprise choice on the All-Time Team was JIM BROWN of Syracuse, who became better known in the pros. A few voters admitted they were influenced by his pro career, although one summed it up well when he wrote: "If he was that good that soon in the pros, he must have been something else in college." Brown did have some drawbacks when it came to getting publicity as a collegian. Until Jim came along, Syracuse had never had an All-America back in 67 years of intercollegiate football. Brown played little as a sophomore, made All-East as a junior, then in 1956 busted loose as 20-year-old senior halfback. In eight games, he ran for 986 yards, a 6.2-yard rushing average. He climaxed his regular-season play with 43 points against Colgate to bring his total to 108. Then, in a losing Cotton Bowl game against Texas Christian, he scored 21 more points and rushed 132 yards. Finally, he got national recognition. He made the consensus All-America team and Sport named him the "College Player of the Year.'

For much of college football's history, the single wing offense dominated. The single wing blended power running with flashy ball-handling, a versatile pass offense with quick kicks. The key to the offense was the tailback, just as today the play is centered around the quarterback. Perhaps the finest tailback ever was Michigan's TOM HARMON. At 193 pounds, he was a big back in 1938-39-40. He was also versatile. In his career, which was in an era of rugged defense, Harmon carried the ball for 2151 yards, passed for 1396 more, averaged

38 yards on punts, kicked 33 extra points and scored 237 points. For nearly three seasons, Harmon of Michigan, Old 98, was the most famous name in football. He climaxed his career by scoring three touchdown against Ohio State to surpass

Red Grange's record 31 TDs by two.
The exploits of **DOAK WALKER** are covered elsewhere in this issue (see page 64), but it must be noted that no member of the All-Time Team stirred up his fans as much as the little Southern Methodist halfback. "He specialized in only one thing—miracles," wrote Blackie Sherrod of the Dallas *Times-Herald*. "Doak had the ability to inspire and personally bring victory game after game," noted Chuck Mills, the Utah State coach. Like Harmon, Walker was a true triple threat though he weighed only 170 pounds (in one game he dropped as low as 150). Besides his game-breaking runs and kick returns, he completed 58 percent of his 239 passes and punted for an average of almost 40 yards. In all, he scored 288 points, which rates sixth on the modern scoring list.

## COACH

Several coaches did well in the voting. But KNUTE ROCKNE compiled more votes than Amos Alonzo Stagg, Bear Bryant, Bud Wilkinson, Pop Warner and Gen. Bob Neyland put together. In 13 years, before his death in a 1930 plane crash, Rockne compiled a coaching record of 105 victories, just 12 defeats and five ties. Five of his teams were unbeaten, six others lost just one game.

The voters were also asked to pick a best back and best lineman, and the voting couldn't have been much closer. Grange edged out Thorpe by a handful of votes for the "Greatest Back" honor. On the line, three men from different eras-Heffelfinger, Hutson and Bednarik-ended in a deadlock. But again it was Nagurski's name that caused a surprise. He got votes for both line and backfield.

## SPORT'S HALL OF FAME: DOAK WALKER

(Continued from page 65) and to tell big Weatherly he knew the collision hadn't been intentional.

No, he was not stupid. He knew the score. A year later he would say to another Rice player, "Just how big was that pot you guys had for me last fall?" Football wasn't all romance. Players put up money, the jackpot to go to the guy who knocked a rival star out of commission. The Rice player said he didn't know there'd been such a pot, and Walker grinned: "I just wanted to know how much you guys figured I was worth."

Not stupid. But you don't cry. The head goes higher, you take your licks like a man. Yet a theme recurs. Walker was a Texan, and Texans know all about money. Slice a Texan's wrist, and the arteries gush oil, not blood.

Walker was, and is, human. Today, 42 years old this New Year's Day, his



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sandy hair now darkened, touches of grey at the sideburns, his body has thickened. He says he weighs 15-20 pounds over his playing weight of 168, but it looks closer to 30 pounds. He married his college sweetheart, but they divorced. At SMU he often went around barefoot; today he wears splendidly gold-green sports jackets and soft white Texan shoes. He never drank in college, but he had his occasional beer in the pros, and today he will drink cocktails or beer or anything. Though he loves the pro game and goes to games whenever he can, and though he lives in suburban Detroit, he does not particularly root for the Lions, for whom he played his six years in the pros. "They don't pay me anymore," he says. "When I had an interest-a money interest-it was different."

I said he lives in suburban Detroit. He also keeps a home in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and he spends much time in Denver, Los Angeles and New York. "I live in the iron bird," he says, looking at the sky. He is an enormously successful salesman, and when he talks about his old SMU teammates, he says, "A whole bunch of those boys are millionaires today." Walker won't say how much he earns, but one suspects he is, or is about to be, one of those millionaires.

Money moves Doak Walker as it does

the rest of us. He is human.

Or so we have to remind ourselves. He graduated from SMU and joined the Detroit Lions, too small at 168 pounds to make good in the pros. So everybody said. In his rookie season, 1950, he led the league in scoring, with 128 points. He led the league again in 1955, his final season. For four seasons he was All-League. He remains, today, the highest scorer in Lion history. During his six seasons, Detroit played in three world title games, and won two of them.

He was unique. He quit football, 28 years old, at the peak of his talent. He said, later, "I wanted to get out while I had all my teeth and both my knees." And he said, the other afternoon in Denver, where he had just played nine holes of golf (in 38 strokes), "Football was fun. I loved it. Today, with TV, there is too much pressure on players, on coaches, on teams. You have to win. Too much money is involved. You must produce or else. It takes the fun out of the game. My father used to say-'Remember, it's only a game.'"

Doak Walker came to football just as World War II was ending, and America was entering her moneyed era. He became, for three years, the last great romantic hero of an era soon spent. He took us out of what F. Scott Fitzgerald once called "the deep locker rooms of the earth" and brought us into the golden stadiums, where courage flowed before us like wine. Football remained, for those brief years, our most romantic

pastime.

Today, the press conference is a more natural arena for our athletes than the football stadium. Today, Horatius holds them off at the bridge, while his agent sells the exploit to Life. If the price isn't right, t'hell with the bridge. We have burned Horatius's bridges behind us.

So we remember Doak Walker, the

eternal hero, to rebuild those bridges with our past. Yes, Doak Walker knew all about money, but he played for something else, and we search to recall what it was.

Ewell Doak Walker, Jr., was born on January 1, 1927, the year of Ruth's 60 homers, of the Dempsey-Tunney Long Count, and of the rebirth of a lesser athlete.

Ewell Doak Walker, father of the New Year's infant, school teacher and highschool football coach, had once played football at Austin College, in Sherman, Texas. Few people remembered Ewell Walker had wanted to be a star. "The fact that he wasn't," said Texas sports-writer Bill Rives, "disturbs his spirit."

So Ewell Walker set out to mold his son into the player he'd wanted to be. The story has it that when asked at Doak's birth what he wanted his son to be-President?-Ewell Walker replied: "No. He's going to be an All-American."

Ewell shoved regulation footballs against the boy's belly when Doak was two. "Why, he's too little to handle footballs that big," Doak's mother said. "He might as well get used to it now," Ewell answered. By six, Doak Walker could dropkick over the clothesline.

The Walkers sent the boy to camp every summer, and Doak became adept at all sports. The outdoors became his milieu. Today when you ask Doak Walker how he'd feel in an office job, tied to a desk from nine to five, he says, wouldn't take the job. I like the great outdoors too much. I must move about."

He grew strong, capable of throwing and catching a ball, maintaining his balance, linking mind to muscle. He thickened at shoulders, neck, chest and upper arms. His upper legs were heavy, rockhard with muscle. Still, at his physical peak, he stood less than 5-11, and weighed 168 pounds.

For all the molding by his father, some of it came from within. One day Doak arrived an hour late after an errand for his mother. His mother punished him by keeping him in that day. A week later, the boy came home, wearing a new pair of sneakers

"Where did you get those?" his mother asked.

"Remember when I came home late?" he said. "I'd passed a store window on the way back that day. There was a leopard skin hanging there, and a sign that anyone who guessed the number of spots would get the shoes."

"But does it take an hour to make a

guess?" his mother wanted to know.
"I didn't guess," the boy said. "I counted every spot."

Doak and his father often played chess together. On occasions Doak would beat his father. Win or lose, the boy transferred the lessons of chess to the football field. "Football," Doak Walker says today, "is a chess game. You must get your opponent out of position. When you have two strong men, with basically the same abilities, the man who makes fewer mental mistakes will win."

Maneuvering other people meant survival, later. "I never got hit a solid shot," Doak Walker says, and if it is hyperbole, memory misted by time, it isn't gross. When Walker played, he never seemed to run at a man, dead on. Always he ran at an angle to the defense, so you seldom had a clean shot at him. His size, he thinks, was an asset. "A smaller man always should be able to move a bigger man.

He turned his chess mind to football, particularly when he joined the pros in 1950. You ask him today-how did he possibly succeed in a sport where far greater size and strength have always been deemed absolute requisites?

"I had natural ability and agility," he says. Gently he refutes the notion he wasn't strong enough. "I began as a blocking back. I had strong legs, shoulders, arms. I had a great background. Rusty Russell, who coached me in high school and later at SMU, was a true student of the game." But then he gets down to it. "I would study game films. see how the line moved, how the linebacker covered his weakness."

But doesn't everybody study game

Ouickly: "Not the way I did." And you picture the boy's patient mind counting every leopard spot or studying his fa-ther's pawns and bishops, and plotting his next move and the one beyond that.

But we have leaped in time. He took his budding skills to Highland Park High. in Dallas, where he played under Rusty Russell, and with a big blond laughing voungster named Bobby Layne, one year ahead of Doak. The two became fast friends. They played at Highland Park together, they joined the maritime service together, they played against each other in the Southwest Conference, and again together with the Lions.

Not that Walker needed Layne; his greatness (and Layne's) would develop independently. At Highland Park, in his senior year (after Layne had graduated). Walker lettered in five sports, and during his high-school career, acquired more letters (12) and captaincies than any student in the school's history

He joined Bobby Layne in the maritime service. Layne came out to resume his college career at Texas U., while Walker was torn between Texas and hometown SMU. The boys attended an SMU-Tulane game early in 1945. Tulane whipped SMU, and Layne said, "Why don't you go to Texas with me? We'll be playing on a good team, not a bunch of ragknots."

But Doak's father pointed out the value of playing in front of friends, and Rusty Russell, the boy's former coach at Highland Park and now assistant coach at SMU, came by to apply more pressure. Walker finally agreed, and three days after he'd enrolled, he became the team's No. 1 back.

Walker spent the next season in the Army, and returned in 1947 for the full three years remaining of his varsity eligibility. These were the glory years at SMU; for two years, the Mustangs won the Conference and went to the Cotton Bowl. For three years running, they beat arch foe Texas. In 1948, Walker became the first junior to win the Heisman Trophy. The year before, as a soph, he'd finished third. The great days became commonplace.

On January 1, 1948, SMU played

heavily favored and undefeated Penn State in the Cotton Bowl. Penn State boasted the finest defense in the nation. SMU scored the second time it had the ball. Walker ran for 15 yards, and then threw a 50-yard bomb to Paul Page, who caught the ball on the 13 and ran it in. Later, Walker cracked over his right tackle for a second score. Penn State also scored twice, and the game ended, 13-13.

The next year, in the Cotton Bowl as 69,000 looked on, SMU whipped favored Oregon, 21-13. Walker completed six of ten passes, quick-kicked 80 yards to the half-foot line, threw a block that sprang Kyle Rote to the two, where Doak then carried it over. Oregon coach Jim Aiken shook his head. "What can you say? He was the works, the greatest I've ever seen." Oregon's own star was Norm Van Brocklin. On that day, Walker passed as well as Van Brocklin.

But recounting his heroic deeds, we miss the flavor of the man. Bill Rives once wrote: "The nation fell in love with this boy as it learned bit by bit of his strong character, his good sportsmanship, his wholesome life." Coach Bell said: "You get an indication of what sort of boy he is when you know there isn't a single player on the squad who is jealous of him. . . . He is one of the finest kids I ever knew."

His fame spread. Sport magazine put his face on its cover, and so did Life. A racehorse was named O.K. Doak: the Lions Club of Dallas named him the city's No. 1 citizen. In his freshman year at SMU, students voted him the outstanding young man on campus. The Dallas junior chamber of commerce voted him the city's leading young citizen. He was chosen one of the outstanding Presbyterians of 1949. He met a honey-haired coed, Norma Peterson, who later became queen of the Drake Relays and yearbook queen at SMU. They fell in love and married in 1950. The world lay at his feet.

He came to the pros, where a man his size seldom lasts a week into training camp. He lasted six years, the greatest player in Detroit Lion history, and we include Whizzer White, Dutch Clark, Bill Dudley and Bobby Layne.

On November 19, 1950-his rookie season-Walker scored all the Lions' points in a 24-21 win over Green Bay. Four days later, the Lions beat the New York Yanks, 49-14, rolling up what was then the biggest Detroit score of all time. New York writer Rud Rennie turned lyrically fey: "... the most dazzling ballcarrier on the field was Walker. His change of pace and his faking were beautiful to see. He ran, he caught passes, he punted . . . and he kicked all seven points after touchdown. He changes a shoe every time he kicks. He was worn out changing shoes.'

But he was human. That 1950 Lion club ended up six-and-six, under coach Bo McMillin. The players felt it should have been better. They went to the Lion owners and asked for McMillin's scalp. They got it. Walker took part in the rebellion. "We felt Bo had not been getting the full potential out of the club. He ran the team by himself. He had two great assistants, Buddy Parker and George Wilson. He never used them." Shortly after McMillin was fired he died of cancer. Walker says today: "That is why Bo acted the way he did. He was sick then, and nobody knew it.'

So Doak Walker looked out for himself. He opened up the southwest to the pros. Detroit began to barnstorm through Texas before each NFL season. Walker received a percentage of the gate for those Texas games. He was worth it. Sometimes it cost him. In 1952, the Lions played three exhibitions in Texas in 11 days; Walker earned \$7000, but the Texas heat drained away his 'strength, and he weighed just 149 pounds when the season opened against San Francisco. Dehydrated and weak, he strained a muscle on an open-field block, and never recovered the rest of 1952. He was still not in shape when Detroit played Cleveland for the world title in December, but no matter. He played. With the Lions leading 7-0 in the third quarter of a bristling game, Walker took a handoff from Layne, darted through a hole between guard and tackle, and exploded for 67 yards and a touchdown. The Lions went on to win, 17-7.

He was the best, in college and in the pros, and today, Doak Walker, married once again, with four children by his first marriage, is a successful man in the business world. He is the vice president, in charge of corporate sales, for the nation's largest electrical contractors, Fischbach & Moore. Success marks him. When he talks about football today, he says, "College football was really just a steppingstone, for the opportunity to play pro ball. It was a phase of maturing my skills, a place to correct mistakes, to gain the knowledge to take me to the next level of football."

But he also says, "Football was very important to me, the only thing in my life." Because it was so important, it developed a dynamics of its own, and though Doak Walker always knew where he was going, sometimes he couldn't have changed directions had he wanted. His wife Norma wanted Doak to quit football long before he did. An athletic career does not make for what the rest of us call a "normal" family life. You are away too much. You lead a monastic existence in training camps. You travel, you train, you play. All else is made to yield to the single objective, the Satur-day or Sunday game. Doak Walker will not say football wrecked his first marriage, but he won't say it didn't. One suspects it played a role. The Walkers divorced. Doak met Skeeter Werner, sister of the late Bud Werner, one of America's premier skiers who was killed in an avalanche a few years ago. Skeeter Werner skied on the American Olympic team of 1956. Her life is as tuned to the outdoors, to sports, to play, as is Doak's. They married May 19, 1969.

But our story is not The Newlywed Game. It is football. Walker left the pro ranks in 1955, but he discovered an old truth. You can take Doak Walker out of football, but you can't take football out of Doak Walker. Not easily, anyway. Walker thought he wouldn't miss football, but he found his life had a void.

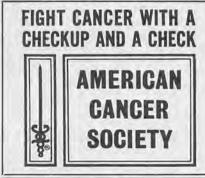
"I couldn't watch a game," he recalls today. "I didn't go to a game for a couple



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of years. My hands would sweat at the thought. I couldn't even watch it on TV.

In 1957, nearly two years after he had retired, Doak Walker began to work out in Boulder, Colorado, tossing a football back and forth. Word leaked out to the Lions. Coach Buddy Parker phoned Walker. "I understand you're working out," the coach said. "How'd you like to play ball again?

Walker says: "It rang bells."

He went to camp. "I figured I'd give it five or six days. I'd get my fanny kicked off, and that would be that. It would be out of my system.

He worked out for a few days, and then the Lions held their first scrimmage. "You never have a good day that first scrimmage," Walker says. "Your timing is shot. You're not in shape."

So Doak Walker, six months past his 30th birthday, out of the game a full-season plus, stood in the Lion backfield again, expecting only the worst.

He had a fantastic day. He ripped off long runs. He ran immaculate patterns and caught passes for long gains. He reached for whatever magic lay in his bones, and it all responded, on cue.

That night, lying on his back in a bunk at camp, Doak Walker said to himself: "What in the world are you doing here?"

He got up, at midnight, and left the

Detroit camp:

That was that. Why had he done it? He isn't sure. "I let my enthusiasm run he says today, but it must be more. He had to prove to himself that he could still play. He had unfinished business. He had tried to retire from football, but football had not been ready. The game has a life of its own. He had to have his last hurrah. He had it. He closed the book. He found he could go to games

again. His hands didn't get wet.

Perhaps there is even more. Heroes, in our foolish romantic insistence, do not change. Old soldiers never die. Great football players, especially of those days now past, remain as they always were, making impossible tackles and more impossible runs and catches. In a single scrimmage, Doak Walker proved how right we are to believe such foolishness. Still, reality intrudes on romance, in this practical, grubby world of ours. So I asked him, the other afternoon, "Do you think, in your prime, you could have played with today's pros?" my mind pic-turing the smallish Walker up against Deacon Jones, Bob Lilly, Dick Butkus, and other beasts of the field.

His eyes glinted. He seemed amused. Oh, yes," he said. "I could play."

Why not? He was Doak Walker, and Doak Walker was the best.

## WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A LEADER

(Continued from page 29)

be honest, the tough part was getting used to rooming by myself. I never asked to, and it was the first time in baseball I ever had and I found myself staring at those four walls, and the TV. One privilege I've had over here was an occasional day off, and not having to make all the trips on exhibition games. At Cincinnati I never got a day off, and I made all the trips. This has made me feel good here, being treated the way Mays, Mantle have been treated. But the important thing is the way I carry myself around the players; I don't act any differently towards them, I associate with them, rub elbows. If they fly second class, I fly second class. Although at Cincinnati I rebelled against this idea. Our contract read first class, so I felt we should fly first class, at least all the regulars and the pitchers in the starting rotation. You're in there day in and day out, so why should you be subjected to cramped quarters. I got things changed, so I guess in that way I was a

KATZ: Sonny, what do you consider your strengths and weaknesses as a leader?

JURGENSEN: I've always felt that to be a leader of men, you have to be "above," you can't be "among," And I'm "among," I like to be one of them. That's one weakness I don't want to give up. I'm also not a holler guy, a screamer, a fellow who makes with the false chatter. The thing is, leadership has to come from your own personality. Coach Lombardi is successful and with him voice is a tremendous asset. He got laryngitis the other day and I think a great line of his was, "I'm not as effective without my voice." But for anyone else to scream and holler and try to be a Lombardi is a mistake. The first thing he said to me was, "Sonny, just be yourself with me." I was on his side immediately. I was anyway (laughs), but that's a great thing for a coach to say. So, as far as strengths go, I feel relaxed by being myself and by not trying to imitate. Another strength is being a student of the game. I spend more time on the game than anyone else be-92 cause I have to. I'm going to be prepared,

call the best game I can, throw the ball correctly and be the leader that Lombardi wants as a quarterback.

KATZ: Does a sense of humor help a

JURGENSEN: Oh yes, but I don't do it for that reason, I do it because of myself. If my sense of humor is a strength, then I'll accept it as that, I know Coach Lombardi has a great sense of humor, but whether it's helped him become a great leader

KATZ: Have you made him laugh yet? JURGENSEN: Well, we were talking the other day, and I was saying how I've always been on a throwing team and the opponents never worried about our running game and it was hard to keep them off me. He said, "Sonny, we're going to have a balanced attack, we're going to work on that, and we're going to be able to move the ball down and we're going to give you better protection than you've ever had." Then he tells me to go in and get some thigh pads, hip pads, different type of suspension in my helmet . . . said, "Wait a minute, Coach, what's all this for?" He got a kick out of it.

KATZ: Your sense of humor is pretty well known in baseball, Frank. How much of a sense of humor is a leader allowed?

ROBINSON: A leader doesn't have to have a sense of humor; I just happen to, and I can take a joke as well as give one. I've always said, "If you can't take a joke, don't joke with me," because I like to joke. There's a time and place, and you can go too far; I try to pick my spots. Humor is the best way of criticizing a guy, if you can do it right.

KATZ: Didn't you fine Earl Weaver this year in a kind of kangaroo court?

ROBINSON: That was something that just came about, where all of a sudden was the judge. Fines started to be handed out for going to the snack table after the game not properly dressed; you have to have at least shorts on, towels don't count. First it was 50 cents. Then it was 50 cents for going to the softdrink machine not properly dressed. And Billy Hunter fined guys in infield practice, and it carried into the clubhouse.

Everyone's been fined, myself included, and we got Weaver a couple of times. Once was in Cleveland. Mark Belanger sat out the first part of the second game of a doubleheader, and then he went in for defensive purposes and made two errors. So we fined Earl Weaver for putting him in for defense. Then the next night Belanger played the whole game without an error, so we gave Weaver a dollar back for having confidence in Belanger. This thing has its fun, but also its serious side, because we'll fine players for not sliding into second to break up a double play.

KATZ: Sonny, can a swinger—a Joe Namath type—be a leader? JURGENSEN: Joe Namath is living a

very fast life in New York, but he's still a leader. He's a student of football, whether people believe it or not. I spent a week with Joe Namath out on the Coast and I was impressed with his knowledge of throwing the ball and his great physical attributes. But people want to hear about the women he's with and the drinking and whatever he's doing. It's the same reputation I got when I was divorced, single. I thought it was unfair. I enjoy life and living. There's nothing wrong with it if you're discreet.

KATZ: When you had this reputation, did you feel it hindered your leadership? JURGENSEN: I guess it did. I think I've matured somewhat in the five or so years since then. But it's a strange thing, being an athlete. People can make you into something that you aren't. I'm a grown man, 35 years old, and I can't have two drinks? I don't have them on Saturday night during the season. I know what my capacity is and I know when I can have a drink. But your reputation is what other people think about you, and it's something that you really have to be careful about. I learned the hard way. KATZ: Frank, do you think a swinger can be a leader?

ROBINSON: I don't think so, at least not in baseball. I'm not knocking Joe Namath, but I don't think he could be a leader on a baseball team. He doesn't abide by the usual rules, and in baseball this would be accepted only by a small group of players. A good case of this is Richie Allen at Philadelphia. He could be the leader of that ballclub, and I know both Gene Mauch and now Bob Skinner have really tried to give this responsibility to Richie. For a while I heard that he had accepted it, and the players were looking up to him, but then he went off and I know the other players resent this. KATZ: Does a certain kind of player resent the team leader?

**ROBINSON:** There's always some, yeah, no matter what team you're on.

KATZ: Would the guys you have your little doubts about be white guys?

ROBINSON: Not completely, no. Sometimes it's just the other way around. Sometimes the Negro would resent me more than the white ballplayer. He'll say, "Well, those fellas are looking up to him, but I'm having a good year, and he's no better than I am and I should be looked up to a little bit more." This has been one of the problems of the Negro people. We've always been envious of another Negro being a little bit better off or being in a little bit better position than another Negro.

KATZ: Sonny, has your leadership ever been challenged by another player?

JURGENSEN: Sometimes I'll get on a player because I thought he didn't run the pattern deep enough, or didn't get off on the count. You have to question them on that, you have to make a correction. They may resent that at times, but I don't think they hold it against me. They're not questioning my leadership, they're just questioning my judgment on a certain thing. It's something that happens all the time.

KATZ: Have you ever felt, let's say an offensive guard, resented something you said or did, and got even by letting his

man in on you?

JURGENSEN: No, not really, When I first came to Washington, I had a personality conflict with Vince Promuto, our guard. It wasn't that I was on him. I don't know, a lack of appreciation of each other, or something. We both worked it out without any problem. Coming into a new team you have these problems of handling the personalities. You have to get to know each other better. Vince had been the captain before I came here, and maybe he resented it when the captaincy was given to me. The important thing is that we recognized it and tried to do something about it.

KATZ: You weren't the captain last year, though. Any reason?

JURGENSEN: I don't know. Coach Graham said I had too many other things to do. So he appointed the center as offensive captain. Then before the year was out, he appointed someone else.

KATZ: What can a leader do if he doesn't respect the manager, Frank? Do you find yourself taking up some of the

slack?

ROBINSON: You do find more of the players bringing their problems to you. You just try to be the mediator between the players and the manager, and the tough thing is to keep the manager from thinking you're trying to take over and run things, I enjoyed playing for Hank Bauer, but he could be critical, especially

of a younger player, because he wanted to see him develop so badly. I heard guys say that Hank didn't speak to them for two or three weeks after they messed

**KATZ:** In a situation like that, do you feel a responsibility to help soften the blow, to at least give the player one kind word?

ROBINSON: Yes I do. I try to reason with the player, to make him understand why the manager said these things to him, or isn't talking to him. An example would be Davey Johnson, our secondbaseman. He was in and out of the lineup with a bad back. Finally Bauer asked him if his back was still bothering him. Davey wanted to play, so he said he was okay. Bauer said, "Okay, but if I find out you're back is bothering you it'll cost you \$500." That kind of shook Johnson up and he thought about it for a few minutes and then asked me what he should do. I said, "Well, if your back is bothering you, you should tell him, and it's up to him whether you play or not." He said, "I don't want to get out of there, they'll think I'm jaking." I said, "Davey, if your back is bothering you, Hank knows you well enough to know that you're not just trying to get out of the lineup. I think you should give him the opportunity to decide whether you should play or not." Well, I think the \$500 started his back to really aching. So he told Gene Woodling, one of the coaches. And he didn't play the game.'

KATZ: What motivates you to step in

where others might not?

ROBINSON: It's just me. I was born with it, and when the fellas look up to me, I feel I have the responsibility to these players, not only to myself. A young guy or a utility player can't afford to take these problems to management because his job would probably be in jeopardy. That's why I've gotten in trouble in the past—because I would stand up for not only what I thought was right, but if someone else thought something was right and he wanted my support, I would stand up for him.

KATZ: Sonny, how do you feel about a team leader balking at something set down by the coach or management?

JURGENSEN: The Redskins will have an executive board of six or seven players and team captains this season and they will discuss any grievances with coach Lombardi. It's not up to the leader by himself to decide whether things are right or wrong. You have to follow rules and regulations. Everybody has to. If not you're setting a very poor example for the rest of the players to follow.

KATZ: Do you feel your leadership could extend into such things as a Player Association, or do you prefer not to get involved in that kind of thing?

JURGENSEN: Pat Richter is our representative and we leave that up to him. I'm concerned with winning football games, having a good team and working hard to excel in what I do. I'd rather be on the football field. I don't consider myself politically oriented at all.

KATZ: Most people think of Jurgensen the nice guy, a guy who really takes a tremendous amount to make him explode. Can you be a leader with that



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KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL! kind of personality, Sonny?

JURGENSEN: Everyone leads with his own personality, you can't copy anyone. You can't say, Bobby Layne used to holler at his players and that made him a great leader. Bart Starr is not considered a rough, tough guy, yet he's been a great leader for the Packers. I look at it this way: I have to have everyone's cooperation. If I can't get that, then I don't want that person on the field.

KATZ: Frank, every ballplayer goes through a period when he's not delivering. Can you still maintain your leader-

ship under these conditions?

ROBINSON: It's possible, but it's tough. When you criticize another ballplayer, he can come back and say, "Well, you were down in the dumps, you came back and slammed your bat." I'm a little bit better at that now than I was when I was younger. I kind of just bite my lip or tongue now. If I'm not producing with the bat I try to do a little extra in the field, on the bases, so I can show the fellas you can still help the ballclub even when you're falling down in one aspect of the game.

KATZ: Sonny, there were a couple of times when you were benched with the Redskins. It must be extremely difficult

to be a leader in that position.

JURGENSEN: It is. But I had the players on my side; they thought I was being wronged. The quarterback has to expect to be given a lot of the blame. In Philadelphia I threw the ball well and we came so close to winning. But the next year we turned right around and three men broke arms, the team disintegrated, and I was given all the blame for further disintegration of the team itself. Whether or not that was true, how can I say? When they bench a quarterback for a game, then it reflects on the quarterback and you're exonerating the rest of the players. Now what do people go home and say? "Well, the coach is mad with Jurgensen, he benched him; no wonder we can't win, he isn't playing." You're hurting the quarterback overall, even when he comes back. You're hurting him because you've exonerated the others. Then you're brought back: "Okay, Sonny, come back and let's do it now," and you want to say, "Wait a minute, now." But you have to come back and perform. It takes a lot of pride to come back and regain that respect of your teammates again. This is part of leadership.

KATZ: What does a leader do to rally his teammates when the team is out of contention at a certain point in the

JURGENSEN: You're still playing the game. You're a coward if you quit. The teams that have a history of losing want to quit as a team more quickly than the teams that usually play for the championship. This is something you have to overcome. As Coach Lombardi says, to

commit yourself.

ROBINSON: You try to get at these fellows' pride and keep them going day in and day out. And if you finish sixth, that's better than eighth. You have some players who are having good years, and you have others who can still salvage something out of the year, you work on that and try to pump them up. There's not much more you can do, except if you're playing the top club, you can say, "Let's go out there and knock these guys off and show them we're not going to roll over and play dead. I'm happy to say I've only been on two ballclubs in the second division

KATZ: Is it possible for a team not to

have a leader at all?

ROBINSON: Since Mantle has retired the Yankees have no one. The Senators the past few years didn't have anyone. They wanted to look up to Frank Howard-not knocking him, but Frank just wasn't the type. Now they have that leader in Ted Williams, and you can see the difference. But you look at a ballclub and see no leadership at all, the chances are they're stumbling around and not living up to potential they have.

KATZ: Who's the greatest leader among players you have come across in pro

football, Sonny?

JURGENSEN: Year in and year out, it would be John Unitas, who has been a great inspirational leader. He made the big play for Baltimore when he had to

make it. And Bart Starr, too. And Paul Hornung; he was a born leader. I'm picking them because they win. Defensively, Sam Huff is a great leader and so is Willie Davis. The Packers believe in him. KATZ: Frank, who's the best leader vou've seen in baseball?

ROBINSON: Not necessarily in this order, but you have to start with Willie Mays and Maury Wills. And Luis Aparicio. He just about runs the ballelub on the field for the White Sox, moving the fielders around. Mantle led, but the players looked up to him mainly because of the way he played, and all the great years he had. It was more of an awe. He led by example. The same with Mays, though Willie showed the way a little more-stealing bases, diving for catches. And Wills . . . you could see how the Dodgers picked up this year when he came back there. It's also a case of a guy wanting to do the job, where as with Montreal it sounded as if Maury didn't

KATZ: What motivates you to be a leader, to take on all this extra hard effort?

ROBINSON: It's something I can't help, because I want to win, and I'll do anything I can to help the club win. Anything I can do to help an individual improve his effort, will help the ballclub, and so I'll do it. That's why they call me a leader, I guess.

KATZ: Would you feel better, Sonny, if you didn't have all that responsibility

of a leader?

JURGENSEN: I've always enjoyed it, since I was in sixth grade. I like it because it's a challenge. Leadership in football is making the big play, and I want that opportunity to make that play. KATZ: What are the rewards of being a

team leader?

JURGENSEN: Winning. That supersedes anything else. Then you're reaching your goal. Then you can look back on your career and feel you've had that admiration from the players, and that you did what you were supposed to do as a quarterback and leader of the team. That's what gives you the satisfaction. These other things that come with itmoney, publicity—are secondary.

## HOW CLEON JONES CAME ALIVE

(Continued from page 49)

couple of the guys over to my place for some soft-shelled crabs my father brought up from Baltimore. My father was talking about fishing and that got Cleon started.

'Cleon said: 'Fishing? Heck, when I go fishing back home, I tell my folks to start up the frying pan 'cause I know I'm gonna catch something. But if you think I'm good, you should see my friend down home. He can turn on the water faucet in his house and catch a fish.

"I'll tell you, Cleon is the life of any party we've ever been at. Guys and their

wives crack up when he talks."

Jones may have been shy when he first came into baseball, but he says he's never had any trouble getting along with people. "I used to play against white kids all the time in the playground. I'd look 94 forward to those games.

(From the next locker, Donn Clendenon interjected, "Shoot, man, tell the truth. You told me the thing that made you such a great hitter was that the ball was white. You used to pretend you were smashing all the white folks."

(Jones: "Aw, come on, man.")

Jones says he never had any problems adjusting to white teammates in the minor leagues.

"I never thought about it," he said. "I was there to play ball and all the guys were pretty good. I once heard one white guy use a word I didn't like. I told him never to use that word around me again. But outside of that, I never had a problem in sports. I think sports bring people together."

Sports have brought Cleon Jones from Plateau, Alabama, to an apartment in Jamaica, Queens—and maybe a lot more. He was finding out, in the summer of his first big success, that New York is a great place to be when you're going good. People were asking him to make appearances, offering him business deals. Sometimes it was too much of a good thing.

"You like people. You try to be nice to them," he said. "But it seems like you can't concentrate. I've got to stop doing so much. I don't want to feel like Roger Maris did in New York. The people are great. But sometimes you've got to get

away from them.

Cleon was finding that time was very short in 1969. Sometimes he would make a public appearance in the afternoonmaking friends, making money-and then bolt home for a quick nap. He would just have time for a sandwich before he would bolt out the door. Angela didn't have to push him out anymore. Cleon Jones was racing to the ballpark now. He had come alive.

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## TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS

## THE AAU DOES IT AGAIN

In the March 1969 issue of SPORT, Harold and Olga Connolly sounded off about the problems of the amateur athlete in track and field. One of the most critical problems, according to Harold Connolly, a three-time Olympic hammer thrower and former gold medal winner, is the relationship between the athletes and their chief governing body, the Amateur Athletic Union. In the SPORT article, Connolly pointed out that "many AAU officials are part-time businessmen, wealthy men with no real background in athletics and no real understanding of the social or financial or competitive problems faced by the athletes. . ." Connolly went on to state, "Soon now, the AAU will have to give the athletes more of a say in governing themselves." That time finally may have come. In July, the AAU pretty much botched the Russian-British Commonwealth meet with the United States. Sparse crowds witnessed the two-day affair in Los Angeles. There were scheduling snarls, poor public relations and an indecent capitulation to the network which plunked down the cash to televise the meet. Then, a month later, a U.S. track team competed abroad under AAU auspices and another near fiasco resulted, climaxed by a revolt of the athletes themselves.

The revolt, which simmered over alleged second-rate food and second-class hotels and training facilities in Germany, came to a boil over treatment accorded two of the U.S. athletes, Bob Beamon and Gary Powers. Beamon had asked to return home for "personal emergency reasons." AAU officials told him he could not go home unless he competed in a jump in the Augsburg, Germany, meet. The fact that he had just undergone dental surgery and still had stitches in his mouth was no help at all. Hurdler Gary Powers was added to the U.S. team at the last moment and had to pay his own expenses from Los Angeles to Stuttgart. The 43-man track and field team met and issued a statement declaring they would abdicate 100 percent from an upcoming London competition if "Beamon was not allowed to return home and Powers was not reimbursed." At the same time the athletes asked for better planning for teams competing overseas, a raise of the daily allowance from \$8 to \$10 a day, a voice in the selection of the team's coaches and complete redefinition of the word amateur. They finally accepted the short-term solutions—favorable dispositions of the Beamon and Powers cases—but issues were raised that would not be stilled.

So who rushed in headlong to muddy the issues? Why the United States Track And Field Federation, which has been feuding with the AAU since the days of the early Roman Empire. The USTFF's president, E. Wayne Cooley, declared smugly, "The current dissatisfaction of American athletes abroad gives ample evidence that national and international competition can no longer be left in AAU hands. It should be put under those who truly represent the interest of athletes, coaches and institutions upon which the existence and development of the sport depends." Now, who could that be? Not the USTFF certainly, which, in its bitter war with the AAU, has shown very little compassion for the athletes themselves. The time is now, we say, for the AAU and USTFF to get together with the athletes and form a new governing body. We think it could be similar to the one that was set up at the end of last year between the Professional Golfers Association and the touring pros.

The touring golfers, remember, threatened to break away and form their own tournaments because they felt they were being manipulated by men who had no understanding of their problems. The PGA originally had a 16-man board of directors made up of one golf touring pro and 15 home pros. The new board consists of four touring pros, three home pros and three outside businessmen *chosen* by the touring pros. As Frank Beard put it, "Instead of the odds running 15-1 against us, now it's 7-3 for us."

Why couldn't a similar governing board be established for track and field—a board consisting of AAU and USTFF representatives, impartial but concerned outsiders and, in the majority, current track and field athletes? Such an organization would serve two purposes: (1) It would end the bloody and irrational AAU-USTFF war; (2) It would, at last, give the American track and field athletes a say in their own destiny. The time, we repeat, is now.

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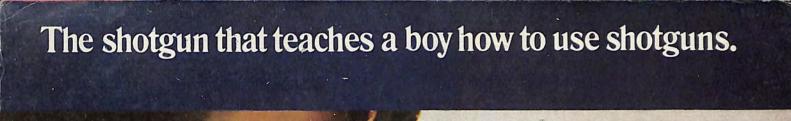
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And when he cocks the 370, he pulls back a hammer on the outside of the gun with his thumb. That way, cocking a shotgun becomes a safe, easy to understand operation. (Instead of something mysterious that goes on inside the gun.)

The Model 370 even lends a boy a helping hand when he takes aim.

In the front, there's a brass bead sight that helps an untrained eye zero in on target. In the back, a non-skid butt plate that's especially good for small shoulders. And inside, there's that *one* shotshell just waiting to teach a boy how to make every shot count.

Of course class isn't dismissed once the 370 is fired.

The hammer automatically pops back a safe distance from the firing pin. And the shell automatically ejects from the chamber.

So if a boy wants to fire her again, he has to go through the whole rigamarole all over again,

But that's what learning is all about, isn't it?



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